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SECOND EDITION.

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SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL;

OR, THE

FEIGNED INNOCENCE.

A COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
Are yet the great regalios of a play;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest, which cost them so dear:
Fops in the town more easily will pass;
One story makes a statutable ass:
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their works invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade:
And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pye:
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For, gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong;
None welcome those who bring their cheer along.

SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WARNER *solus.*

Warn. Where the devil is this master of mine? he is ever out of the way, when he should do himself good! This 'tis to serve a coxcomb, one that has no more brains than just those I carry for him. Well! of all fops, commend me to him for the greatest; he's so opinioned of his own abilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he sows his stratagems so shallow, that every daw can peck them up: From a plotting fool, the Lord deliver me. Here he comes;—O! it seems his cousin's with him; then it is not so bad as I imagined.

Enter Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL, *and Lady* DUPE.

L. Dupe. I think 'twas well contrived for your access, to lodge her in the same house with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well, I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admirable. [*Aside.*

L. Dupe. For when her father Moody writ to

SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Sir Martin Mar-all is imitated from the French of Moliere: nor, even with that qualification, is it entirely the work of Dryden. William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, renowned for his loyalty and gallantry during the Civil Wars, whether in compliance with the general custom amongst the men of wit and honour at the court of Charles, or in order to place himself upon a level with that voluminous authoress, his Duchess, thought fit to compose several plays. Amongst other lucubrations, he translated Moliere's "*L'Etourdi*," and presented it to our author, by whom it was adapted for the stage. From respect to his Grace, it was published anonymously until 1697, when it appeared with Dryden's name. The noble Duke being far more eminent as a soldier and an equestrian, than as an author, it may be readily allowed, that what is diverting in the piece has been inserted by our author. Upon the stage, indeed, the repeated and incorrigible blunders of Sir Martin must have appeared very diverting, since the play ran for no less than thirty-three nights, and was four times acted at court. Nokes, who acted this unfortunate coxcomb with inimitable humour, is said to have contributed much to this uncommon success. Moliere's play is followed with considerable exactness, allowing for such variations as the change of the scene from Paris to London appeared naturally to demand. One remarkable difference occurs in the conclusion: Cœlie is, in the original, at length united to her inconsiderate and blundering admirer. Mrs Millisent, the corresponding character in Sir Martin Mar-all, rewards, with her hand and fortune, the ingenious Warner, who has all along laboured to gain her for his master. The alternative was a little embarrassing; but the decorum of the French stage would not have permitted the union of a lady with an intriguing domestic, nor would an English audience have been less shocked with seeing her bestowed on a fool. Besides, Sir Martin Mar-all is a more contemptible character than Lelie, who is less conceited and foolish, than thoughtless and inconsequential. But although the character of a menial was not quite so low in the 17th as in the 18th century,—for pages, and the higher class of attendants in a nobleman's family, were often men of

me to take him lodgings, I so ordered it, the choice seemed his, not mine.

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing myself sometimes, when wiser heads have missed it; but that might be mere luck.

L. Dupe. Fortune does more than wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; I will not value any man's fortune at a rush, except he have wit and parts to bear him out. But when do you expect them?

L. Dupe. This tide will bring them from Gravesend. You had best let your man go, as from me, and wait them at the stairs in Durham-yard.

Sir Mart. Lord, cousin, what-a-do is here with your counsel! As though I could not have thought of that myself. I could find in my heart not to send him now——stay a little——I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A minute's stay may lose your business.

Sir Mart. Well, go then; but you must grant, if he had staid, I could have found a better way —you grant it.

L. Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. [*Exit* WARNER.] 'Tis a sweet gentlewoman, this Mrs Millisent, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

L. Dupe. But by your favour, sir, 'tis not so easy; her father has already promised her; and the young gentleman comes up with them: I partly know the man—but the old squire is humoursome; he's stout, and plain in speech, and in behaviour; he loves none of the fine town tricks of breeding, but stands up for the old Elizabeth way in all things. This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure you think you have to deal with a fool, cousin?

Enter Mrs CHRISTIAN.

L. Dupe. O my dear niece, I have some business with you. [*Whispers.*

Sir Mart. Well, madam, I'll take one turn here in the Piazzas; a thousand things are hammering in this head; 'tis a fruitful noddle, though I say it. [*Exit Sir* MART.

L. Dupe. Go thy ways for a most conceited fool! —but to our business, cousin. You are young, but I am old, and have had all the love-experience that a discreet lady ought to have; and, therefore, let me instruct you about the love this rich lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, madam, he's married, so that we cannot work upon that ground of matrimony.

L. Dupe. But there are advantages enough for you, if you will be wise, and follow my advice.

Chr. Madam, my friends left me to your care, therefore I will wholly follow your counsel, with secrecy and obedience.

L. Dupe. Sweetheart, it shall be the better for you another day. Well then, this lord that pretends to you is crafty and false, as most men are, especially in love; therefore, we must be subtle to meet with all his plots, and have countermines against his works, to blow him up.

Chr. As how, madam?

L. Dupe. Why, girl, he'll make fierce love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a kiss. But you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be used so, and play the innocent, just like a child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, madam.

L. Dupe. And be sure, when he has towsed you,

not to appear at supper that night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, madam.

L. Dupe. That he may think you have told me.

Chr. Ay, madam.

L. Dupe. And keep your chamber, and say your head aches.

Chr. O most extremely, madam.

L. Dupe. And lock the door, and admit of no night visits. At supper I'll ask where's my cousin, and, being told you are not well, I'll start from the table to visit you, desiring his lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him again.

Chr. But how, when you are returned, madam?

L. Dupe. Then, somewhat discomposed, I'll say, I doubt the meazles or small-pox will seize on you, and then the girl is spoiled; saying, poor thing, her portion is her beauty, and her virtue; and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my servant's ears, and have those whispers of your health returned to mine: If his lordship, thereupon, asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, madam, for that will bring him further in suspence.

L. Dupe. A hopeful girl! then will I eat nothing that night, feigning my grief for you; but keep his lordship company at meal, and seem to strive to put my passion off, yet shew it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken sentences.

L. Dupe. A dainty girl! and after supper visit you again, with promise to return strait to his lordship; but after I am gone, send an excuse, that I have given you a cordial, and mean to watch that night in person with you.

Chr. His lordship then will find the prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

L. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his father should know of it, and his wife, who is a termagant lady: But when he finds the coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with joy.

Chr. Finding my simple innocence, which will inflame him more.

L. Dupe. Then what the lion's skin has failed him in, the fox's subtlety must next supply, and that is just, sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty folks treaties are their advantage; especially when his passion must be satisfied at any rate, and you keep shop to set the price of love: so now you see the market is your own.

Chr. Truly, madam, this is very rational; and by the blessing of heaven upon my poor endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

L. Dupe. My blessing and my prayers go along with thee.

Enter Sir JOHN SWALLOW, *Mrs* MILLISENT, *and* ROSE, *her maid.*

Chr. I believe, madam, here is the young heiress you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

L. Dupe. However I am Sir Martin's friend, I must not seem his enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young lady begs the honour to be known to you.

Mill. My father made me hope it, madam.

L. Dupe. Sweet lady, I believe you have brought all the freshness of the country up to town with you. [*They salute.*

Mill. I came up, madam, as we country-gentlewomen use, at an Easter-term, to the destruction of tarts and cheese-cakes, to see a new play, buy a new gown, take a turn in the park, and so down again to sleep with my fore-fathers.

Sir John. Rather, madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor heart, that, like mine, will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, madam, you are indisposed with your voyage; will you please to see the lodgings your father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, madam.

L. Dupe. This is the door; there is a gentleman will wait you immediately in your lodging, if he might presume on your commands. [*In a whisper.*

Mill. You mean Sir Martin Mar-all: I am glad he has entrusted his passion with so discreet a person. [*In a whisper.*] Sir John, let me entreat you to stay here, that my father may have intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, madam.

[*Exeunt women.*

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Sir John. Sir Martin Mar-all! most happily encountered! how long have you been come to town?

Sir Mart. Some three days since, or thereabouts: But, I thank God, I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, man?

Sir Mart. My villainous old luck still follows me in gaming; I never throw the dice out of my hand, but my gold goes after them: If I go to piquet, though it be but with a novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and capot me twenty times together: and which most mads me, I lose all my sets when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either cards or dice this half year.

Sir John. The oaths of losing gamesters are not

minded; they forswear play as an angry servant does his mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another nature; I am in love, sir.

Sir John. That's the worst game you could have played at; scarce one woman in an hundred will play with you upon the square. You venture at more uncertainty than at a lottery: For you set your heart to a whole sex of blanks. But is your mistress widow, wife, or maid?

Sir Mart. I can assure you, sir, mine is a maid; the heiress of a wealthy family, fair to a miracle.

Sir John. Does she accept your service?

Sir Mart. I am the only person in her favour.

Enter WARNER.

Sir John. Is she of town or country?

Warn. How's this? [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. She is of Kent, near Canterbury.

Warn. What does he mean? This is his rival. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Near Canterbury, say you? I have a small estate lies thereabouts, and more concernments than one besides.

Sir Mart. I'll tell you then. Being at Canterbury, it was my fortune once, in the Cathedral church—

Warn. What do you mean, sir, to intrust this man with your affairs thus?

Sir Mart. Trust him? why, he's a friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you, a word, sir.

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee leave fooling.—And as I was saying——I was in the church, when I first saw this fair one.

Sir John. Her name, sir, I beseech you.

Warn. For heaven's sake, sir, have a care.

Sir Mart. Thou art such a coxcomb—Her name's Millisent.

Warn. Now, the pox take you, sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. Millisent, say you? That's the name of my mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord! what luck is that now!—Well, sir, it happened one of her gloves fell down; I stooped to take it up; and, in the stooping, made her a compliment.

Warn. The devil cannot hold him; now will this thick-skulled master of mine tell the whole story to his rival!

Sir Mart. You'll say, 'twas strange, sir; but at the first glance we cast on one another, both our hearts leaped within us, our souls met at our eyes, and with a tickling kind of pain slid to each other's breast, and in one moment settled as close and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their lodging. I followed her somewhat at a distance, because her father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, sir.

Sir Mart. Saucy rascal, avoid my sight; must you tutor me?—So, sir, not to trouble you, I enquired out her father's house, without whose knowledge I did court the daughter, and both then, and often since coming to Canterbury, I received many proofs of her kindness to me.

Warn. You had best tell him too, that I am acquainted with her maid, and manage your love underhand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remembered, i' faith; I thank thee for that, I had forgot it, I protest!—My valet de chambre, whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with her woman.

Warn. O the devil!

Sir Mart. In fine, sir, this maid, being much in her mistress's favour, so well solicited my cause, that, in fine, I gained from fair Mistress Millisent

an assurance of her kindness, and an engagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you have made a fair discovery!

Sir John. A most pleasant relation, I assure you: You are a happy man, sir! but what occasion brought you now to London?

Sir Mart. That was in expectation to meet my mistress here; she writ me word from Canterbury, she and her father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her father, said you, sir?

Warn. Tell him, sir, for heaven's sake, tell him all.

Sir Mart. So I will, sir, without your bidding.—Her father and she are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge by my contrivance in yon house, the master of which is a cunning rascal as any in town——him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, sir, to speak so scandalously of my landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your fool's head;—so that, by his means, I shall have free egress and regress when I please, sir, without her father's knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this.

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, sir, to speak openly to her father.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that, i'faith; in speaking to old Moody, I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her father's name, 'tis past recovery.

Sir John. Is her father's name Moody, say you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes, sir. I know him for a man who is too wise for you to over-reach; I am certain he will never marry his daughter to you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the jest of it: He shall never know it: 'Tis but your keeping of my counsel; I'll do as much for you, mun.

Sir John. No, sir, I'll give you better; trouble not yourself about this lady; her affections are otherwise engaged, to my knowledge——hark in your ear—her father hates a gamester like a devil: I'll keep your counsel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay, but this is not all, dear Sir John?

Sir John. This is all, I assure you: Only I will make bold to seek your mistress out another lodging. [*Exit Sir* JOHN.

Warn. Your affairs are now put into an excellent posture, thank your incomparable discretion; this was a stratagem my shallow wit could never have reached, to make a confidant of my rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest, man! Is he my rival?

Warn. 'Slife, he has not found it out all this while! Well, sir, for a quick apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the devil camest thou to know on't? and why the devil didst thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the first of your devils I answer, her maid, Rose, told me on't: To the second, I wish a thousand devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparalleled misfortune!

Warn. O unparalleled ignorance! why he left her father at the water-side, while he led the daughter to her lodging, whither I directed him; so that if you had not laboured to the contrary, fortune had placed you in the same house with your mistress, without the least suspicion of your rival, or of her father. But 'tis well you have satisfied your talkative humour: I hope you have some new project of your own to set all right again: For my part, I confess all my designs for you are wholly ruined; the very foundations of them are blown up.

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee, insult not over the destiny of a poor undone lover; I am punished enough for my indiscretion in my despair, and have nothing to hope for now but death.

Warn. Death is a bug-word; things are not brought to that extremity; I'll cast about to save all yet.

Enter Lady DUPE.

L. Dupe. O, Sir Martin! yonder has been such a stir within! Sir John, I fear, smokes your design, and by all means would have the old man remove his lodging; pray God, your man has not played false.

Warn. Like enough I have. I am coxcomb sufficient to do it; my master knows, that none but such a great calf as I could have done it, such an overgrown ass, a self-conceited idiot as I.

Sir Mart. Nay, Warner!

Warn. Pray, sir, let me alone. What is it to you if I rail upon myself? Now, could I break my own logger-head.

Sir Mart. Nay, sweet Warner!

Warn. What a good master have I, and I to ruin him. O beast!

L. Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, Sir Martin, this storm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear cousin?

L. Dupe. When I heard Sir John complain of the landlord, I took the first hint of it, and joined with him, saying, if he were such an one, I would have nothing to do with him. In short, I rattled him so well, that Sir John was the first who did desire they might be lodged with me, not knowing that I was your kinswoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this myself.

Warn. Are you there again, sir? Now, as I have a soul——

Sir Mart. Mum, good Warner, I did but forget myself a little; I leave myself wholly to you, and my cousin; get but my mistress for me, and claim whatever reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of reward will diligence beget.
Find you the money, and I'll find the wit.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady DUPE, *and Mrs* CHRISTIAN.

Chr. It happened, madam, just as you said it would.—But was he so concerned for my feigned sickness?

L. Dupe. So much, that Moody and his daughter, our new guests, take notice of the trouble; but the cause was kept too close for strangers to divine.

Chr. Heaven grant he be but deep enough in love, and then——

L. Dupe. And then thou shalt distil him into gold, my girl. Yonder he comes, I'll not be seen; you know your lesson, child. [*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you.

Enter Lord DARTMOUTH.

Lord. Pretty mistress Christian, how glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm, I warrant you; but why are you so afraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent creature as I am, heaven of his mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet clawed off your last ill usage, and

now I feel my old fit come again; my ears tingle already, and my back shuts and opens; ay, just so it began before.

Lord. Nay, my sweet mistress, be not so unjust to suspect any new attempt. I am too penitent for my last fault, so soon to sin again. I hope you did not tell it to your aunt?

Chr. The more fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shall repent your goodness to me.—But may I not presume there was some little kindness in it, which moved you to conceal my crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have mine aunt angry with you, for all this earthly good; but yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty innocence! let me sit nearer to you. You do not understand what love I bear you. I vow it is so pure, my soul's not sullied with one spot of sin. Were you a sister, or a daughter to me, with a more holy flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high words; I cannot understand you.

Lord. The business of my life shall be but how to make your fortune, and my care and study to advance and see you settled in the world.

Chr. I humbly thank your lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my life and fortunes, and in return you cruelly destroy me!

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white enemy so near me? [*Touching her hand gloved.*] Sure, 'tis your champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie, my lord! In faith, you are to blame. [*Pulling her hand away.*

Lord. But I am for fair wars; an enemy must first be searched for privy armour, ere we do engage.

[*Pulls at her glove.*

Chr. What does your lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some spells and charms about you, and, madam, that's against the law of arms.

Chr. My aunt charged me not to pull off my glove, for fear of sun-burning my hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your eyes, but I will thus preserve it. [*Hugging her bare hand.*

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me, nay—if you squeeze it ne'er so hard—there's nothing to come out on't—fie—is this loving one—what makes you take your breath so short?

Lord. The devil take me if I can answer her a word; all my senses are quite employed another way.

Chr. Ne'er stir, my lord, I must cry out.

Lord. Then I must stop your mouth—this ruby for a kiss—that is but one ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady. [*Within.*] Why, niece, where are you, niece?

Lord. Pox of her mouldy chops!

Chr. Do you hear, my aunt calls? I shall be hanged for staying with you—let me go, my lord. [*Gets from him.*

Enter Lady DUPE.

L. Dupe. My lord! heaven bless me, what makes your lordship here?

Lord. I was just wishing for you, madam; your niece and I have been so laughing at the blunt humour of your country-gentleman. I must go pass an hour with him. [*Exit Lord.*

Chr. You made a little too much haste; I was just exchanging a kiss for a ruby.

L. Dupe. No harm done; it will make him come on the faster. Never full gorge an hawk you mean to fly. The next will be a klace of pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But

L. Dupe. Tell him I grew suspicious, and examined you whether he made not love; which you denied. Then tell him how my maids and daughters watch you; so that you tremble when you see his lordship.

Chr. And that your daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false report to ruin me.

L. Dupe. Therefore you desire his lordship, as he loves you, of which you are confident, henceforward to forbear his visits to you.

Chr. But how, if he should take me at my word?

L. Dupe. Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest woman, and there's an end on't. But fear not that; hold out his messages, and then he'll write, and that is it, my bird, which you must drive it to. Then all his letters will be such ecstasies, such vows and promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of them your advantages.

Chr. But, madam, he's in the house, he will not write.

L. Dupe. You fool—he'll write from the next chamber to you; and, rather than fail, send his page post with it, upon a hobby-horse. Then grant a meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him by my being there; he'll curse me, but I care not. When you are alone, he'll urge his lust, which answer you with scorn and anger.

Chr. As thus an't please you, madam. What! Does he think I will be damn'd for him? Defame my family, ruin my name, to satisfy his pleasure?

L. Dupe. Then he will be profane in his arguments, urge nature's laws to you.

Chr. By'r lady, and those are shrewd arguments; but I'm resolved I'll stop my ears.

L. Dupe. Then when he sees no other thing will

move you, he'll sign a portion to you beforehand. Take hold of that, and then—of what you will.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir JOHN, *Mrs* MILLISENT, *and* ROSE.

Sir John. Now, fair Mrs Millisent, you see your chamber; your father will be busy a few minutes, and in the mean time permits me the happiness to wait on you.

Mill. Methinks you might have chose us better lodgings, this house is full; the other, we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you, perhaps, but not for me. You might have met a lover there, but I a rival.

Mill. What rival?

Sir John. You know Sir Martin,—I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him. Can you deny your affection to him?

Mill. You have vexed me so, I will not satisfy you.

Sir John. Then I perceive I am not likely to be so much obliged to you, as I was to him.

Mill. This is romance—I'll not believe a word on't.

Sir John. That's as you please. However 'tis believed, his wit will not much credit your choice. Madam, do justice to us both; pay his ingratitude and folly with your scorn; my service with your love. By this time your father stays for me. I shall be discreet enough to keep this fault of yours from him; the lawyers wait for us to draw your jointure; and I would beg your pardon for my absence, but that my crime is punished in itself. [*Exit.*

Mill. Could I suspect this usage from a favoured servant!

Rose. First hear Sir Martin, ere you quite condemn him; consider, 'tis a rival who accused him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf. Methought too, Sir John called him fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a fool, and does it so naturally, it can scarce be distinguished.

Mill. Nay, he has wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind love is!

Enter WARNER.

Mill. How now, what's his business? I wonder, after such a crime, if his master has the face to send him to me.

Rose. How durst you venture hither? If either Sir John or my old master see you!—

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next street; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save them a labour.

Mill. What says that fellow to you? What business can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your ladyship should ask that question, knowing whom I serve!

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this anger becomes your ladyship most admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you from myself, madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet prank your master played us. A lady's well helped up, that trusts her honour in such a person's hands. To tell also,——and to his rival too.—Excuse him if thou canst. [*Aside.*

Warn. How the devil should I excuse him? Thou know'st he is the greatest fop in nature.

[*Aside to* ROSE.

Rose. But my lady does not know it; if she did—

Mill. I'll have no whispering.

Warn. Alas, madam, I have not the confidence to speak out, unless you can take mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir John you loved my master, madam. But sure I little thought he was his rival.

Rose. The witty rogue has taken it on himself. [*Aside.*

Mill. Your master then is innocent?

Warn. Why, could your ladyship suspect him guilty? Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful, or a fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the depth of him. But when he knows what thoughts you harbour of him, as I am faithful, and must tell him, I wish he does not take some pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't; if thou dost, I'll be sworn, I'll forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon condition then you'll pardon me, I'll see what I can do to hold my tongue.

Mill. This evening, in St James's Park, I'll meet him. [*Knock within.*

Warn. He shall not fail you, madam.

Rose. Somebody knocks—Oh, madam, what shall we do! 'Tis Sir John, I hear his voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that door.

[WARNER *goes out.*

To them Sir JOHN.

Mill. You've made a quick despatch, sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, madam; our man of law was not within——but I must look for some writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the portmanteau in the drawing-room. [*Is going to the door.*

Mill. Pray, stay a little, sir.

Warn. [*At the door.*] He must pass just by me; and, if he sees me, I am but a dead man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concerned? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a word or two I have to tell you. 'Tis of importance to you.

Sir John. Give me leave——

Mill. I must not, before I discover the plot to you.

Sir John. What plot?

Mill. Sir Martin's servant, like a rogue, comes hither to tempt me from his master, to have met him.

Warn. [*At the door.*] Now, would I had a good bag of gunpowder at my breech, to ram me into some hole!

Mill. For my part, I was so startled at the message, that I shall scarcely be myself these two days.

Sir John. Oh that I had the rascal! I would teach him to come upon such errands.

Warn. Oh for a gentle composition, now! An arm or leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What answer did you make the villain?

Mill. I over-reached him clearly, by a promise of an appointment of a place I named, where I never meant to come: But would have had the pleasure, first, to tell you how I served him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean suspicion of me; indeed I wondered you should love a fool. But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In Gray's-Inn walks.

Warn. By this light, she has put the change upon him! O sweet womankind, how I love thee for that heavenly gift of lying!

Sir John. For this evening I will be his mistress; he shall meet another Penelope than he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You overjoy me, madam. [*Exit.*

Warn. [*Entering.*] Is he gone, madam?

Mill. As far as Gray's-Inn walks: Now I have time to walk the other way, and see thy master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid a plot, shall send his rival far enough from watching him, ere long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest?

Warn. 'Tis so designed, fate cannot hinder it. Our landlord, where we lie, vexed that his lodgings should be so left by Sir John, is resolved to be revenged, and I have found the way. You'll see the effects on't presently.

Rose. O heavens! the door opens again, and Sir John is returned once more.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir John. Half my business was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him.—Ho! what makes this rascal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, sir, else I must have left untold a message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, what's your business, sirrah?

Warn. We must be private first; 'tis only for your ear.

Rose. I shall admire his wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, sir, by my master's order——

Sir John. I'll reward you for it, sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, sir: I came to sound the virtue of your mistress; which I have done so cunningly, I have at last ob-

tained the promise of a meeting. But my good master, whom I must confess more generous than wise, knowing you had a passion for her, is resolved to quit. And, sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private to advise you still to have an eye upon her actions.

Sir John. Take this diamond for thy good news; and give thy master my acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the world goes, my masters! he, that will cozen you, commonly gets your goodwill into the bargain. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Madam, I am now satisfied of all sides; first of your truth, then of Sir Martin's friendship. In short, I find you two cheated each other, both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off as I would wish, and the knight over-reached. [*Aside.*

Enter to them the Landlord, disguised like a carrier.

Rose. How now! what would this carrier have?

Warn. This is our landlord, whom I told you of; but keep your countenance. [*Aside to her.*

Land. I was looking hereaway for one Sir John Swallow; they told me I might hear news of him in this house.

Sir John. Friend, I am the man; what have you to say to me?

Land. Nay, faith, sir, I am not so good a scholl-ard to say much, but I have a letter for you in my pouch. There's plaguy news in it, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your letter?

Land. From your old uncle Anthony.

Sir John. Give me your letter quickly.

Land. Nay, soft and fair goes far.—Hold you, hold you. It is not in this pocket.

Sir John. Search in the other, then; I stand on thorns.

Land. I think I feel it now, this should be who.

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Land. I'll pluck out my spectacles, and see first. [*Reads.*] To Mr Paul Grimbard—apprentice to—— No, that's not for you, sir—that's for the son of the brother of the nephew of the cousin of my gossip Dobson.

Sir John. Prythee, despatch; dost thou not know the contents on't?

Land. Yes, as well as I do my *pater noster*.

Sir John. Well, what's the business on't?

Land. Nay, no great business; 'tis but only that your worship's father's dead.

Sir John. My loss is beyond expression! How died he?

Land. He went to bed as well to see to as any man in England, and when he awakened the next morning—

Sir John. What then?

Land. He found himself stark dead.

Sir John. Well, I must of necessity take orders for my father's funeral, and my estate:—Heaven knows with what regret I leave you, madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, sir? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir John. Dear madam, say not so. A few days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir MARTIN,

Noble Sir Martin, the welcomest man alive! let me embrace my friend.

Rose. How untowardly he returns the salute! Warner will be found out. [*Aside.*

[illegible] W[illegible] f[illegible] ! you have obliged me to

Sir Mart. How have I obliged you, sir? I would have you to know I scorn your words; and I would I were hanged, if it be not the farthest of my thoughts.

Mill. O cunning youth! he acts the fool most naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together! [*Aside.*

Sir John. This is a double generosity, to do me favours, and conceal 'em from me; but honest Warner here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the rascal told you?

Sir John. Your plot to try my mistress for me—you understand me, concerning your appointment.

Warn. Sir, I desire to speak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent rascal! when I am most busy, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I should speak with you, good sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one, i'faith; thou knowest breeding well, that I should whisper with a serving-man before company.

Warn. Remember, sir, last time it had been better——

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double fists; if I don't fright him, the saucy rogue will call me fool before the company.

Mill. That was acted most naturally again. [*Aside.*

Sir John. [*To him.*] But what needs this dissembling, since you are resolved to quit my mistress to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my mistress! that's a good one, i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forsaken me. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. I understand you, madam, you would save a quarrel; but, i'faith, I'm not so base: I'll see him hanged first.

Warn. Madam, my master is convinced, in pru-

dence he should say so. But love o'ermasters him; when you are gone, perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go, then.—Gentlemen, your servant; I see my presence brings constraint to the company.

[*Exeunt* MILL. *and* ROSE.

Sir John. I'm glad she's gone; now we may talk more freely; for if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, sir, remember yourself. Did not you send me of a message to Sir John, that for his friendship you had left Mistress Millisent?

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying rogue art thou!

Sir John. How's this! Has Warner cheated me?

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least. You know, sir, it was not generous, before a lady, to say he quitted her.

Sir John. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all.—Say, Yes, good Sir John—or I'll swinge you. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. Yes, good Sir John.

Warn. That's well; once in his life he has heard good counsel.

Sir Mart. Heigh, heigh, what makes my landlord here? He has put on a fool's coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The devil's in him, he's at it again; his folly's like a sore in a surfeited horse; cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest landlord, i'faith, and what makes you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest man?

Land. Take heed what you say, sir.

[*To Sir* MART. *softly.*

Sir Mart. Take heed what you say, sir! Why? of? of you, sir? I say, sir, I

know him, sir; and I have reason to know him, sir; for I am sure I lodge in his house, sir—Nay, never think to terrify me, sir; 'tis my landlord here in Charles-street, sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the news I brought him.

Si John. Sirrah, did you not tell me that my father—

Land. Is in very good health, for aught I know, sir; I beseech you to trouble yourself no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this lie?

Sir Mart. Ay, who set you on, sirrah? This was a rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him. Down on your marrowbones, and confess the truth. Have you no tongue, you rascal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis some silenced minister. He grows so fat, he cannot speak.

Land. Why, sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my master's sake! why, you impudent varlet, do you think to 'scape us with a lie?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, sir; he heard you were the occasion the lady lodged not at his house, and so he invented this lie; partly to revenge himself of you, and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a cudgel, pr'ythee.

Land. O good sir! if you beat me, I shall run into oil immediately.

Warn. Hang him, rogue; he's below your anger. I'll maul him for you—the rogue's so big, I think will ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*

Land. O rogue! O villain, Warner!—Bid him hold, and I'll confess, sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying. Must such as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*

Enter ROSE.

Rose. Sir, dinner waits you on the table.

Sir John. Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad repast?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am just risen from table.

Warn. Now he might sit with his mistress, and has not the wit to find it out.

Sir John. You shall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no stomach, sir.

Warn. Get you in with a vengeance. You have a better stomach than you think you have. [*Pushes him.*

Sir Mart. This hungry Diego rogue would shame me; he thinks a gentleman can eat like a serving-man.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu, dear sir; in any thing command me. [*Exit.*

Sir Mart. Now we are alone: Han't I carried matters bravely, sirrah?

Warn. O yes, yes, you deserve sugar-plums; first for your quarrelling with Sir John; then for discovering your landlord; and, lastly, for refusing to dine with your mistress. All this is since the last reckoning was wiped out.

Sir Mart. Then, why did my landlord disguise himself, to make a fool of us?

Warn. You have so little brains, that a penny-worth of butter, melted under 'em, would set 'em afloat. He put on that disguise, to rid you of your rival.

Sir Mart. Why was not I worthy to keep your counsel then?

Warn. It had been much at one. You would but

have drunk the secret down, and pissed it out to the next company.

Sir Mart. Well, I find I am a miserable man: I have lost my mistress, and may thank myself for it.

Warn. You'll not confess you are a fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well, I am a fool, if that will satisfy you: But what am I the nearer, for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now fortune's bound to provide for you; as hospitals are built for lame people, because they cannot help themselves. Well; I have a project in my pate.

Sir Mart. Dear rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: But while 'tis set a working, you would do well to screw yourself into her father's good opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my mind gives me, I shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can possibly.

——For secrets are edged tools,
And must be kept from children and from fools.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ROSE *and* WARNER *meeting.*

Rose. Your worship's most happily encountered.

Warn. Your ladyship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your lodging.

Warn. My business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you that——

Warn. I have that to tell you——

Rose. Understand then——

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Rose. I believe that——

Warn. I am of opinion, that——

Rose. Pry'thee hold thy peace a little, till I have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Mrs Rose; I'll not dispute your ancient privilege of talking.

Rose. My mistress, knowing Sir John was to be abroad upon business this afternoon, has asked leave to see a play: And Sir John has so great a confidence of your master, that he will trust no body with her, but him.

Warn. If my master gets her out, I warrant her, he shall shew her a better play than any is at either of the houses—here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [*Exit.*

Enter old MOODY, *Mrs* MILLISENT, *and Lady* DUPE.

Mill. My hoods and scarfs there, quickly.

L. Dupe. Send to call a coach there.

Mood. But what kind of man is this Sir Martin, with whom you are to go?

L. Dupe. A plain down-right country-gentleman, I assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for it. For I hate one of those you call a man of the town, one of those empty fellows of mere out-side: They have nothing of the true old English manliness.

Rose. I confess, sir, a woman's in a bad condition, that has nothing to trust to, but a peruke above, and a well-trimmed shoe below.

To them Sir MARTIN.

Mill. This, sir, is Sir John's friend; he is for your humour, sir; he is no man of the town, but bred up in the old Elizabeth way of plainness.

Sir Mart. Ay, madam, your ladyship may say your pleasure of me.

To them WARNER.

Warn. How the devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first.

Sir Mart. But, as for painting, music, poetry, and the like, I'll say this of myself——

Warn. I'll say that for him, my master understands none of them, I assure you, sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent rascal, hold your tongue: I must rid my hands of this fellow; the rogue is ever discrediting me before company.

Mood. Never trouble yourself about it, sir, for I like a man that——

Sir Mart. I know you do, sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worse of me for his prating: For, though I do not boast of my own good parts——

Warn. He has none to boast of, upon my faith, sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the hearing, sir; for, if I may believe my friends, they have flattered me with an opinion of more——

Warn. Of more than their flattery can make good, sir; 'tis true he tells you, they have flattered him; but, in my conscience, he is the most downright simple-natured creature in the world.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter, sirrah; but I am sure in all companies I pass for a virtuoso.

Mood. Virtuoso! What's that too? is not virtue enough without O so?

Sir Mart. You have reason, sir.

Mood. There he is again too; the town phrase; a great compliment I wis! *you have reason, sir;* that is, you are no beast, sir.

Warn. A word in private, sir.—You mistake this old man; he loves neither painting, music, nor poetry; yet recover yourself, if you have any brains. [*Aside to him.*

Sir Mart. Say you so? I'll bring all about again, I warrant you.—I beg your pardon a thousand times, sir; I vow to gad I am not master of any of those perfections; for, in fine, sir, I am wholly ignorant of painting, music, and poetry; only some rude escapes; but, in fine, they are such, that, in fine, sir——

Warn. This is worse than all the rest. [*Aside.*

Mood. By coxbones, one word more of all this gibberish, and old Madge shall fly about your ears: What is this, *in fine*, he keeps such a coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a phrase *a-la-mode*, sir; and is used in conversation now, as a whiff of tobacco was formerly in the midst of a discourse for a thinking while.

L. Dupe. In plain English, *in fine* is, in the end, sir.

Mood. But, by coxbones, there is no end on't, methinks: If thou wilt have a foolish word to lard thy lean discourse with, take an English one when thou speakest English! as, so sir, and then sir, and so forth; 'tis a more manly kind of nonsense: And a pox of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravelled, and I must help him out. [*Aside.*] Madam, there's a coach at the door, to carry you to the play.

Sir Mart. Which house do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir Mart. It is a damn'd play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the King's.

Sir Mart. That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is past enduring. [*Aside.*] There was an ill play set up, sir, on the posts; but I can assure

you the bills are altered since you saw them, and now there are two admirable comedies at both houses.

Mood. But my daughter loves serious plays.

Warn. They are tragi-comedies, sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say, she loves none but tragedies.

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget yourself; you never saw her in your life before.

Sir Mart. What, not at Canterbury, in the cathedral church there? This is the impudentest rascal——

Warn. Mum, sir.

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! As I hope to be saved, sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I set eyes on her before this day, I wish—

Mood. This fellow is not so much fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be discovered for a wit. This 'tis to overact one's part! [*Aside.*

Mood. Come away, daughter, I will not trust you in his hands; there's more in it than I imagined.

[*Exeunt* MOODY, MILL. *Lady* DUPE, *and* ROSE.

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you know your looks go to the heart of me? What have I done besides a little *lapsus linguæ?*

Warn. Why, who says you have done any thing? You, a mere innocent!

Sir Mart. As the child that's to be born, in my intentions; if I know how I have offended myself any more than——in one word——

Warn. But don't follow me, however; I have nothing to say to you.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you to the world's end, till you forgive me.

they'll strike when least one thinks on't. But pray, your lordship, what is her choice then for a husband?

Lord. She——is not married, that I know of, madam.

L. Dupe. Not married! 'tis impossible; the girl does sure abuse you. I know her education has been such, the flesh could not prevail; therefore, she does abuse you, it must be so.

Lord. Madam, not to abuse you longer, she is with child, and I the unfortunate man, who did this most unlucky act.

L. Dupe. You! I'll never believe it.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be serious how to hide her shame; I beg it here upon my knees.

L. Dupe. Oh, oh, oh! [*She faints away.*

Lord. Who's there! Who's there! Help, help, help!

Enter two women, ROSE, *and Mrs* MILLISENT.

1 *Wom.* O merciful God, my lady's gone!

2 *Wom.* Whither?

1 *Wom.* To heaven; God knows, to heaven!

Rose. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm clothes!

2 *Wom.* I say, run to the cabinet of quintessence; Gilbert's water! Gilbert's water!

1 *Wom.* Now all the good folks of heaven look down upon her!

Mill. Set her in the chair.

Rose. Open her mouth with a dagger or a key; pour, pour! Where's the spoon?

2 *Wom.* She stirs! she revives! merciful to us all! what a thing was this? speak, lady, speak!

L. Dupe. So, so, so!

Mill. Alas! my lord, how came this fit?

Lord. With sorrow, madam.

L. Dupe. Now I am better: Bess, you have not seen me thus?

1 *Wom.* Heaven forefend that I should live to see you so again.

L. Dupe. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into the next room; but be near, I pray, for fear of the worst. [*They go out.*] My lord, sit down near me, I pray; I'll strive to speak a few words to you, and then to bed; nearer, my voice is faint. My lord, heaven knows how I have ever loved you; and is this my reward? Had you none to abuse but me in that unfortunate fond girl, that you know was dearer to me than my life? This was not love to her, but an inveterate malice to poor me. Oh, oh! [*Faints again.*

Lord. Help, help, help!

All the women again.

1 *Wom.* This fit will carry her: Alas, it is a lechery!

2 *Wom.* The balsam, the balsam!

1 *Wom.* No, no, the chemistry oil of rosemary: Hold her up, and give her air.

Mill. Feel whether she breathes, with your hand before her mouth.

Rose. No, madam, 'tis key-cold.

1 *Wom.* Look up, dear madam, if you have any hope of salvation!

2 *Wom.* Hold up your finger, madam, if you have any hope of fraternity. O the blessed saints, that hear me not, take her mortality to them!

L. Dupe. Enough, so, 'tis well—withdraw, and let me rest a while; only my dear lord remain.

1 *Wom.* Pray your lordship keep her from swebbing. [*Exeunt women.*

Lord. Here humbly, once again, I beg your pardon and your help.

L. Dupe. Heaven forgive you, and I do: Stand

up, my lord, and sit close by me; O this naughty girl! But did your lordship win her soon?

Lord. No, madam, but with much difficulty.

L. Dupe. I'm glad on't; it shewed the girl had some religion in her; all my precepts were not in vain: But you men are strange tempters.—Good my lord, where was this wicked act, then, first committed?

Lord. In an out-room, upon a trunk.

L. Dupe. Poor heart, what shifts love makes! Oh, she does love you dearly, though to her ruin! And then, what place, my lord?

Lord. An old waste room, with a decayed bed in't.

L. Dupe. Out upon that dark room for deeds of darkness! and that rotten bed! I wonder it did hold your lordship's vigour: But you dealt gently with the girl. Well, you shall see I love you: For I will manage this business to both your advantages, by the assistance of heaven I will; good my lord, help, lead me out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter WARNER *and* ROSE.

Rose. A mischief upon all fools! do you think your master has not done wisely? First to mistake our old man's humour; then to dispraise the plays; and, lastly, to discover his acquaintance with my mistress: My old master has taken such a jealousy of him, that he will never admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou makest thyself a greater fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help. I have been angry with him too; but these friends have taken up the quarrel. [*Shews gold.*] Look you, he has sent these mediators to mitigate your wrath: Here are twenty of them [illegible] e made a long voyage from Guinea [illegible] s: And when the

match is made, there are an hundred more in readiness to be your humble servants.

Rose. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take them; but I confess, it troubles me to see so loyal a lover have the heart of an emperor, and yet scarce the brains of a cobler.

Warn. Well, what device can we two beget betwixt us, to separate Sir John Swallow and thy mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell; but I hate him worse than foul weather without a coach.

Warn. Then I'll see if my project be luckier than thine. Where are the papers concerning the jointure I have heard you speak of?

Rose. They lie within, in three great bags; some twenty reams of paper in each bundle, with six lines in a sheet. But there is a little paper where all the business lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canst thou help me to it?

Rose. By good chance he gave it to my custody, before he set out for London. You came in good time; here it is, I was carrying it to him; just now he sent for it.

Warn. So, this I will secure in my pocket; when thou art asked for it, make two or three bad faces, and say it was left behind. By this means, he must of necessity leave the town, to see for it in Kent.

Enter Sir JOHN, *Sir* MARTIN, *and Mrs* MILLISENT.

Sir John. 'Tis no matter, though the old man be suspicious; I knew the story all before-hand; and since then you have fully satisfied me of your true friendship to me.—Where are the writings?

[*To* ROSE.

Rose. Sir, I beg your pardon; I thought I had put them up amongst my lady's things, and it seems, in my haste, I quite forgot them, and left them at Canterbury.

Sir John. This is horribly unlucky! where do you think you left them?

Rose. Upon the great box in my lady's chamber; they are safe enough, I'm sure.

Sir John. It must be so—I must take post immediately.—Madam, for some few days I must be absent; and to confirm you, friend, how much I trust you, I leave the dearest pledge I have on earth, my mistress, to your care.

Mill. If you loved me, you would not take all occasions to leave me thus.

Warn. [*Aside.*] Do, go to Kent, and when you come again, here they are ready for you.

[*Shews the paper.*

Sir Mart. What's that you have in your hand there, sirrah?

Warn. Pox, what ill luck was this! what shall I say!

Sir Mart. Sometimes you have tongue enough; what, are you silent?

Warn. 'Tis an account, sir, of what money you have lost since you came to town.

Sir Mart. I am very glad on't: Now I'll make you all see the severity of my fortune——give me the paper.

Warn. Heaven! what does he mean to do? It is not fair writ out, sir.

Sir John. Besides, I am in haste; another time, sir——

Sir Mart. Pray, oblige me, sir; 'tis but one minute: All people love to be pitied in their misfortunes, and so do I. Will you produce it, sirrah?

Warn. Dear master!

Sir Mart. Dear rascal! am I master, or you, you rogue?

Warn. Hold yet, sir, and let me read it: You cannot read my hand.

Sir Mart. This is ever his way, to be disparaging

me; but I'll let you see, sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you yourself can.

Warn. You'll repent it; there's a trick in't, sir.

Sir Mart. Is there so, sirrah? but I'll bring you out of all your tricks with a vengeance to you—— [*Reads.*] How now! What's this? A true particular of the estate of Sir John Swallow, knight, lying and situate in, &c.

Sir John. This is the very paper I had lost: I'm very glad on't; [*Takes the paper.*] it has saved me a most unwelcome journey—but I will not thank you for the courtesy, which now I find you never did intend me—this is confederacy, I smoke it now—come, madam, let me wait on you to your father.

Mill. Well, of a witty man this was the foolishest part that ever I beheld.

[*Exeunt Sir* JOHN, MILLISENT, *and* ROSE.

Sir Mart. I am a fool, I must confess it; and I am the most miserable one without thy help—but yet it was such a mistake as any man might have made.

Warn. No doubt of it.

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee chide me! this indifference of thine wounds me to the heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your hands, I have other business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner!

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolved I'll kill myself.

Warn. You are master of your own body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my soul?

Warn. At your pleasure, as the devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D'ye see, the point's ready? Will you do nothing to save my life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewell, hard-hearted Warner.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you despatch, sir? why all these preambles?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hanged first: I know thou wouldst have me killed, to get my clothes.

Warn. I knew it was but a copy of your countenance; people in this age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten pieces in my pocket; take 'em, and let's be friends.

Warn. You know the easiness of my nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, sir, for this once I cast an eye of pity on you; but I must have ten more in hand, before I can stir a foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true gamester, I have lost all but these; but if thoul't lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to-morrow;
Once more look up, I bid you hope the best.
Why should your folly make your love miscarry,
Since men first play the fools, and then they marry?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL *and* WARNER.

Sir Mart. But are they to be married this day in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the designs upon her; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian money.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my heart already; in fine, I am a dead man. Warner—

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done.—Look if he will stir now!—Your rival and the old man will see us together; we are just below the window.

Sir Mart. Thou canst not do it.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out; trust to my wit but once.

Warn. Name your wit, or think you have the least grain of wit, but once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a saucy, masterly companion; and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Warn. Help, help, good people! Murder, murder!

Enter Sir JOHN *and* MOODY.

Sir John and Mood. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abused, I am beaten, I am lamed for ever.

Mood. Who has used thee so?

Warn. The rogue, my master.

Sir John. What was the offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at play: I meant him nothing but well, heaven knows; and he, in a cursed damned humour, would needs revenge his losses upon me; and kicked me, took away my money, and turned me off; but if I take it at his hands,—

Mood. By cox-nowns, it was an ill-natured part; nay, I thought no better would come on't, when I heard him at his vow to gads, and in fines.

Warn. But, if I live, I'll cry quittance with him: he had engaged me to get Mrs Millisent, your daughter, for him; but if I do not all I can to make her hate him! a great booby, an overgrown oaf, a conceited Bartlemew—

Sir John. Pr'ythee, leave off thy choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time; if thou thinkest my service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, sir; and so much the rather, that I might spite him with it. This was the most propitious fate—

Mood. Propitious! and fate! what a damned scander-bag rogue art thou, to talk at this rate? Hark you, sirrah, one word more of this gibberish, and I'll set you packing from your new service: I'll have neither propitious nor fate come within my doors.

Sir John. Nay, pray, father—

Warn. Good old sir, be pacified; I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former service, and now they are gone, my stomach's clear of them.

Sir John. This fellow is come in a happy hour; for now, sir, you and I may go to prepare the licence, and, in the mean time, he may have an eye upon your daughter.

Warn. If you please I'll wait upon her till she's ready, and then bring her to what church she shall appoint.

Mood. But, friend, you'll find she'll hang an arse, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had best stay behind and bring her myself.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, sir: She knows nothing of my being turned away; so I'll come to her as from Sir Martin, and, under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better angel—

Mood. By the mass, 'twas well thought on; well, son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a dish or two at dinner, and follow you to the licence office.—Sirrah, stay you here, till my return.

[*Exeunt Sir* JOHN *and* MOODY.

Warn. Was there ever such a lucky rogue as I? I had always a good opinion of my wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gained an opportunity to carry away Mrs Millisent, for my master to get his mistress by means of his rival, to receive all his happiness, where he could expect nothing but misery: After this exploit, I will have Lilly draw me in the habit of a hero, with a laurel on my temples, and an inscription below it; *This is Warner, the flower of serving men.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the speech of Mr Moody.

Warn. What's your business?

Mess. I have a letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it yourself to him.

Enter MOODY.

Mess. Sir, a gentleman met me at the corner of the next street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Mood. Stay, friend, till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, sir, it required no answer.

[*Exit Mess.*

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a stranger, to give you counsel; some young gallants have had intelligence, that this day you intend privately to marry your daughter, the rich heiress; and, in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed themselves to watch her going out: Therefore, put it off, if you will avoid mischief, and be advised by,*

Your unknown servant.

Mood. By the mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when I saw *in fine* there; there are some Papishes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my daughter; or else they are no Englishmen, but some of your French Outalian rogues; I owe him thanks, however, this unknown friend of mine, that told me on't.—Warner, no wedding to-day, Warner.

Warn. Why, what's the matter, sir?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some; I'll keep my daughter at home this afternoon, and a fig for all these Outalians. [*Exit* MOODY.

Warn. So, here's another trick of fortune, as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my game cock-sure, and then to be back-gammoned. It must needs be the devil that writ this letter; he owed my master a spite, and has paid him to the purpose: And here he comes as merry too! he little thinks what misfortune has befallen him; and, for my part, I am ashamed to tell him.

Enter Sir MARTIN, *laughing.*

Sir Mart. Warner, such a jest, Warner! [*Laughs again.*

Warn. What a murrain is the matter, sir? Where lies this jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my laugh, and I'll tell thee. [*Laughs again.*

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, Warner, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou shalt no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy projects, and discover thy designs; for I have played such a prize, without thy help, of my own mother-wit, ('tis true I am hasty sometimes, and so do harm; but when I have a mind to shew myself, there's no man in England, though I say't, comes near me as to point of imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a plot that has a soul in't.

Warn. Pray, sir, keep me no longer in ignorance of this rare invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, Warner, that when I left thee, I was possessed with a terrible fear that my mistress should be married: Well, thought I to myself,—and mustering up all the forces of my wit, I did produce such a stratagem!

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feigned a letter as from an unknown friend to Moody, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his daughter went out this afternoon, she would infallibly be snapped by some young fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my letter came, her father was just sending her abroad with a very foolish rascally fellow, that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this, a'God's name? Could you do this wonderful miracle without giving your soul to the devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee, man, I did it; and it was done by the help of no devil, but this familiar of my own brain; how long would it have been ere

thou could'st have thought of such a project? Martin said to his man, *Who's the fool now?*

Warn. Who's the fool! why, who uses to be the fool? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so.

Sir Mart. What a pox! I think thou art grown envious; not one word in my commendation?

Warn. Faith, sir, my skill is too little to praise you as you deserve; but if you would have it according to my poor ability, you are one that had a knock in your cradle, a conceited lack-wit, a designing ass, a hair-brained fop, a confounded busy-brain, with an eternal windmill in it; this, in short, sir, is the contents of your panegyric.

Sir Mart. But what the devil have I done, to set you thus against me?

Warn. Only this, sir: I was the foolish rascally fellow that was with Moody, and your worship was he to whom I was to bring his daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this? I am no witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no conjuror. Will you go, sir?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my justification?

Warn. Shall I see the back of you? speak not a word in your defence. [*Shoves him.*

Sir Mart. This is the strangest luck now——

[*Exit.*

Warn. I'm resolved this devil of his shall never weary me; I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spite of his folly. Let me see—

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is—I must venture on him, for the tyranny of this old lady is insupportable; since I have made her my confidante, there passes not an

hour, but she passes a pull at my purse-strings; I shall be ruined if I do not quit myself of her suddenly; I find, now, by sad experience, that a mistress is much more chargeable than a wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and insignificant.—Mr Warner! have you a mind to do yourself a courtesy, and me another?

Warn. I think, my lord, the question need not be much disputed; for I have always had a great service for your lordship, and some little kindness for myself.

Lord. What if you should propose Mistress Christian as a wife to your master? You know he's never like to compass t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my lord.

Lord. Five hundred pounds are yours at the day of marriage.

Warn. Five hundred pounds! 'tis true, the temptation is very sweet and powerful; the devil, I confess, has done his part, and many a good murder and treason have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet?

Warn. To confess the truth, I am resolved to bestow my master upon that other lady (as difficult as your lordship thinks it), for the honour of my wit is engaged in it. Will it not be the same to your lordship, were she married to any other?

Lord. The very same.

Warn. Come, my lord, not to dissemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your shoe wrings you; I have observed something in the house, betwixt some parties that shall be nameless. And know, that you have been taking up linen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it in any draper's in town.

Lord. I see I have not danced in a net before you.

Warn. As for that old lady, whom hell confound, she is the greatest jilt in nature; cheat is her study; all her joy to cozen; she loves nothing but herself; and draws all lines to that corrupted centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late. First, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoyed her niece under the rate of five hundred pounds a-time; never was woman's flesh held up so high: Every night I find out for a new maidenhead, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother Temple, Bennet, or Gifford, have put off boiled capons for quails and partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what bills you'll have when she's brought to bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it; then crammed capons, pea-hens, chickens in the grease, pottages, and fricasees, wine from Shatling, and La-fronds, with New River, clearer by sixpence the pound than ever God Almighty made it; then midwife—dry nurse—wet nurse—and all the rest of their accomplices, with cradle, baby-clouts, and bearing-clothes—possets, caudles, broths, jellies, and gravies; and behind all these, glisters, suppositers, and a barbarous apothecary's bill, more inhuman than a tailor's.

Lord. I sweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my lord, cheer up! I have found a way to rid you of it all; within a short time you shall know more. Yonder appears a young lady, whom I must needs speak with; please you go in, and prepare the old lady and your mistress.

Lord. Good luck, and five hundred pounds attend thee. [*Exit.*

Enter MILLISENT *and* ROSE *above.*

Mill. I am resolved I'll never marry him.

Rose. So far you are right, madam.

Mill. But how to hinder it, I cannot possibly tell; for my father presses me to it, and will take no denial. Would I knew some way!

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very nearest, for I have just now found it out.

Rose. Are you there, Mr Littleplot?

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, Rose, by my diligence for thy lady; I stand here, methinks, just like a wooden Mercury, to point her out the way to matrimony.

Rose. Or, serving-man like, ready to carry up the hot meat for your master, and then to fall upon the cold yourself.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I shall find warm work on't: In the first place, then, I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my master, and entered myself into Sir John's service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base——

Enter MOODY.

Mill. Something he would tell us; but see what luck's here!

Mood. How now, sirrah? Are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my father's jealous of him still.

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young lady a new song, and if you please you shall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready, fair lady, to-night,
And stand at the door below;
For I will be there,
To receive you with care,
And to your true love you shall go.

Mood. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. Ay, so is the lady's answer too, if I could but hit on't.

SINGS.

And when the stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep;
To my love will I fly,
E'er the jealous can spy,
And leave my old daddy asleep.

Mood. Bodikins, I like not that so well, to cozen her old father; it may be my own case another time.

Rose. Oh, madam! yonder's your persecutor returned.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Mill. I'll into my chamber, to avoid the sight of him as long as I can. Lord! that my old doating father should throw me away upon such an *ignoramus*, and deny me to such a wit as Sir Martin.

[*Exeunt* MILL. *and* ROSE *from above.*

Mood. O, son! here has been the most villainous tragedy against you.

Sir John. What tragedy? Has there been any blood shed since I went?

Mood. No blood shed; but, as I told you, a most damnable tragedy.

Warn. A tragedy! I'll be hanged if he does not mean a stratagem.

Mood. Jack sauce! if I say it is a tragedy, it shall be a tragedy, in spite of you; teach your grandam how to piss. What! I hope I am old enough to spout English with you, sir?

Sir John. But what was the reason you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not; I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mistress Bride; and if she had stirred out of doors, there were whipsters abroad, i'faith, padders of maidenheads, that would have trussed her up, and picked the lock of her affections, ere a man could have said, what's this? But, by good luck, I had warning of it by a friend's letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all such dangers is easy; you may send for a parson, and have the business despatched at home.

Mood. A match, i'faith; do you provide a *domine*, and I'll go tell her our resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of battle. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Now I think on't, this letter must needs come from Sir Martin; a plot of his, upon my life, to hinder our marriage.

Warn. I see, sir, you'll still mistake him for a wit; but I'm much deceived, if that letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom, I pr'ythee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, sir; I do not love to make a breach between persons, that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seemest to imply, that my mistress was in the plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? Do you not know she ever loved him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? You may make yourself miserable, if you please, by such a marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her virtue will secure me.

Warn. Her virtue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I; I assure you, sir, I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes, in my conscience is she; for Sir Martin's tongue's no slander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him,—which, for my part, I do not,—he has in a manner confessed it to me.

Sir John. Hell and damnation!

Warn. Courage, sir, never vex yourself; I'll warrant you 'tis all a lie.

Sir John. But, how shall I be sure 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married, you'll soon make trial, whether she be a maid or no.

Sir John. I do not love to make that experiment at my own cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. Ay, but they have so many tricks to cheat a man, which are entailed from mother to daughter through all generations; there's no keeping a lock for that door, for which every one has a key.

Warn. As, for example, their drawing up their breaths, with—oh! you hurt me, can you be so cruel? then, the next day, she steals a visit to her lover, that did you the courtesy before-hand, and in private tells him how she cozened you; twenty to one but she takes out another lesson with him, to practise the next night.

Sir John. All this while, miserable I must be their May-game!

Warn. 'Tis well, if you escape so; for commonly he strikes in with you, and becomes your friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a friend, that stays behind with my wife, when I gird on my sword to go abroad!

Warn. Ay, there's your man, sir; besides, he will be sure to watch your haunts, and tell her of them,

that, if occasion be, she may have wherewithal to recriminate; at least she will seem to be jealous of you; and who would suspect a jealous wife?

Sir John. All manner of ways I am most miserable.

Warn. But, if she be not a maid when you marry her, she may make a good wife afterwards; 'tis but imagining you have taken such a man's widow.

Sir John. If that were all; but the man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of those that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir John. Ay, the same thing they took up before.

Warn. The truth is, an honest simple girl, that's ignorant of all things, maketh the best matrimony. There is such pleasure in instructing her; the best is, there's not one dunce in all the sex; such a one with a good fortune——

Sir John. Ay, but where is she, Warner?

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engaged.

Sir John. Engaged to one, that hath given me the earnest of cuckoldom beforehand!

Warn. What think you, then, of Mrs Christian here in the house? There's five thousand pounds, and a better penny.

Sir John. Ay, but is she fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the wise virgins, I can assure you.

Sir John. Dear Warner, step into the next room, and inveigle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember, above all things, you keep this wooing secret; if it takes the least wind, old Moody will be sure to hinder it.

Sir John. Dost thou think I shall get her aunt's consent?

Warn. Leave that to me. [*Exit* WARN.

Sir John. How happy a man shall I be, if I can but compass this! and what a precipice have I avoided! then the revenge, too, is so sweet, to steal a wife under her father's nose, and leave 'em in the lurch, who have abused me; well, such a servant as this Warner is a jewel.

Enter WARNER *and Mrs* CHRISTIAN *to him.*

Warn. There she is, sir; now I'll go to prepare her aunt. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Sweet mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir John. And in the condition of a suitor.

Chr. As how, forsooth?

Sir John. To be so happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir John. Why? 'tis the honest end of womankind.

Chr. Twenty years hence, forsooth. I would not lie in bed with a man for a world, their beards will so prickle one.

Sir John. Pah!—What an innocent girl it is, and a very child! I like a coltthat never yet was backed; for so I shall make her what I list, and mould her as I will. Lord! her innocence makes me laugh my cheeks all wet. [*Aside.*]—Sweet lady——

Chr. I'm but a gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir John. Well then, sweet mistress, if I get your friends' consent, shall I have yours?

Chr. My old lady may do what she will, forsooth; but by my truly, I hope she will have more care of me, than to marry me yet. Lord bless me, what should I do with a husband?

Sir John. Well, sweetheart, then instead of wooing you, I must woo my old lady.

Chr. Indeed, gentleman, my old lady is married already. Cry you mercy, forsooth, I think you are a knight.

Sir John. Happy in that title, only to make you a lady.

Chr. Believe, me, Mr Knight, I would not be a lady; it makes folks proud, and so humorous, and so ill huswifes, forsooth.

Sir John. Pah!—she's a baby, the simplest thing that ever yet I knew. The happiest man I shall be in the world; for should I have my wish, it should be to keep school, and teach the bigger girls, and here, in one, my wish it is absolved.

Enter Lady DUPE.

L. Dupe. By your leave, sir. I hope this noble knight will make you happy, and you make him—

Chr. What should I make him? [*Sighing.*

L. Dupe. Marry, you shall make him happy in a good wife.

Chr. I will not marry, madam.

L. Dupe. You fool!

Sir John. Pray, madam, let me speak with you; on my soul, 'tis the prettiest innocentest thing in the world.

L. Dupe. Indeed, sir, she knows little besides her work, and her prayers; but I'll talk with the fool.

Sir John. Deal gently with her, dear madam.

L. Dupe. Come, Christian, will you not marry this noble knight?

Chr. Ye—ye—yes—— [*Sobbingly.*

L. Dupe. Sir, it shall be to-night.

Sir John. This innocence is a dowry beyond all price. [*Exeunt old Lady and Mrs* CHRISTIAN.

Enter Sir MARTIN *to Sir* JOHN, *musing.*

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy, methinks, sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs Millisent lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir John. My heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me; would you have me imagine you do not love her?

Sir John. Love her! why should you think me such a sot? love a prostitute, an infamous person!

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good Sir John.

Sir John. You see, I am no very obstinate rival, I leave the field free to you. Go on, sir, and pursue your good fortune, and be as happy as such a common creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me; but I must tell you, sir, I will not suffer my divinity to be prophaned by such a tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it; whate'er I say, I can quote my author for.

Sir Mart. Then, sir, whoever told it you, lied in his throat, d'ye see, and deeper than that, d'ye see, in his stomach, and his guts, d'ye see. Tell me she's a common person! he's a son of a whore that said it, and I'll make him eat his words, though he spoke 'em in a privy house.

Sir John. What if Warner told me so? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent judge in such a business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious rascal say it?—Now I think on't, I'll not believe you. In fine, sir, I'll hold you an even wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the ghost under my fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his ears upon the spot, if he does not stand to't.

Enter WARNER.

Sir Mart. Here he comes, in pudding-time, to resolve the question.—Come hither, you lying varlet, hold up your hand at the bar of justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What-a-goodjer is the matter, sir?

Sir Mart. Thou spawn of the old serpent, fruitful in nothing but in lies!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy venom upon such a saint as Mrs Millisent, to traduce her virtue, and say it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty, my lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr Rascal! have you forgot what you said but now concerning Sir Martin and Mrs Millisent? I'll stop the lie down your throat, if you dare deny it.

Sir Mart. Say you so! are you there again, i'faith?

Warn. Pray, pacify yourself, sir; 'twas a plot of my own devising. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a hose-pox t'ye. I'll understand none of it; tell me in plain English the truth of the business; for an you were my own brother, you should pay for it. Belie my mistress! what a pox, d'ye think I have no sense of honour?

Warn. What the devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my heels, and begone.

Sir Mart. Stop thief, there! what, did you think to 'scape the hand of justice? [*Lays hold on him.*

The best on't is, sirrah, your heels are not altogether so nimble as your tongue. [*Beats him.*

Warn. Help! Murder! Murder!

Sir Mart. Confess, you rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your hands! I think the devil's in you.—I tell you 'tis a device of mine.

Sir Mart. And have you nobody to devise it on but my mistress, the very map of innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your anger, good Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. By your patience, sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, sir, by your favour, to beat him in my presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one, 'faith; your presence shall hinder me from beating my own servant?

Warn. O traitor to all sense and reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An I had a mind to beat him to mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present, I must tell you, he's mine, sir.

Sir Mart. Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, sir, you are just upon the brink of a precipice. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. What is't thou mean'st now?—O Lord! my mind misgives me, I have done some fault; but would I were hanged if I can find it out. [*Aside.*

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be faced down with a lie; I say, he is my man.

Sir John. Pray remember yourself better; did not you turn him away for some fault lately, and laid a livery of black and blue on his back, before he went?

Sir Mart. The devil of any fault, or any black and blue, that I remember. Either the rascal put some trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O ho, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away were pure invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damn'd a lie——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, sir; good wits, you know, have bad memories.

Sir John. No, no, sir, that shall not serve your turn; you may return when you please to your old master; I give you a fair discharge, and a glad man I am to be so rid of you. Were you thereabouts, i'faith? What a snake I had entertained in my bosom! Fare you well, sir, and lay your next plot better between you, I advise you. [*Exit Sir* JOHN.

Warn. Lord, sir, how you stand, as you were nipped i'the head! Have you done any new piece of folly, that makes you look so like an ass?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee.

[*Holds the gold afar off, trembling.*

Warn. Noble sir, what have I done to deserve so great a liberality? I confess, if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly destroyed all my projects, then it might have been expected, that ten or twenty pieces should have been offered by way of recompence or satisfaction.

Sir Mart. Nay, an you be so full of your flouts, your friend and servant! Who the devil could tell the meaning of your signs and tokens, an you go to that?

Warn. You are no ass then?

Sir Mart. Well, sir, to do you service, d'ye see, I am an ass in a fair way; will that satisfy you?

Warn. For this once produce those three pieces; I am contented to receive that inconsiderable tribute; or make 'em six, and I'll take the fault upon myself.

Sir Mart. Are we friends then? If we are, let me advise you——

Warn. Yet advising!

Sir Mart. For no harm, good Warner: But pray next time make me of your council, let me enter into the business, instruct me in every point, and then if I discover all, I am resolved to give over affairs, and retire from the world.

Warn. Agreed, it shall be so; but let us now take breath a while, then on again.

For though we had the worst, those heats are past;
We'll whip and spur, and fetch him up at last.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lord, Lady DUPE, *Mistress* CHRISTIAN, ROSE, *and* WARNER.

Lord. Your promise is admirably made good to me, that Sir John Swallow should be this night married to Mrs Christian; instead of that, he is more deeply engaged than ever with old Moody.

Warn. I cannot help those ebbs and flows of fortune.

L. Dupe. I am sure my niece suffers most in't; he's come off to her with a cold compliment of a mistake in his mistress's virtue, which he has now found out, by your master's folly, to be a plot of yours to separate them.

Chr. To be forsaken, when a woman has given her consent!

Lord. 'Tis the same scorn, as to have a town rendered up, and afterwards slighted.

Rose. You are a sweet youth, sir, to use my lady so, when she depended on you; is this the faith of a valet de chambre? I would be ashamed to be such a dishonour to my profession; it will reflect upon us in time; we shall be ruined by your good example.

Warn. As how, my dear lady embassadress?

Rose. Why, they say the women govern their ladies, and you govern us: So if you play fast and loose, not a gallant will bribe us for our good wills; the gentle guinea will now go to the ordinary, which used as duly to steal into our hands at the stair-foot, as into Mr Doctor's at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your promise.

L. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my mistress go to bed a maid to-night—

Warn. Hey day! you are dealing with me, as they do with the bankrupts, call in all your debts together; there's no possibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

L. Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with false money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your mountebank tricks with us, and fall to your business in good earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will, Rose; for, to confess the truth, I am a kind of mountebank; I have but one cure for all your diseases, that is, that my master may marry Mrs Millisent, for then Sir John Swallow will of himself return to Mrs Christian.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking time. In the first place, get a warrant

and bailiffs to arrest Sir John Swallow upon a promise of marriage to Mrs Christian.

Lord. Very good.

L. Dupe. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your ladyship in the least, madam—for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us.

[*Exeunt Lord, Lady* DUPE, *and* CHR.

Warn. Rose, where's thy lady?

Mill. [*above.*] What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, madam, I am going forward in the great work of projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my thanks when the work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my master?

Mill. If he should prove a fool, after all your crying up his wit, I shall be a miserable woman.

Warn. A fool! that were a good jest, i'faith: but how comes your ladyship to suspect it?

Rose. I have heard, madam, your greatest wits have ever a touch of madness and extravagance in them, so perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than wit and folly; yet, like east and west, they may meet in a point, and produce actions that are but a hair's breadth from one another.

Rose. I'll undertake he has wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole day together: He's a most comical person.

Mill. For all this, I will not swear he is no fool; he has still discovered all your plots.

Warn. O, madam, that's the common fate of your Machiavelians; they draw their designs so subtle, that their very fineness breaks them.

Mill. However, I'm resolved to be on the sure side; I will have certain proof of his wit, before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one. He wears his clothes like a great sloven, and that's a sure sign of wit; he neglects his outward parts. Besides, he speaks French, sings, dances, plays upon the lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, say you?

Warn. Most divinely, madam.

Mill. I ask no more; then let him give me a serenade immediately; but let him stand in view, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He shall do't, madam:—But how, the devil knows; for he sings like a screech-owl, and never touched the lute. [*Aside.*

Mill. You'll see't performed?

Warn. Now I think on't, madam, this will but retard our enterprize.

Mill. Either let him do't, or see me no more.

Warn. Well, it shall be done, madam.—But where's your father? will not he overhear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below stairs, talking with a seaman, that has brought him news from the East Indies.

Warn. What concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a bastard son there, whom he loved extremely: but not having any news from him these many years, concluded him dead; this son he expects within these three days.

Warn. When did he see him last?

Mill. Not since he was seven years old.

Warn. A sudden thought comes into my head, to make him appear before his time; let my master pass for him, and by that means he may come into the house unsuspected by your father, or his rival.

Mill. According as he performs his serenade, I'll talk with you——make haste——I must retire a little. [*Exit* MILL. *from above.*

Rose. I'll instruct him most rarely, he shall never be found out; but, in the mean time, what wilt thou do for a serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-plus'd on the sudden; but a warm consolation from thy lips, Rose, would set my wits a working again.

Rose. Adieu, Warner. [*Exit.*

Warn. Inhuman Rose, adieu!—Blockhead Warner, into what a premunire hast thou brought thyself! this 'tis to be so forward to promise for another;—but to be godfather to a fool, to promise and vow he should do any thing like a Christian—

Enter Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Sir Mart. Why, how now, bully? in a brown study? For my good, I warrant it: there's five shillings for thee. What! we must encourage good wits sometimes.

Warn. Hang your white pelf! Sure, sir, by your largess, you mistake me for Martin Parker, the ballad-maker; your covetousness has offended my muse, and quite dulled her.

Sir Mart. How angry the poor devil is! In fine, thou art as choleric as a cook by a fireside.

Warn. I am overheated, like a gun, with continual discharging my wit. 'Slife, sir, I have rarified my brain for you, 'till they are evaporated; but come, sir, do something for yourself like a man: I have engaged you shall give to your mistress a serenade in your proper person: I'll borrow a lute for you.

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't, man.

Warn. You never learned: I do not think you know one stop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, sir; I'll play as fast as I can, and never stop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible fool, I see. Get up into your window, and set two candles by you; take my landlord's lute in your hand, and fumble on it, and make grimaces with your mouth, as if you sung. In the meantime, I'll play in the next room in the dark, and consequently your mistress, who will come to her balcony over against you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every tune, I'll ring the bell that hangs between your chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair play, now, to tell a man beforehand what he must do; gramercy, i'faith, boy, now if I fail thee——

Warn. About your business, then, your mistress and her maid appear already: I'll give you the sign with the bell when I am prepared, for my lute is at hand in the barber's shop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs MILLISENT, *and* ROSE, *with a candle by them, above.*

Rose. We shall have rare music.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you are bound to pay the music, madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my ears and eyes are witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis night, madam, and you cannot see him; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employed with that same seaman; and I have sent Mrs Christian to watch their discourse, that, betwixt her and

me, Warner may have wherewithal to instruct his master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my father will find out the plot.

Rose. Not in the least; for my old lady has provided two rare disguises for the master and the man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the lute.

Rose. And see, madam, where your true knight, Sir Martin, is placed yonder like Apollo, with his lute in his hand, and his rays about his head. [*Sir* MARTIN *appears at the adverse window; a tune is played; when it is done,* WARNER *rings, and Sir* MARTIN *holds.*] Did he not play most excellently, madam?

Mill. He played well, and yet methinks he held his lute but untowardly.

Rose. Dear madam, peace; now for the song.

THE SONG.*

Blind love, to this hour,
Had never, like me, a slave under his power:
Then blest be the dart
That he threw at my heart;
For nothing can prove
A joy so great, as to be wounded with love.

My days, and my nights,
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights:
From my heart still I sigh,
And my eyes are ne'er dry;
So that, Cupid be praised,
I am to the top of love's happiness raised.

* This song is translated from Voiture.

My soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleasure to doat and desire:
Such a pretty soft pain,
That it tickles each vein;
'Tis the dream of a smart,
Which makes me breathe short, when it beats at my heart.

Sometimes, in a pet,
When I am despised, I my freedom would get:
But strait a sweet smile
Does my anger beguile,
And my heart does recal;
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace, as to love, unto every one's heart;
For many may wish
To be wounded, and miss:
Then blest be love's fire,
And more blest her eyes, that first taught me desire.

The song being done, WARNER *rings again; but Sir* MARTIN *continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.*

Mill. A pretty-humoured song. But stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him. Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the fruits on't.

Warn. [*Peeping.*] Death! this abominable fool will spoil all again. Damn him, he stands making his grimaces yonder; and he looks so earnestly upon his mistress, that he hears me not. [*Rings again.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, sir? Now, as I live and breathe, this is pleasant! Rose, his man played and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over.

[MILL. *and* ROSE *laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would split their sides.—Why, Mr Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your names?

Mill. Sir Martin, Sir Martin, take your man's counsel, and keep time with your music.

Sir Mart. [*Peeping.*] Ha! What do you say, madam? How does your ladyship like my music?

Mill. O most heavenly! just like the harmony of the spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruined all, by your not leaving off in time.

Sir Mart. What the devil would you have a man do, when my hand is in! Well, o' my conscience, I think there is a fate upon me. [*Noise within.*

Mill. Look, Rose, what's the matter.

Rose. 'Tis Sir John Swallow, pursued by the bailiffs, madam, according to our plot; it seems they have dogged him thus late to his lodging.

Mill. That's well; for though I begin not to love this fool, yet I am glad I shall be rid of him.

[*Exeunt* MILL. *and* ROSE.

Enter Sir JOHN, *pursued by three Bailiffs over the stage.*

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all again; my mistress shall see my valour, I'm resolved on't.—Villains, rogues, poltroons! What? three upon one? In fine, I'll be with you immediately. [*Exit.*

Warn. Why, sir, are you stark mad? have you no grain of sense left?—He's gone! now is he as earnest in the quarrel as Cokes among the puppets; 'tis to no purpose whatever I do for him.

[*Exit* WARNER.

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* MARTIN (*having driven away the Bailiffs;*) *Sir* MARTIN *flourishes his sword.*

Sir Mart. *Victoria! Victoria!* What heart, Sir John? you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir John. Not the least; I thank you, sir, for your timely assistance, which I will requite with any thing, but the resigning of my mistress. Dear Sir Martin, a goodnight.

Sir Mart. Pray, let me wait upon you in, Sir John.

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs Millisent without you, sir, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arrested for?

Sir John. I know no more than you; some little debts perhaps I left unpaid by my negligence: Once more, good night, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful fellow; and so, in fine, I shall tell him when I see him next—Monsieur——

Enter WARNER.

Warner, *a propos!* I hope you'll applaud me now. I have defeated the enemy, and that in sight of my mistress, boy! I have charmed her, i'faith, with my valour.

Warn. Ay, just as much as you did e'en now with your music. Go, you are so beastly a fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your face, sir; call a man of honour fool, when I have just atchieved such an enterprize—Gad, now my blood's up, I am a dangerous person, I can tell you that, Warner.

Warn. Poor animal, I pity thee!

Sir Mart. I grant I am no musician, but you

must allow me for a swordsman: I have beat them bravely; and, in fine, I am come off unhurt, save only a little scratch in the head.

Warn. That's impossible; thou hast a skull so thick, no sword can pierce it; but much good may it do you, sir, with the fruits of your valour: You rescued your rival, when he was to be arrested, on purpose to take him off from your mistress.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the fate of ingenious men! Nothing thrives they take in hand.

Enter ROSE.

Rose. Sir Martin, you have done your business with my lady, she'll never look upon you more; she says, she's so well satisfied of your wit and courage, that she will not put you to any further trial.

Sir Mart. Warner, is there no hopes, Warner?

Warn. None that I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpose.

Rose. Yet, if he had some golden friends, that would engage for him the next time——

Sir Mart. Here's a Jacobus and a Carolus will enter into bonds for me.

Rose. I'll take their royal words for once.

[*She fetches two disguises.*

Warn. The meaning of this, dear Rose?

Rose. 'Tis in pursuance of thy own invention, Warner; a child which thy wit hath begot upon me: But let us lose no time. Help! help! dress thy master, that he may be Anthony, old Moody's bastard, and thou his man, come from the East Indies.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock it—now we shall have Rose's device too; I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on it.

Rose. Old Moody, you must know, in his younger years, when he was a Cambridge-scholar, made bold with a townsman's daughter there, by whom he had a bastard, whose name was Anthony, whom you, Sir Martin, are to represent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you; let me alone for Tony: But pray go on, Rose.

Rose. This child, in his father's time, he durst not own, but bred him privately in the Isle of Ely, till he was seven years old, and from thence sent him with one Bonaventure, a merchant, for the East Indies.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memory, sir?

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee any thing; thou thinkest I am good for nothing.

Rose. Bonaventure died at Surat within two years, and this Anthony has lived up and down in the Mogul's country, unheard of by his father till this night, and is expected within these three days: Now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the house, and make an end of all the business before the other Anthony arrives.

Warn. But hold, Rose, there's one considerable point omitted; what was his mother's name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her name was Dorothy, daughter to one Draw-water, a vintner at the Rose.

Warn. Come, sir, are you perfect in your lesson? Anthony Moody, born in Cambridge, bred in the Isle of Ely, sent into the Mogul's country at seven years old, with one Bonaventure, a merchant, who died within two years; your mother's name Dorothy Draw-water, the vintner's daughter at the Rose.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem*—what! do'st think I'm a sot? But stay a little,——how have I lived all this while in that same country?

Warn. What country?—Pox, he has forgot already!

Rose. The Mogul's country.

Sir Mart. Ay, ay, the Mogul's country. What the devil, any man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: But what have I been doing all this while in the Mogul's country?—He's a heathen rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old man, I'll bring your business about again with my mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the door, I'll go tell the old man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former errors.

Sir Mart. Hang them, they were only slips of youth. How peremptory and domineering this rogue is, now he sees I have need of his service! Would I were out of his power again, I would make him lie at my feet like any spaniel.

Enter MOODY, *Sir* JOHN, *Lord, Lady* DUPE, MILLISENT, CHRISTIAN, *and* ROSE.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? Which is he?

Rose. That sun-burnt gentleman.

Mood. My dear boy, Anthony, do I see thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear father, I know it is you by instinct; for, methinks, I am as like you, as if I were spit out of your mouth.

Rose. Keep it up, I beseech your lordship. [*Aside to the Lord.*

Lord. He's wondrous like indeed.

L. Dupe. The very image of him.

Mood. Anthony, you must salute all this com-

pany: This is my Lord Dartmouth, this my Lady Dupe, this her niece Mrs Christian.

[*He salutes them.*

Sir Mart. And that's my sister; methinks I have a good resemblance of her too: Honest sister, I must needs kiss you, sister.

Warn. This fool will discover himself; I foresee it already by his carriage to her.

Mood. And now, Anthony, pray tell us a little of your travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth, father; but I have such a natural affection for my sister, that, methinks, I could live and die with her. Give me thy hand, sweet sister.

Sir John. She's beholden to you, sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be, sir? what's that to you, sir?

Sir John. I hope, sir, I have not offended you?

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, sir; you see I have no mind to satisfy you, sir: What a devil! a man cannot talk a little to his own flesh and blood, but you must be interposing, with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good Anthony; this gentleman is to marry your sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my sister! Ods foot, sir, there are some bastards, that shall be nameless, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any man; and have as good blood in their veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best course, sir; you marry my sister! what have you seen of the world, sir? I have seen your hurricanos, and your calentures, and your ecliptics, and your tropic lines, sir, an you go to that, sir.

Warn. You must excuse my master; the sea's a little working in his brain, sir.

Sir Mart. And your Prester Johns of the East Indies, and your great Turk of Rome and Persia.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be learned, and a traveller! Bodikin, it makes me weep for joy.—But, Anthony, you must not bear yourself too much upon your learning, child.

Mill. Pray, brother, be civil to this gentleman for my sake.

Sir Mart. For your sake, sister Millisent, much may be done, and here I kiss your hand on it.

Warn. Yet again, stupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray, brother, hands off; now you are too rude.

Sir Mart. Dear sister, as I am a true East India gentleman——

Mood. But pray, son Anthony, let us talk of other matters; and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? And yet I made woundy much of you, when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but yesterday: A fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old gentleman, as ever I saw in all my life.

Warn. aside.] Grey-bearded old gentleman! when he was a scholar at Cambridge!

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. O yes, sir, most perfectly, in the isle—stay—let me see, oh—now I have it—in the Isle of Scilly.

Mood. In the Isle of Ely, sure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt, he did, sir; but this damn'd Isle of Scilly runs in his head, ever since his sea voyage.

Mood. And your mother's name was—come, pray let me examine you—for that, I'm sure, you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. Warner! what was it, Warner?

[*Aside.*

Warn. Poor Mrs Dorothy Draw-water, if she were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her!

Mood. Who the devil bid you speak, sirrah?

Sir Mart. Her name, sir, was Mrs Dorothy Draw-water.

Sir John. I'll be hanged if this be not some cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of Oxford for an university, but Cambridge for my money.

Mood. Hold your tongue, you scanderbag rogue you; this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at Cambridge; I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembering ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the East Indies?

Sir Mart. Warner! [*Aside.*

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, sir, you lighted upon so honest a merchant as Mr Bonaventure, to take care of him.

Mood. Saucy rascal! This is past all sufferance.

Rose. We are undone, Warner, if this discourse go on any further.

Lord. Pray, sir, take pity on the poor gentleman; he has more need of a good supper, than to be asked so many questions.

Sir John. These are rogues, sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one question—Which way did you come home, sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by land, sir.

Warn. That is, from India to Persia, from Persia to Turkey, from Turkey to Germany, from Germany to France.

Sir John. And from thence, over the narrow seas on horseback.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now; but some shall smoke for it. Stay a little, Anthony, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit* MOOD.

Warn. That wicked old man is gone for no good, I'm afraid; would I were fairly quit of him. [*Aside.*

Mill. [*Aside.*] Tell me no more of Sir Martin, Rose; he wants natural sense, to talk after this rate; but for this Warner, I am strangely taken with him; how handsomely he brought him off!

Enter MOODY, *with two cudgels.*

Mood. Among half a score tough cudgels I had in my chamber, I have made choice of these two, as best able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor Warner must be beaten now, for all his wit; would I could bear it for him!

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your worship, and in the next, for this East-India apostle, that will needs be my son Anthony.

Warn. Why, d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked accomplice in his designs, I know he is not.

Warn. Who, I his accomplice? I beseech you, sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a counterfeit? I assure you he has cozened me in the first place.

Sir John. That's likely, i'faith, cozen his own servant!

Warn. As I hope for mercy, sir, I am an utter

stranger to him; he took me up but yesterday, and told me the story, word for word, as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the rogue's wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou wouldst have me believe thee, take one of these two cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my heart.

Mood. Out, you cheat, you hypocrite, you impostor! Do you come hither to cozen an honest man? [*Beats him.*

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, sir!

Warn. Do you come hither, with a lie, to get a father, Mr Anthony of East-India?

Sir Mart. Hold, you inhuman butcher!

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, sir.

Sir Mart. The rogue will murder me.

[*Exit Sir* MARTIN, *pursued by* WARNER.

Mood. A fair riddance of 'em both. Let's in and laugh at 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter again Sir MARTIN *and* WARNER.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an affront put upon a man, to be beaten by his servant?

Warn. After my hearty salutations upon your backside, sir, may a man have leave to ask you, what news from the Mogul's country?

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the impudence to move such a question to me, knowing how thou hast used me.

Warn. Now, sir, you may see what comes of your indiscretion and stupidity. I always give you warning of it; but, for this time, I am content to pass it without more words, partly, because I have

already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Do'st thou think to carry it off at this rate, after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank yourself for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a vengeance, as if you were beating of a stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the truth on't, you had angered me, and I was willing to evaporate my choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your mistress. No more words of this business, I advise you, but go home and grease your back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his hands; for if my shoulders had not paid for this fault, my purse must have sweat blood for't. The rogue has got such a hank upon me——

Warn. So, so! here's another of our vessels come in, after the storm that parted us.

Enter Rose.

What comfort, Rose? no harbour near?

Rose. My lady, as you may well imagine, is most extremely incensed against Sir Martin; but she applauds your ingenuity to the skies. I'll say no more, but thereby hangs a tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with myself about a plot, to bring all about again.

Rose. Yet again plotting! if you have such a mind to't, I know no way so proper for you, as to turn poet to Pugenello.

Warn. Hark! is not that music in your house?

[*Music plays.*

Rose. Yes, Sir John has given my mistress the fiddles, and our old man is as jocund yonder, and

does so hug himself, to think how he has been revenged upon you!

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas me, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a plot!—I care not, I will speak, an I were to be hanged for't. Shall I speak, dear Warner? let me now; it does so wamble within me, just like a clyster, i'faith la, and I can keep it no longer, for my heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly, in the name of nonsense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on vizards, and with the help of my landlord, who shall be of the party, go a mumming there, and by some device of dancing, get my mistress away, unsuspected by them all.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your projects have failed, Warner?

Warn. Would I were hanged, if it be not somewhat probable. Nay, now I consider better on't—exceedingly probable; it must take, 'tis not in nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O, must it so, sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the author of this device! How the devil, sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my brains be as fruitful as yours, or any man's?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your plot, sir; either disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the credit of my plot, to gain my mistress. The plot's a good one, and I'll justify it upon any ground in England; an you will not work upon't, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the knight has reason.

Warn. Well, I'll order it, however, to the best advantage. Hark you, Rose. [*Whispers.*

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your ordering, take notice, 'tis your fault; 'tis well invented, I'll take my oath on't.

Rose. I must into them, for fear I should be suspected; but I'll acquaint my lord, my old lady, and all the rest, who ought to know it, with your design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling. You and I, Rose, are to follow our leaders, and be paired to-night.

Rose. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, Warner; but, for your sake, I'll venture on 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lord, Lady DUPE, *and* CHRISTIAN.

L. Dupe. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give fiddles and treatments in a house, where he has wronged a lady? I'll never suffer it.

L. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your quarrel?

Lord. A very just one,—as I am her kinsman.

L. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be arrested; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but revenge.

Enter ROSE.

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my lord; Sir Martin himself has made a plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one!

Rose. A fool's plot may be as lucky as a fool's handsel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires no-

thing for your part, but to get a parson in the next room; we'll find work for him.

L. Dupe. That shall be done immediately; Christian, make haste, and send for Mr Ball, the nonconformist; tell him, here are two or three angels to be earned.

Chr. And two or three possets to be eaten. May I not put in that, madam?

L. Dupe. Surely you may. [*Exit* CHR.

Rose. Then for the rest—'tis only this—Oh! they are here! pray take it in a whisper. My lady knows of it already.

Enter MOODY, *Sir* JOHN, *and Mrs* MILLISENT.

Mill. Strike up again, fiddle, I'll have a French dance.

Sir John. Let's have the brawls.

Mood. No, good Sir John, no quarrelling among friends.

L. Dupe. Your company is like to be increased, sir; some neighbours, that heard your fiddles, are come a mumming to you.

Mood. Let them come in, and we'll be jovy; an I had but my hobby-horse at home——

Sir John. What, are they men, or women?

L. Dupe. I believe some 'prentices broke loose.

Mill. Rose, go, and fetch me down two Indian gowns and vizard masks——you and I will disguise too, and be as good a mummery to them, as they to us. [*Exit* ROSE.

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL, WARNER, *Landlord, disguised like a Tony.*

Mood. O here they come!—Gentlemen maskers, you are welcome—[WARNER *signs to the music for a dance.*] He signs for a dance, I believe;—you are

welcome.—Mr Music, strike up; I'll make one, as old as I am.

Sir John. And I'll not be out. [*Dance.*

Lord. Gentlemen maskers, you have had your frolic, the next turn is mine.—Bring two flute-glasses and some stools, ho! we'll have the ladies' healths.

Sir John. But why stools, my lord?

Lord. That you shall see; the humour is, that two men at a time are hoisted up; when they are above, they name their ladies, and the rest of the company dance about them while they drink. This they call the frolic of the altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen-maskers, you shall begin.

[*They hoist Sir* MART. *and* WARN.

Sir John. They point to Mrs Millisent and Mrs Christian. *A Lou's touche! touche!*

[*While they drink, the company dances and sings. They are taken down.*

Mood. A rare topping health this. Come, Sir John, now you and I will be in our altitudes.

Sir John. What new device is this, trow?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

[*When they are up, the company dances about them. They dance off. Tony dances a jigg.*

Sir John. Pray, Mr Fool, where's the rest of your company? I would fain see 'em again. [*To Tony.*

Land. Come down, and tell them so, Cudden.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not some plot in it, and this fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! my daughter's gone! let me down, sirrah.

Land. Yes, Cudden.

Sir John. My mistress is gone, let me down first.

Land. This is the quickest way, Cudden.
[*He offers to pull down the stools.*

Sir John. Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my neck.

Land. An you will not come down, you may stay there, Cudden. [*Exit Landlord, dancing.*

Mood. O scanderbag villains!

Sir John. Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you, Sir Jack.

Sir John. 'Twas long of yourself, to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young coxcomb, to be drawn in thus!

Sir John. You old Scot you, to be caught so sillily!

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll so claw thee.

Sir John. I hope I shall reach to thee.

Mood. An 'twere not for thy wooden breast-work there——

Sir John. I hope to push thee down from Babylon.

Enter Lord, Lady DUPE, *Sir* MARTIN, WARNER, ROSE, MILLISENT *veiled, and Landlord.*

Lord. How, gentlemen! what, quarrelling among yourselves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play; he shall never marry my daughter.

Sir Mart. [*Leading* ROSE.] No, I'll be sworn that he shall not; therefore never repine, sir, for marriages, you know, are made in heaven; in fine, sir, we are joined together in spite of fortune.

Rose. [*Pulling off her mask.*] That we are, indeed, Sir Martin, and these are witnesses; therefore, in fine, never repine, sir, for marriages, you know, are made in heaven.

Omn. Rose!

Warn. What, is Rose split in two? Sure I have got one Rose!

Mill. Ay, the best Rose you ever got in all your life. [*Pulls off her mask.*

Warn. This amazeth me so much, I know not what to say, or think.

Mood. My daughter married to Warner!

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impossible that any man in England should have over-reached me: Sure, Warner, there is some mistake in this. Pr'ythee, Billy, let's go to the parson to make all right again, that every man have his own, before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, sir! for my part, I will have nothing farther to do with these women, for, I find, they will be too hard for us; but e'en sit down by the loss, and content myself with my hard fortune. But, madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an estate of two thousand pounds a-year?

Sir Mart. An I were as thee, I would not be so served, Warner.

Mill. I have served him but right, for the cheat he put upon me, when he persuaded me you were a wit—Now, there's a trick for your trick, sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have outwitted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. [*They let him down.*

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in policy keep you there, till your daughter and I had been in private, for a little consummation. But for once, sir, I'll trust your good nature. [*Takes him down too.*

Mood. An thou wert a gentleman, it would not grieve me.

Mill. That I was assured of before I married him, by my lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my kinsman, though his father's sufferings in the late times have ruined his fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a serving man.

Warn. You are mistaken, sir, I have been a master; and, besides, there is an estate of eight hundred pounds a-year, only it is mortgaged for six thousand pounds.

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off; and, for my part, I am glad my daughter has missed *in fine* there.

Sir John. I will not be the only man that must sleep without a bed-fellow to-night, if this lady will once again receive me.

L. Dupe. She's yours, sir.

Lord. And the same parson, that did the former execution, is still in the next chamber; what with caudles, wine, and quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheedle two more of you into matrimony.

Mill. Poor Sir Martin looks melancholy! I am half afraid he is in love.

Warn. Not with the lady that took him for a wit, I hope.

Rose. At least, Sir Martin can do more than you, Mr Warner; for he can make me a lady, which you cannot my mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my man, and, in fine, I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir Martin, for you'll never be your own man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part, I had loved you before, if I had followed my inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the latest, except your love can grow up, like a mushroom, at a night's warning.

Warn. For that matter, never trouble yourself; I can love as fast as any man, when I am nigh possession; my love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the centre; he's an ill falconer, that will unhood before the quarry be in sight.

Love's an high-mettled hawk that beats the air,
But soon grows weary when the game's not near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

As country vicars, when the sermon's done,
Run headlong to the benediction;
Well knowing, though the better sort may stay,
The vulgar rout will run unblest away:
So we, when once our play is done, make haste
With a short epilogue to close your taste.
In thus withdrawing, we seem mannerly;
But, when the curtain's down, we peep, and see
A jury of the wits, who still stay late,
And in their club decree the poor play's fate;
Their verdict back is to the boxes brought,
Thence all the town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, gallants, we, like Lilly, can foresee;
But if you ask us what our doom will be,
We by to-morrow will our fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the year is past.

THE

TEMPEST;

OR, THE

ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A COMEDY.

THE TEMPEST.

In this alteration of the "Tempest," Dryden acknowledges his obligation to Sir William Davenant, whom he extols for his quick and piercing imagination. Sir William was the son of an innkeeper in Oxford, whose house was frequented by our immortal Shakespeare; and hence an ill-founded tradition ascribed to him a paternal interest in young Davenant. But this slander on Shakespeare's moral character has been fully refuted in the Prolegomena to Johnson and Steevens' edition of his plays. Davenant was appointed poet-laureat upon the death of Ben Jonson. During the Civil Wars, he distinguished himself on the royal side, was lieutenant-general of ordnance to the Earl of Newcastle, and was knighted by Charles at the siege of Gloucester. He was afterwards much trusted by Henrietta, the Queen-dowager; and was finally made prisoner by an English man of war, in attempting to convey a colony of loyalists to Virginia. After a long captivity in the Tower, he was liberated through the intercession of the lord-keeper, Whitelocke; the wisest and most temperate of the counsellors of the ruling power. Through his countenance, Sir William was protected, or connived at, in bringing forward certain interludes and operas, even during the rigid sway of fanaticism. After the Restoration, he became manager of a company of players, called the Duke of York's servants, in distinction to the King's company, which was directed by Killigrew. He introduced upon the stage much pomp in dress, scenery, and decoration, as if to indemnify the theatrical muses for the poor shifts to which they had been reduced during the usurpation. Sir William Davenant died in 1668, at the age of 63.

"Gondibert," his greatest performance, incurred, when first published, more ridicule, and in latter times more neglect, than its merits deserve. An epic poem, in elegiac stanzas, must always be tedious, because no structure of verse is more unfavourable to narration than that which almost peremptorily requires each sentence to be restricted, or protracted, to four lines. But the liveliness of Davenant's imagination, which Dryden has pointed out as his most striking attribute, has illuminated even the dull and dreary path which he has chosen; and perhaps few poems afford more instances of vigorous conceptions, and even felicity of expression, than the neglected "Gondibert."*

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* An excellent critical essay upon the beauties and defects of Davenant's epic, may be found in Aikin's Miscellanies. Those who are insensible to the merits of

The alteration of the Tempest was Davenant's last work; and it seems to have been undertaken, chiefly, with a view to give room for scenical decoration. Few readers will think the play much improved by the introduction of the sea-language, which Davenant had acquired during the adventurous period of his life. Nevertheless, the ludicrous contest betwixt the sailors, for the dukedom and viceroyship of a barren island, gave much amusement at the time, and some of the expressions were long after proverbial.* Much cannot be said for Davenant's ingenuity, in contrasting the character of a woman, who had never seen a man, with that of a man, who had never seen a woman, or in inventing a sister monster for Caliban. The majestic simplicity of Shakespeare's plan is injured by thus doubling his characters; and his wild landscape is converted into a formal parterre, where "each alley has its brother." In sketching characters drawn from fancy, and not from observation, the palm of genius must rest with the first inventor; others are but copyists, and a copy shews no where to such disadvantage as when placed by the original. Besides, although we are delighted with the feminine simplicity of Miranda, it becomes unmanly childishness in Hippolito; and the premature coquetry of Dorinda is disgusting, when contrasted with the maidenly purity that chastens the simplicity of Shakespeare's heroine. The latter seems to display, as it were by instinct, the innate dignity of her sex; the former, to shew, even in solitude, the germ of those vices, by which, in a voluptuous age, the female character becomes degraded. The wild and savage character of Caliban is also sunk into low and vulgar buffoonery.

Dryden has not informed us of the share he had in this alteration. It was probably little more than the care of adapting it to the stage. The prologue is one of the most masterly tributes ever paid at the shrine of Shakespeare.

From the epilogue, the Tempest appears to have been acted in 1667. Although Dryden was under engagements to the King's Company, this play was performed by the Duke's Servants, probably because written in conjunction with Davenant, their manager. It was not published until 1670.

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the poem, may admire the courage of the author, who wrote some part of it when he conceived himself within a week of being hanged. A tradition prevails, that his life was saved by Milton, whose life, in return, he saved at the Restoration. Were the story true, how vast was the requital!

* As, "Peace and the But," &c.

PREFACE.

THE writing of prefaces to plays was probably invented by some very ambitious poet, who never thought he had done enough. Perhaps by some ape of the French eloquence, which uses to make a business of a letter of gallantry, an examen of a farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition upon us.*

We may satisfy ourselves with surmounting them in the scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writings, and flourishes of the pen, with which they adorn the borders of their plays, and which are indeed no more than good landscapes to a very indifferent picture. I must proceed no farther in this argument, lest I run myself beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave, therefore, to tell

* A task imposed upon us.

you, reader, that I do not set a value on any thing I have written in this play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespeare's; a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The play itself had formerly been acted with success in the Black Friars: And our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those, who have seen his "Sea-Voyage," may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only poet who made use of Shakespeare's plot. Sir John Suckling, a professed admirer of our author, has followed his footsteps in his "Goblins;" his *Regmella* being an open imitation of Shakespeare's *Miranda*, and his spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of a quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought. And, therefore, to put the last hand to it, he designed the counter-part to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleased me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I

must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments; and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The comical parts of the sailors were also of his invention, and for the most part, his writing, as you will easily discover by the style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him. I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought, extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious; and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he used in invention. It had perhaps been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to myself than was my due, in the writing of this play, and to have passed by his name with silence in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have used to him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole scenes together, which may as easily be distinguished from the rest, as true gold from counterfeit, by the weight. But, besides the unworthiness of the action, which deterred me from it, (there being nothing so base as to rob the

dead of his reputation,) I am satisfied I could never have received so much honour, in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespeare and Sir William Davenant.

JOHN DRYDEN.

December 1, 1669.

PROLOGUE.

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespeare's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play,—
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects, law;
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
While Jonson crept, and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth, digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.
The storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things:
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were received,
And he then writ, as people then believed.
But if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre shall want it more:
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forced to employ
One of our women to present a boy;
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect, in the last act, to find
Her sex transform'd from man to womankind.
Whate'er she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or, if your fancy will be farther led
To find her woman—it must be a-bed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONZO, *Duke of Savoy, and Usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua.*
FERDINAND, *his Son.*
PROSPERO, *right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.*
GONZALO, *a Nobleman of Savoy.*
HIPPOLITO, *one that never saw woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of Mantua.*
STEPHANO, *Master of the Ship.*
MUSTACHO, *his Mate.*
TRINCALO, *Boatswain.*
VENTOSO, *a Mariner.*
Several Mariners.
A Cabin-Boy.

MIRANDA, } *Daughters to* PROSPERO, *that never*
DORINDA, } *saw man.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit, Attendant on* PROSPERO.
Several Spirits, Guards to PROSPERO.
CALIBAN, } *Two Monsters of the Isle.*
SYCORAX, *his Sister,* }

THE

TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The front of the stage is opened, and the band of twenty-four violins, with the harpsicals and theorbos which accompany the voices, are placed between the pit and the stage. While the overture is playing, the curtain rises, and discovers a new frontispiece, joined to the great pilasters, on each side of the stage. This frontispiece is a noble arch, supported by large wreathed columns of the Corinthian order; the wreathings of the columns are beautified with roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the cornice, just over the capitals, sits on either side a figure, with a trumpet in one hand, and a palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther, on the same cornice, on each side of a compass-pediment, lie a lion and a unicorn, the supporters of the royal arms of England. In the middle of the arch are several angels, holding the king's arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that compass-pediment. Behind this is the scene, which represents a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast, and a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation. This tempest (supposed to be raised by magic) has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying*

down amongst the sailors, then rising and crossing in the air. And when the ship is sinking, the whole house is darkened, and a shower of fire falls upon them. This is accompanied with lightning, and several claps of thunder, to the end of the storm.

Enter MUSTACHO *and* VENTOSO.

Vent. What a sea comes in!

Must. A foaming sea; we shall have foul weather.

Enter TRINCALO.

Trinc. The scud comes against the wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Boatswain!

Trinc. Here, master, what say you?

Steph. Ill weather; let's off to sea.

Must. Let's have sea-room enough, and then let it blow the devil's head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy!

Enter Cabin Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here, master.

Steph. Give the pilot a dram of the bottle.

[*Exeunt* STEPHANO *and boy.*

Enter Mariners, and pass over the stage.

Trinc. Bring the cable to the capstorm.

Enter ALONSO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Alon. Good boatswain, have a care; where's the master? Play the men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the master, boatswain?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? You hinder us. Keep your cabins, you help the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good friend, be patient.

Trinc. Ay, when the sea is. Hence! what care these roarers for the name of duke? To cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can advise these elements to silence, use your wisdom; if you cannot, make yourself ready in the cabin for the ill hour.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our ways, sirs.

[*Exeunt* TRINCALO, *and mariners.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hanged, we shall be drowned. [*Exit.*

Enter TRINCALO *and* STEPHANO.

Trinc. Up aloft, lads. Come, reef both topsails.

Steph. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to sea. [*Exit* STEPH.

Enter two Mariners, and pass over the stage.

Trinc. Hands down! Man your main cap-storm.

Enter MUSTACHO *and* VENTOSO *at the other door.*

Must. Up aloft! and man your seere cap-storm.

Vent. My lads, my hearts of gold, get in your cap-storm-bar. Hoa up, hoa up!

[*Exeunt* MUSTACHO *and* VENTOSO.

Enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! Nip well there; quarter-master, get's more nippers.

[*Exit* STEPH.

Enter two Mariners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all hands to cap-storm. You dogs, is this a time to sleep? Lubbord. Heave together, lads. [TRINCALO *whistles.*

[*Exeunt* MUSTACHO *and* VENTOSO.

Must. [*Within.*] Our vial's broke.

Vent. [*Within.*] 'Tis but our vial-block has given way. Come, heave, lads! we are fixed again. Heave together, bullies.

Enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Cut down the hammocks! cut down the hammocks! come, my lads. Come, bullies, cheer up! heave lustily. The anchor's apeak.

Trinc. Is the anchor apeak?

Steph. Is a-weigh! is a-weigh!

Trinc. Up aloft, my lads, upon the fore-castle; cut the anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul catt, haul catt, haul catt, haul. Haul catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and loose the mizen!

Trinc. Get the mizen-tack aboard. Haul aft mizen-sheet.

Enter MUSTACHO.

Must. Loose the main-top sail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much wind.

Trinc. Loose fore-sail! haul aft both sheets! trim her right before the wind. Aft! aft! lads, and hale up the mizen here.

Must. A mackrel-gale, master.

Steph. [*Within.*] Port hard, port! the wind veers forward, bring the tack aboard-port is. Starboard, starboard, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, 'till the sails are loose.

Enter VENTOSO.

Vent. Some hands down. The guns are loose.
[*Exit* MUST.

Trinc. Try the pump, try the pump.
[*Exit* VENT.

Enter MUSTACHO *at the other door.*

Must. O master! six foot water in hold.

Steph. Clap the helm hard a-weather! flat, flat, flat-in the fore-sheet there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-bowling.

Steph. Brace in the larboard. [*Exit.*

Trin. A curse upon this howling! [*A great cry within.*] They are louder than the weather.

Enter ANTONIO *and* GONZALO.

Yet again, what do you here? Shall we give over, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A pox on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Trinc. Work you then, and be poxed.

Anto. Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than you are.

Trinc. Ease the fore-brace a little. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunched wench.

Enter ALONZO *and* FERDINAND.

Ferd. For myself I care not, but your loss brings a thousand deaths to me.

Alon. O name not me, I am grown old, my son;
I now am tedious to the world, and that,
By use, is so to me. But, Ferdinand,
I grieve my subjects' loss in thee. Alas!

I suffer justly for my crimes, but why
Thou should'st——O heaven! [*A cry within.*
Hark! farewell, my son, a long farewell!

Enter TRINCALO, MUSTACHO, *and* VENTOSO.

Trinc. What, must our mouths be cold then?
Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.
Gonz. The duke and prince are gone within to prayers. Let's assist them.
Must. Nay, we may e'en pray too, our
Case is now alike.
Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split!
Gonz. Let's all sink with the duke, and the young prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCALO.

Trinc. The ship is sinking. [*A new cry within.*
Steph. Run her ashore!
Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a rock upon the starboard-bow.
Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*In the midst of the shower of fire, the scene changes. The cloudy sky, rocks, and sea vanish; and when the lights return, discover that beautiful part of the island, which was the habitation of* PROSPERO. *'Tis composed of three walks of cypress-trees; each side-walk leads to a cave, in one of which* PROSPERO *keeps his daughter, in the other* HIPPOLITO. *The middle-walk is of great depth, and leads to an open part of the island.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Prosp. Miranda, where's your sister?
Mir. I left her looking from the pointed rock,
At the walk's end, on the huge beat of waters.

Prosp. It is a dreadful object.
Mir. If by your art,
My dearest father, you have put them in
This roar, allay them quickly.
Prosp. I have so order'd,
That not one creature in the ship is lost.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My daughter, and thy pretty sister.
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than Prospero, master of a narrow cell,
And thy unhappy father.
Mir. I ne'er endeavour'd
To know more than you were pleased to tell me.
Prosp. I should inform thee farther.
Mir. You often, sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.
Prosp. The hour's now come;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came into this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not
Full three years old.
Mir. Certainly I can, sir.
Prosp. Tell me the image then of any thing,
Which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.
Mir. Sir, had I not four or five women once,
that tended me?
Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. What
seest thou else,
In the dark back-ward, and abyss of time?
If thou rememberest aught, ere thou cam'st here,
Then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.
Mir. Sir, that I do not.
Prosp. Fifteen years since, Miranda,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Prosp. Thy mother was all virtue, and she said
Thou wast my daughter, and thy sister too.
Mir. O heavens! what foul play had we, that
We hither came? or was't a blessing that we did?
Prosp. Both, both, my girl.
Mir. But, sir, I pray, proceed.
Prosp. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,
To whom I trusted then the manage of my state,
While I was wrapp'd with secret studies,—that false uncle,
Having attain'd the craft of granting suits,
And of denying them; whom to advance,
Or lop, for over-topping,—soon was grown
The ivy, which did hide my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out. Thou attend'st not.
Mir. O good sir, I do.
Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
Waked in my false brother an evil nature. He did believe
He was indeed the duke, because he then
Did execute the outward face of sovereignty——
Do'st thou still mark me?
Mir. Your story would cure deafness.
Prosp. This false duke
Needs would be absolute in Milan, and confederate
With Savoy's duke, to give him tribute, and
To do him homage.
Mir. False man!
Prosp. This duke of Savoy, being an enemy
To me inveterate, strait grants my brother's suit;
And on a night, mated to his design,
Antonio oped the gates of Milan, and
In the dead of darkness hurried me thence,
With thy young sister, and th r crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?
Prosp. They durst not, girl, in Milan, for the love
My people bore me; in short, they hurried us
Away to Savoy, and thence aboard a bark at Nissa's port,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
No tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it.
Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Prosp. Thou and thy sister were
Two cherubims which did preserve me: You both
Did smile, infused with fortitude from heaven.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Prosp. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, which
A nobleman of Savoy, call'd Gonzalo,
Appointed master of that black design,
Gave us; with rich garments, and all necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: And of his gentleness
(Knowing I loved my books) he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes, which
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might see that man!
Prosp. Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I your tutor been. But by my skill
I find, that my mid-heaven doth depend
On a most happy star, whose influence
If I now court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep: 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou can'st not chuse.—
[*She falls asleep.*

Come away, my spirit: I am ready now; approach,
My Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master, grave
Sir, hail! I come to answer thy best pleasure,
Be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the fire,
To ride into the curled clouds; to thy strong bidding
Task Ariel, and all his qualities.

Prosp. Hast thou, spirit, perform'd to point
The tempest, that I bade thee?

Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the duke's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement; and sometimes I seem'd
To burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bow-sprit, I did flame distinctly;
Nay, once I rain'd a shower of fire upon them.

Prosp. My brave spirit!—
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Did not infect his reason?

Ariel. Not a soul,
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation; all,
But mariners, plunged in the foaming brine,
And quit the vessel. The duke's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstaring, (more like reeds than hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty!*
And all the devils are here!

Prosp. Why, that's my spirit!—
But, was not this nigh shore?

Ariel. Close by, my master.

Prosp. But, Ariel, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd.
In troops I have dispersed them round this isle:
The duke's son I have landed by himself,

Whom I have left warming the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms enfolded in this sad knot.
Prosp. Say how thou hast disposed the mariners
Of the duke's ship, and all the rest o'the fleet?
Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the duke's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou called'st me up, at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: And for the rest o'the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Italy;
Supposing that they saw the duke's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Prosp. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: But there's more work;—
What is the time o'the day?
Ariel. Past the mid season.
Prosp. At least two glasses.
The time 'tween six and now must by us both
Be spent most preciously.
Ariel. Is there more toil?
Since thou dost give me pains, let me remember
Thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet
Perform'd me.
Prosp. How now, moody!
What is't thou canst demand?
Ariel. My liberty.
Prosp. Before the time be out?—no more!
Ariel. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee faithful service;
Told thee no lies; made thee no mistakings;
Served without or grudge, or grumblings;

Thou didst promise to bate me a full year.
Prosp. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ariel. No.
Prosp. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run against the sharp wind of the north;
To do my business in the veins of the earth,
When it is baked with frost.
Ariel. I do not, sir.
Prosp. Thou liest, malignant thing!—Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
Ariel. No, sir.
Prosp. Thou hast! Where was she born? Speak, tell me.
Ariel. Sir, in Argier.
Prosp. Oh, was she so!—I must,
Once every month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries
Too terrible to enter human hearing,
From Argier, thou know'st, was banished:
But, for one thing she did,
They would not take her life.—Is not this true?
Ariel. Ay, sir.
Prosp. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought, with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, cause thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven pine;
Within whose rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this isle
(Save for two brats, which she did litter here,
The brutish Caliban, and his twin-sister,
Two freckled hag-born whelps) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ariel. Yes; Caliban her son, and Sycorax his sister.

Prosp. Dull thing! I say so.—He,
That Caliban, and she, that Sycorax,
Whom I now keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could ne'er again undo: It was my art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made the pine
To gape, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

Prosp. If thou more murmurest, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till thou
Hast howl'd away twelve winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command,
And be a gentle spirit.

Prosp. Do so; and after two days I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great master. But I have yet one request.

Prosp. What's that, my spirit?

Ariel. I know that this day's business is important,

Requiring too much toil for one alone.
I have a gentle spirit for my love,
Who twice seven years has waited for my freedom:
Let it appear, it will assist me much,
And we with mutual joy shall entertain
Each other. This, I beseech you, grant me.

Prosp. You shall have your desire.

Ariel. That's my noble master.—Milcha!

[MILCHA *flies down to his assistance.*

Milc. I am here, my love.

Ariel. Thou art free! Welcome, my dear!—
What shall we do? Say, say, what shall we do?

Prosp. Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Hence, with diligence;
Anon thou shalt know more.

[*They both fly up, and cross in the air.*

Thou hast slept well, my child. [*To* MIR.

Mir. The sadness of your story put heaviness on me.

Prosp. Shake it off.—Come on, I'll now call Caliban, my slave, who never yields us a kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a creature, sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But, as it is, we cannot miss him: He does make our fire, fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us.—What ho, slave! Caliban! thou earth, thou, speak!

Calib. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Prosp. Thou poisonous slave! got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Calib. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brushed with raven's feather from unwholesome fens, drop on you both! A south-west wind blow on you, and blister you all o'er!

Prosp. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st. Thou shalt be pinched as thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging than the bees which made them.

Calib. I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou camest first, thou stroak'dst me, and madest much of me; would'st give me water with berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I loved thee, and shewed thee all the qualities of the isle, the fresh springs, brine-pits, barren places, and fertile. Cursed be I, that I did so! All the charms of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on thee! for I am all the subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own lord; and here thou stayest me in this hard rock, while thou dost keep from me the rest o'the island.

Prosp. Thou most lying slave, whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee, filth as thou art! with human care; and lodged thee in mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate the honour of my children.

Calib. Oh, ho! oh, ho! would it had been done! Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else this isle with Calibans.

Prosp. Abhorred slave! who ne'er wouldst any print of goodness take, being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one thing or other. When thou didst not, savage! know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like a thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes with words, which made them known. But thy wild race (though thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures could not abide to be

with; therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this rock.

Calib. You taught me language; and my profit by it is, that I know to curse. The red botch rid you for learning me your language!

Prosp. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick
To answer other business.—Shrug'st thou, malice!
If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Calib. No, pr'ythee!—
I must obey. His art is of such power,
It would controul my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Prosp. So, slave, hence!

[*Exeunt* PROSP. *and* CALIB. *severally.*

Enter DORINDA.

Dor. Oh, sister! what have I beheld!

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder rock,
As I my eyes cast down upon the seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd; at first, I thought the war
Had been between themselves, but straight I spied
A huge great creature.

Mir. O, you mean the ship?

Dor. Is't not a creature, then?—It seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns above,
All tied with ribbands, ruffling in the wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his head a-while,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon,
He clambering to the top of all the billows;
And then again he curtsied down so low

I could not see him. Till at last, all side-long,
With a great crack, his belly burst in pieces.
Mir. There all had perish'd,
Had not my father's magic art relieved them.—
But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you.
In this great creature there were other creatures;
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my father call a man.
Dor. But, what is that? For yet he never told me.
Mir. I know no more than you. But I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.
Dor. What, that he should eat us, sister?
Mir. No sure; you see my father is a man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old!
Dor. Methinks, indeed, it would be finer, if
We two had two young fathers.
Mir. No, sister, no. If they were young, my father
Said, we must call them brothers.
Dor. But, pray, how does it come, that we two are
Not brothers then, and have not beards like him?
Mir. Now I confess you pose me.
Dor. How did he come to be our father too?
Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the ground.
Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, sister,
Let you and I look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.
Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is
The hour wherein my father's charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open air.

The effect of this great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The scene changes to the wilder part of the Island. It is composed of divers sorts of trees and barren places, with a prospect of the sea at a great distance.

Enter STEPHANO, MUSTACHO, *and* VENTOSO.

Vent. The runlet of brandy was a loving runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it. And this scollop-shell is all our plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
I pr'ythee fill a sup, and let it go round.—
Where hast thou laid the runlet?

Must. In the hollow of an old tree.

Vent. Fill apace; we cannot live long in this barren island, and we may take a sup before death, as well as others drink at our funerals.

Must. This is prize brandy; we steal custom, and it costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you saved?

Steph. Just nothing but myself.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

Steph. Fill us another round.

Vent. Look! Mustacho weeps. Hang losses, as long as we have brandy left!—Pr'ythee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his brandy out of his eyes. He shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful day with old Bess. She gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting; that's lost too. But, as you say, hang losses! Pr'ythee fill again.

Vent. Beshrew thy heart, for putting me in mind of thy wife; I had not thought of mine else. Nature will shew itself, I must melt. I pr'ythee fill again. My wife's a good old jade, and has but one eye left; but she will weep out that too, when she hears that I am dead.

Steph. 'Would you were both hanged, for putting me in thought of mine!

Vent. But come, master, sorrow is dry. There's for you again.

Steph. A mariner had e'en as good be a fish as a man, but for the comfort we get ashore. O! for an old dry wench, now I am wet.

Must. Poor heart, that would soon make you dry again. But all is barren in this isle. Here we may lie at hull, till the wind blow nor' and by south, ere we can cry, a sail! a sail! a sight of a white apron. And, therefore, here's another sup to comfort us.

Vent. This isle's our own, that's our comfort; for the duke, the prince, and all their train, are perished.

Must. Our ship is sunk, and we can never get home again. We must e'en turn savages, and the next that catches his fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a government; for if we live well and orderly, heaven will drive shipwrecks ashore to make us all rich. Therefore let us carry good consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my sceptre; for I was master at

sea, and will be duke on land. You, Mustacho, have been my mate, and shall be my viceroy.

Vent. When you are duke, you may chuse your viceroy; but I am a free subject in a new plantation, and will have no duke without my voice. And so fill me the other sup.

Steph. [*Whispering.*] Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee; pr'ythee, give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the election; and, to shew that I have no private ends, I declare aloud, that I will be viceroy, or I'll keep my voice for myself.

Must. Stephano, hear me! I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none, in the isle, to speak for themselves. Know, then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content Ventoso shall be viceroy, upon condition I may be viceroy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? what, no man answer? Well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the people, Mustacho! I'll speak for them, and declare generally with one voice, one and all, that there shall be no viceroy but the duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the people, who never saw your face? Cold iron shall decide it! [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving subjects! We will have no civil war during our reign. I do hereby appoint you both to be my viceroys over the whole island.

Both. Agreed, agreed!

Enter TRINCALO, *with a great bottle, half drunk.*

Vent. How! Trincalo, our brave boatswain!

Must. He reels. Can he be drunk with sea-water?

Trin. [Sings.] *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here I shall die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

SINGS.

The master, the swabber, the gunner, and I,
The surgeon, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a twang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!—
She loved not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort again. [*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another subject now. Welcome, welcome, into our dominions!

Trinc. What subject, or what dominions? Here's old sack, boys; the king of good fellows can be no subject. I will be old Simon the king.

Must. Ha, old boy! how didst thou 'scape?

Trinc. Upon a butt of sack, boys, which the sailors threw overboard.—But are you alive, hoa! for I will tipple with no ghosts, till I'm dead. Thy hand, Mustacho, and thine, Ventoso; the storm has done its worst.—Stephano alive too! give thy boatswain thy hand, master.

Vent. You must kiss it then; for I must tell you, we have chosen him duke, in a full assembly.

Trinc. A duke! where? What's he duke of?

Must. Of this island, man. Oh, Trincalo, we are all made. The island's empty; all's our own, boy; and we will speak to his grace for thee, that thou mayest be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great! what the devil are you?

Vent. We two are viceroys over all the island;

and, when we are weary of governing, thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, Ventoso? I will succeed you in both places, before you enter into them.

Steph. Trincalo, sleep, and be sober; and make no more uproars in my country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, sir; what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free election; and you, Trincalo, are not yourself; but we pardon your first fault, because it is the first day of our reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was swimming, and saving myself for the good of the people of this island!

Must. Art thou mad, Trincalo? Wilt thou disturb a settled government, where thou art a mere stranger to the laws of the country?

Trinc. I'll have no laws.

Vent. Then civil war begins.

[VENT. *and* MUST. *draw.*

Steph. Hold, hold! I'll have no bloodshed; my subjects are but few. Let him make a rebellion by himself; and a rebel, I, Duke Stephano, declare him.—Viceroys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke Trincalo declares, that he will make open war wherever he meets thee, or thy viceroys. [*Exeunt* STEPH. MUST. *and* VENT.

Enter CALIBAN, *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Ha! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections, that the sun sucks up from fogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make him by inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch, fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid them. But for every trifle he sets them on me. Sometimes, like baboons, they mow and chatter at

me, and often bite me; like hedge-hogs, then, they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with adders, who, with their cloven tongues, hiss me to madness.—Ha! yonder stands one of his spirits, sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a man, or a fish? This is some monster of the isle. Were I in England, as once I was, and had him painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give me sixpence for the sight of him. Well, if I could make him tame, he were a present for an emperor.—Come hither, pretty monster; I'll do thee no harm. Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not; I'll bring the wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest; but I'll give him a dram o'the bottle, that will clear his understanding.—Come on your ways, master monster, open your mouth. How now, you perverse moon-calf! What, I think you cannot tell who is your friend?—Open your chops, I say.

[*Pours wine down his throat.*

Calib. This is a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful monster.—Monster, what say'st thou, art thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then thou shalt be my subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that bottle to be true; for the liquor is not earthly. Did'st thou not drop from heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the moon; I was the man in her, when time was.—By this light, a very shallow monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch in the isle, and kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee be my god, and let me drink. [*Drinks again.*

Trinc. Well drawn, monster, in good faith!

Calib. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.—A curse upon the tyrant whom I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where crabs grow; and I, with my long nails, will dig thee pignuts, shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the marmozet. I'll bring thee to clustered filberts. Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This monster comes of a good-natured race.—Is there no more of thy kin in this island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides myself; my lovely sister, beautiful and bright as the full moon!

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambering up a hollow oak, and plucking thence the drooping honey-combs.—Say, my king, shall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the bottle too. If she proves handsome, she is mine.—Here, monster, drink again for thy good news; thou shalt speak a good word for me. [*Gives him the bottle.*

Calib. Farewell, old master, farewell, farewell!

SINGS.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
Ban, ban, Ca-caliban,
Has a new master, get a new man.

Hey-day! freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two subjects got already, the monster, and his sister. Well, Duke Stephano, I say, and say again, wars will ensue, and so I drinks. [*Drinks.*] From this worshipful monster, and mistress monster, his sister, I'll lay claim to this island by alliance.—Monster, I say, thy sister shall be my spouse; come

away, brother monster; I'll lead thee to my butt, and drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Cypress trees and a Cave.*

Enter PROSPERO *alone.*

Prosp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my daughters know,
I keep the infant Duke of Mantua
So near them in this isle;
Whose father, dying, bequeath'd him to my care;
Till my false brother (when he design'd to usurp
My dukedom from me) exposed him to that fate,
He meant for me.
By calculation of his birth, I saw
Death threat'ning him, if, till some time were past,
He should behold the face of any woman.
And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolito!

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.
Prosp. How I have loved thee, from thy infancy,
Heaven knows, and thou thyself canst bear me witness;
Therefore accuse not me of thy restraint.
Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a rock;
And you, this day, have hurried me from thence,
Only to change my prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.
Prosp. O, gentle youth! fate waits for thee abroad;
A black star threatens thee; and death, unseen,
Stands ready to devour thee.
Hip. You taught me
Not to fear him in any of his shapes.
Let me meet death rather than be a prisoner.
Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature
Lived in this isle, but those which man was lord of.
Why, then, should I fear?
Prosp. But here are creatures which I named not to thee,
Who share man's sovereignty by nature's laws,
And oft depose him from it.
Hip. What are those creatures, sir?
Prosp. Those dangerous enemies of men, called women.
Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.—
What are women like?
Prosp. Imagine something between young men and angels;
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes;
Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's;
They are all enchantment. Those, who once behold them,
Are made their slaves for ever.
Hip. Then I will wink, and fight with them.
Prosp. 'Tis but in vain;
They'll haunt you in your very sleep.
Hip. Then I'll revenge it on them when I wake.
Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge;
They are so beautiful, that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish, to hurt them.
Hip. Are they so beautiful?
Prosp. Calm sleep is not so soft; nor winter suns,
Nor summer shades, so pleasant.
Hip. Can they be fairer than the plumes of swans?
Or more delightful than the peacock's feathers?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of doves?
Or have more various beauty than the rainbow?—
These I have seen, and, without danger, wonder'd at.

Prosp. All these are far below them. Nature made
Nothing but woman dangerous and fair.
Therefore if you should chance to see them,
Avoid them straight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun them, as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd honour, which you taught me.
But let them not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.

Prosp. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.
To-morrow I may bring you better news.

Hip. I shall obey you, sir. [*Exit* HIP.

Prosp. So, so; I hope this lesson has secured him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder rock, where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own cell,
Because the shipwreck happen'd near his mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience.
The planets seem to smile on my designs,
And yet there is one sullen cloud behind.
I would it were dispersed!

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA.

How, my daughters!
I thought I had instructed them enough.—
Children! retire; why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, sir.

Prosp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous; remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine ill is there.
The curled lion, and the rugged bear,
Are not so dreadful as that man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, sir, you are a man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. Ay, child; but I
Am a tame man; old men are tame by nature,
But all the danger lies in a wild young man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the woods?

Prosp. No, they are wild within doors, in chambers, and in closets.

Dor. But, father, I would stroak them, and make them gentle; then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, child. No woman can come near them, but she feels a pain, full nine months. Well, I must in; for new affairs require my presence.—Be you, Miranda, your sister's guardian. [*Exit* Prosp.

Dor. Come, sister, shall we walk the other way?
The man will catch us else. We have but two legs,
And he, perhaps, has four.

Mir. Well, sister, though he have; yet look about you.

Dor. Come back! that way is towards his den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a hare in's form,
And he shall not see us.

Dor. Ay, but you know my father charged us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each other's counsel.

Dor. I dare not, for the world.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too.

I find it in my nature, because my father has forbidden me.

Mir. Ay, there's it, sister; if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick, and beckon me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble myself to him, and ask him pardon, as I do my father, when I have done a fault.

Mir. And if I can but escape with life, I had rather be in pain nine months, as my father threatened, than lose my longing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Prospero has often said, that nature makes
Nothing in vain. Why then are women made?
Are they to suck the poison of the earth,
As gaudy colour'd serpents are? I'll ask
That question, when next I see him here.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA, *peeping.*

Dor. O sister, there it is! it walks about
Like one of us.

Mir. Ay, just so, and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me. Yet 'tis most likely,
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks;—sure this is not it my father meant,
For this is just like one of us. Methinks,
I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was; see, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is!

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, sister! I'll go to it.

I would not for the world that you should venture.
My father charged me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame man; dear sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first. Fie, are you not ashamed to be so inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for it, and would give him yourself.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my father.
Observe how he begins to stare already!
I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness. I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prosp. [*Within.*] Miranda, child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he named, not me; I will but say my prayers, and follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, sister, you'll repent it. [*Exit* Mir.

Dor. Though I die for it, I must have the other peep.

Hip. What thing is that? [*Seeing her.*] Sure 'tis some infant of
The sun, dress'd in his father's gayest beams,
And comes to play with birds. My sight is dazzled,
And yet I find I'm loth to shut my eyes.
I must go nearer it:—but stay a while;
May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Which I was charged to shun? Speak, what art thou,
Thou shining vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am
A woman; do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my eyes out, than consent

To do you any harm; though I was told,
A woman was my enemy.
Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that, which looks like you. For though
I've been charged by him (whom yet I ne'er disobey'd,)
To shun your presence, yet I'd rather die
Than lose it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart
To hurt me. Though I fear you are a man,
The dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd.
Pray, tell me what you are?
Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a man;
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other creature.
I was bid to fear you too.
Dor. Ah me! Heaven grant we be not poison to
Each other! Alas, can we not meet, but we must die?
Hip. I hope not so! for, when two poisonous creatures,
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twined into a mutual knot:
If we have any venom in us, sure, we cannot be
More poisonous, when we meet, than serpents are.
You have a hand like mine—may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*
Dor. I've touched my father's and my sister's hands,
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh. Just so
I've seen two turtles mourning when they met.
Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so, methought,

Was theirs: For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd
To murmur too, and yet they often met.
Hip. Oh heavens! I have the same sense too; your hand,
Methinks, goes through me; I feel it at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.
Prosp. [*Within.*] Dorinda!
Dor. My father calls again; ah, I must leave you.
Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.
Dor. This is my first offence against my father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.
Hip. And this is my first trespass too. But he
Hath more offended truth, than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death, but in our parting, see.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*A Wild Island.*

Enter ALONZO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Gonz. 'Beseech your grace, be merry: You have cause,
So have we all, of joy, for our strange escape;
Then wisely, good sir, weigh our sorrow with
Our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee peace; you cram these words
Into my ears, against my stomach; how
Can I rejoice, when my dear son, perhaps
This very moment, is made a meal to some strange fish?
Anto. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the billows under him,
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone;
And you and I, Antonio, were those
Who caused his death.
Anto. How could we help it?
Alon. Then, then we should have help'd it,
When thou betray'dst thy brother Prospero,
And Mantua's infant sovereign, to my power:
And when I, too ambitious, took by force
Another's right: Then lost we Ferdinand;
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.
Anto. Indeed we first broke truce with Heaven;
You to the waves an infant prince exposed,
And on the waves have lost an only son.
I did usurp my brother's fertile lands,
And now am cast upon this desert isle.
Gonz. These, sirs, 'tis true, were crimes of a black dye;
But both of you have made amends to Heaven,
By your late voyage into Portugal;
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your valour has repulsed the Moors of Spain.
Alon. O name it not, Gonzalo;
No act but penitence can expiate guilt!
Must we teach Heaven what price to set on murder?
What rate on lawless power and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffic with the powers above,
And sell by weight a good deed for a bad?
[*A flourish of music.*
Gonz. Music! and in the air! sure we are shipwreck'd
On the dominions of some merry devil!
Anto. This isle's enchanted ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of lamenting ghosts.
Alon. I pull'd a tree, and blood pursued my hand.

Heaven deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after-actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence and my bounty.
[*Music again louder.*
Hark, the sounds approach us!
[*The stage opens in several places.*
Anto. Lo! the earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense
Of my foul treason, have unmann'd me quite.
Alon. We on the brink of swift destruction stand;
No means of our escape is left.
[*Another flourish of voices under the stage.*
Anto. Ah! what amazing sounds are these we hear!
Gonz. What horrid masque will the dire fiends present?

SUNG UNDER THE STAGE.

1 Dev. *Where does the black fiend Ambition reside,*
With the mischievous devil of Pride?
2 Dev. *In the lowest and darkest caverns of hell,*
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.
1 Dev. *Who are the chief leaders of the damned host?*
3 Dev. *Proud monarchs, who tyrannize most.*
1 Dev. *Damn'd princes there*
The worst of torments bear;
3 Dev. *Who on earth all others in pleasures excel,*
Must feel the worst torments of hell.
[*They rise singing this chorus.*

Anto. O heavens! what horrid vision's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!
Alon. What fearful vengeance is in store for us!

1 Dev. *Tyrants, by whom their subjects bleed,*
Should in pains all others exceed;

1 Dev. *And barbarous monarchs, who their neighbours invade,*
And their crowns unjustly get;
And such who their brothers to death have betray'd,
In hell upon burning thrones shall be set.
3 Dev. } *—In hell, in hell with flames they shall reign,*
Chor. } *And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.*

Anto. O! my soul for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain!
Alon. Has Heaven, in all its infinite stock of mercy,
No overflowings for us? poor, miserable, guilty men!
Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompass us!
For ever, for ever must we suffer!
Alon. For ever we shall perish! O dismal words,
For ever!

1 Dev. *Who are the pillars of the tyrant's court?*
2 Dev. *Rapine and Murder his crown must support!*
3 Dev. *——His cruelty does tread*
On orphans' tender breasts, and brothers dead!
2 Dev. *Can Heaven permit such crimes should be*
Attended with felicity?
1 Dev. *No; tyrants their sceptres uneasily bear,*
In the midst of their guards they their consciences fear.
2 Dev. } *Care their minds when they wake unquiet*
will keep;
Chor. } *And we with dire visions disturb all their sleep.*

Anto. Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!
The fiend will hurry us to the dark mansion.
Sweet Heaven, have mercy on us!

1 Dev. *Say, say, shall we bear these bold mortals from hence?*
2 Dev. *No, no, let us shew their degrees of offence.*
3 Dev. *Let's muster their crimes upon every side,*
And first let's discover their pride.

Enter PRIDE.

Pride. *Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,*
And did to ambition their minds then betray.

Enter FRAUD.

Fraud. *And Fraud does next appear,*
Their wandering steps who led;
When they from virtue fled,
They in my crooked paths their course did steer.

Enter RAPINE.

Rapine. *From fraud to force they soon arrive,*
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter MURDER.

Murder. *There long they could not stay;*
Down the steep hill they run;
And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,
To murder they bent all their way.

Chorus of all. *Around, around we pace,*
About this cursed place;
While thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.

[Devils vanish.

Anto. Heaven has heard me, they are vanish'd!
Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd;
I feel my sinews slacken with the fright;
And a cold sweat trills down o'er all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.

Oh Prospero, my crimes against thee sit heavy on my heart!

Anto. And mine against him and young Hippolito.

Gonz. Heaven have mercy on the penitent!

Anto. Lead from this cursed ground;
The seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.
This is the region of despair and death.

Alon. Beware all fruit, but what the birds have peck'd.
The shadows of the trees are poisonous too;
A secret venom slides from every branch.
My conscience does distract me! O my son!
Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy fortune?

[*As they are going out, a Devil rises just before them, at which they start, and are frighted.*

Alon. O heavens! yet more apparitions!

DEVIL SINGS.

Arise, arise! ye subterranean winds,
More to disturb their guilty minds:
And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise,
Which use to infect the earth, and trouble all the skies;
Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
You, that in the vast and hollow womb of earth
Engender earthquakes, make whole countries shake,
And stately cities into deserts turn;
And you, who feed the flames by which earth's entrails burn.
Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and solid centre shake,
Come drive these wretches to that part of the isle,
Where nature never yet did smile:
Cause fogs and storms, whirlwinds, and earthquakes there:

There let them howl and languish in despair!
Rise, and obey the powerful Prince of the Air.

[Two Winds rise, ten more enter and dance. At the end of the dance, three Winds sink, the rest drive ALONZO, ANTONIO, and GONZALO off.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wild Island.*

Enter FERDINAND, ARIEL, *and* MILCHA *invisible.*

Ariel. *Come unto these yellow sands,*
And then take hands,
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd;
And wild waves whist.
Foot it featly here and there,
And sweet sprites the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow waugh, the watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer,
Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this music be? in the air, or earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some God in the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the duke my father's wreck,
This music hover'd on the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With charming airs. Thence I have follow'd it,
(Or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

MILCHA SINGS.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones is coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that does fade,
But does suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange:
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

Ferd. This mournful ditty mentions my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor a sound
Which the earth owns.—I hear it now before me;
However, I will on, and follow it.
[*Exit* FERD. *following* ARIEL.

SCENE II.—*The Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Prosp. Excuse it not, Miranda, for to you
(The elder, and, I thought, the more discreet,)
I gave the conduct of your sister's actions.
Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her duty to depart.
Prosp. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own? did you not see
The man, whom I commanded you to shun?
Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.
Prosp. Did not his eyes infect and poison you?
What alteration found you in yourself?
Mir. I only wonder'd at a sight so new.
Prosp. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him.

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw,
So fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
Beloved than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind,
That I did think I might have call'd it sister.
Prosp. You do not love it?
Mir. How is it likely that I should,
Except the thing had first loved me?
Prosp. Cherish those thoughts. You have a generous soul;
And since I see your mind not apt to take
The light impressions of a sudden love,
I will unfold a secret to your knowledge.
That creature, which you saw, is of a kind,
Which nature made a prop and guide to yours.
Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object
Of terror to my mind? You never used
To teach me any thing but god-like truths,
And what you said, I did believe as sacred.
Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young man
Might unawares possess your tender breast,
Which for a nobler guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my Miranda, you shall see
Another of this kind, the full-blown flower,
Of which this youth was but the opening bud.
Go in, and send your sister to me.
Mir. Heaven still preserve you, sir. [*Exit* MIR.
Pros. And make thee fortunate.—

Enter DORINDA.

Oh, come hither; you have seen a man to-day,
Against my strict command.
Dor. Who, I? Indeed I saw him but a little, sir.
Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your sister told me all.
Dor. Did she?

Truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.
Prosp. Why so?
Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her.
But if I knew you'd not be angry with me,
I could tell you, sir, that he was much to blame.
Prosp. Ha! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the man?
Dor. I hope you will forgive me, sir, because
I did not see him much, till he saw me.
Sir, he would needs come in my way, and stared,
And stared upon my face, and so I thought
I would be revenged of him, and, therefore,
I gazed on him as long; but if I e'er
Come near a man again!
Prosp. I told you he
Was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.
Dor. Pray be not angry, sir, if I tell you,
You are mistaken in him; for he did
Me no great hurt.
Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.
Dor. No, sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.
Prosp. The way to cure you is, no more to see him.
Dor. Nay, pray, sir, say not so. I promised him
To see him once again; and you know, sir,
You charged me I should never break my promise.
Prosp. Would you see him, who did you so much mischief?
Dor. I warrant you
I did him as much harm as he did me;

For when I left him, sir, he sigh'd so, as it grieved
My heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poisonous, they infected you;
You say they grieved you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the day-dreams of a maid in love;
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, sir.

Prosp. You speak of him with too much passion; tell me,
(And, on your duty, tell me true, Dorinda,)
What pass'd betwixt you and that horrid creature?

Dor. How, horrid, sir? if any else but you
Should call it so, indeed I should be angry.

Prosp. Go to! You are a foolish girl; but answer
To what I ask; what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it stared upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled; yet it look'd so lovely,
That when I would have fled away, my feet
Seem'd fasten'd to the ground, when it drew near,
And with amazement ask'd to touch my hand;
Which, as a ransom for my life, I gave.
But when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly,
I was afraid he would have swallow'd it.

Prosp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, sir, I grew I know not how, and, touching
His hand again, my heart did beat so strong,
As I lack'd breath to answer what he ask'd.

Prosp. You've been too fond, and I should chide you for it.

Dor. Then send me to that creature to be punish'd.

Prosp. Poor child! Thy passion, like a lazy ague,
Has seized thy blood; instead of striving, thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing disease: Thou fight'st
The battles of thy enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no claws, nor teeth, nor horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a callow-bird,
Just straggling from the nest. Pray trust me, sir,
To go to him again.

Prosp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear yourself reservedly to him;
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard!

Prosp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you, if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this;
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Prosp. Fear not, Dorinda;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again.
[*Exit* Dor.

Prosp. Now my designs are gathering to a head;
My spirits are obedient to my charms.—
What, Ariel! My servant Ariel, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What would my potent master? Here I am.

Prosp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another work. How goes the day?
Ariel. On the fourth, my lord; and on the sixth
You said our work should cease.
Prosp. And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.
Ariel. Thanks, my great lord.
Prosp. But tell me first, my spirit,
How fares the duke, my brother, and their followers?
Ariel. Confined together, as you gave me order,
In the lime-grove, which weather-fends your cell;
Within that circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.
Prosp. How do they bear their sorrows?
Ariel. The two dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants, brim-full of sorrow, mourning over them;
But chiefly he, you term'd the good Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds; your vision did so work them,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Prosp. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prosp. And mine shall:
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not I (a man
Like them, one, who as sharply relish passions
As they) be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though they have pierced me to the quick with injuries,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
I will take part; the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance. Go, my Ariel,
Refresh with needful food their famish'd bodies,
With shows and chearful music comfort them.

Ariel. Presently, master?
Prosp. With a twinkle, Ariel.—But stay, my spirit;
What is become of my slave, Caliban,
And Sycorax, his sister?
Ariel. Potent sir,
They have cast off your service, and revolted
To the wreck'd mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your island into governments.
Prosp. No matter, I have now no need of them.
But, spirit, now I stay thee on the wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge;
But see they keep within the bounds I set them.
Ariel. I'll keep them in with walls of adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal eyes,
But yet unpassable.
Prosp. Make haste then. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Wild Island.*

Enter ALONZO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, sir.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, who am myself seized with a weariness, to the dulling of my spirits: [*They sit.*
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterers: He is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find. I'm faint with hunger,
And must despair of food. [*Music without.*
What! harmony again? My good friends, hark!
Anto. I fear some other horrid apparition.
Give us kind keepers, heaven, I beseech thee!
Gonz. 'Tis chearful music this, unlike the first.

ARIEL *and* MILCHA *invisible, sing.*

Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your storms are overblowing:

While you in this isle are biding,
You shall feast without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Every wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Alon. This voice speaks comfort to us.
Anto. Would 'twere come!
There is no music in a song to me,
My stomach being empty.
Gonz. O for a heavenly vision of boil'd,
Baked, and roasted!

[*Dance of fantastic Spirits; after the dance, a table furnished with meat and fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*

Anto. My lord, the duke, see yonder!
A table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all varieties of meats and fruits.
Alon. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this feast,
Which fiends provide, to poison us?
Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black gentleman
Be so ill natured, he may do his pleasure.
Anto. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish:
I will encounter it, and feed.
Alon. If both resolve, I will adventure too.
Gonz. The devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.
[*Two Spirits descend, and fly away with the table.*
Alon. Heaven! behold, it is as you suspected:
'Tis vanish'd.
Shall we be always haunted with these fiends?
Anto. Here we shall wander till we famish.
Gonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to

say grace; this comes on it, when men will be godly out of season.

Anto. Yonder's another table, let's try that.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TRINCALO *and* CALIBAN.

Trinc. Brother monster, welcome to my private palace. But where's thy sister? Is she so brave a lass?

Calib. In all this isle there are but two more—the daughters of the tyrant Prospero; and she is bigger than them both. O, here she comes! now thou mayest judge thyself, my lord.

Enter SYCORAX.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my spouse? Well, she's heir of all this isle (for I will geld monster.) The Trincalos, like other wise men, have anciently used to marry for estate, more than for beauty.

Syc. I pr'ythee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wrist.

[SYCORAX *points to his whistle and his bottle.*

Trinc. My dear blubber-lips! this—observe, my chuck—is a badge of my sea-office; my fair fuss, thou dost not know it.

Syc. No, my dread lord.

Trinc. It shall be a whistle for our first babe, and when the next shipwreck puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I pr'ythee, sweet baby, do not play the wanton, and cry for my goods ere I'm dead. When thou art my widow, thou shalt have the devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a sucking-bottle for young Trincalo.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another question: For if she be thus flippant in her water, what will she be in her wine?

Enter ARIEL (*invisible*) *and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's water for your wine. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Trinc. Well! since it must be so.

[*Gives her the bottle.*

How do you like it now, my queen that must be?

[*She drinks.*

Syc. Is this your heav'nly liquor? I'll bring you to a river of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? What a mighty prince shall I be then! I would not change my dukedom to be Great Turk Trincalo.

Syc. This is the drink of frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the frogs of this island drink such, they are the merriest frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor:

I pr'ythee, let me drink for her. [CALIBAN *drinks.*

Trinc. Well said, subject-monster!

Calib. My lord, this is mere water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast changed the wine then, and drunk it up, like a debauched fish as thou art. Let me see't, I'll taste it myself.—Element! mere element, as I live! It was a cold gulp, such as this, which killed my famous predecessor, old Simon the king.*

* This personage, who has bequeathed his name to a well-known tune, is believed to have been Simon Wadloe, or Wadlow, master of the Devil Tavern, when frequented by Ben Jonson.

Calib. How does thy honour? pr'ythee, be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my dominions, for a liquorish monster.

Calib. O, my lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of Prospero's spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these devils; I would it had been holy-water for their sakes!

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: Now cannot I hold out against her. This wife-like virtue of her's has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke Trincalo in thy arms: But, pr'ythee, be not too boisterous with me at first; do not discourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*] Stand to your arms, my spouse, and subject-monster,—

Enter STEPHANO, MUSTACHO, *and* VENTOSO.

the enemy is come to surprise us in our quarters. You shall know, rebels, that I am married to a witch, and we have a thousand spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a truce; I and my viceroys (finding no food, and but a small remainder of brandy,) are come to treat a peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both armies; therefore, Trincalo, disband.

Trinc. Plain Trincalo! methinks I might have been a duke in your mouth; I'll not accept of your embassy without my title.

Steph. A title shall break no squares betwixt us: Viceroys, give him his style of duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in state.

[VENTOSO *and* MUSTACHO *bow, whilst* TRINCALO *puts on his cap.*

Must. Our lord and master, Duke Stephano, has

sent us, in the first place, to demand of you, upon what ground you make war against him; having no right to govern here, as being elected only by your own voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, That, having in the face of the world espoused the lawful inheretrix of this island, Queen Blouze the First, and having homage done me by this hectoring spark her brother; from these two I claim a lawful title to this island.

Must. Who, that monster? He a Hector?

Calib. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinc. Viceroys! keep good tongues in your heads, I advise you, and proceed to your business.

Must. First and foremost, as to your claim, that you have answered.

Vent. But, second and foremost, we demand of you, that if we make a peace, the butt also may be comprehended in the treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour, without your submission.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my ambassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and so I take our leave; but first I desire to be entertained at your butt, as becomes a prince and his ambassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceased. These rogues are rather spies than ambassadors. I must take heed of my butt. They come to pry into the secrets of my dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo, you are a barbarous prince, and so farewell. [*Exeunt* STEPH. MUST. *and* VENT.

Trinc. Subject-monster! stand you sentry before my cellar; my queen and I will enter, and feast ourselves within. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter FERDINAND, *and* ARIEL *and* MILCHA *invisible.*

Ferd. How far will this invisible musician
Conduct my steps? he hovers still about me;
Whether for good or ill, I cannot tell,
Nor care I much; for I have been so long
A slave to chance, that I'm as weary of
Her flatteries as her frowns; but here I am—
Ariel. Here I am.
Ferd. Ha! art thou so? the spirit's turn'd an echo.
This might seem pleasant, could the burden of
My griefs accord with any thing but sighs;
And my last words, like those of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades,
Where few would wish to follow me.
Ariel. Follow me.
Ferd. This evil spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counsel.
Ariel. Take his counsel.
Ferd. It may be the devil's counsel, I'll never take it.
Ariel. Take it.
Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.
Ariel. One step further.
Ferd. This must have more importance than an echo;
Some spirit tempts me to a precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows, to the murmur of this brook.

HE SINGS.

Go thy way.
Ariel. *Go thy way.*
Ferd. *Why should'st thou stay?*
Ariel. *Why should'st thou stay?*
Ferd. *Where the winds whistle, and where the streams creep,*
Under yon willow-tree fain would I sleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*
Ferd. *What cares or pleasures can be in this isle?*
Within this desert place,
There lives no human race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.
Ariel. *Kind fortune smiles, and she*
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on, musician. [*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE V.—*The Cypress-trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and discovers PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Prosp. Advance the fringed curtains of thine eyes,
And say what thou seest yonder.
Mir. Is it a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Sir, I confess
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Prosp. No, girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses
As we have. This young gallant, whom thou see'st,
Was in the wreck; were he not somewhat stain'd
With grief, (beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person; he has lost his company,
And strays about to find them.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Prosp. It goes on,
As my soul prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit,
I'll free thee within two days for this. [*Aside.*
Ferd. She's sure the mistress on whom these airs attend.—
Fair excellence! if, as your form declares,
You are divine, be pleased to instruct me how
You will be worshipp'd; so bright a beauty
Cannot sure belong to human kind.
Mir. I am, like you, a mortal, if such you are.
Ferd. My language, too! O heavens! I am the best
Of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my
Own country.
Prosp. How, the best? what wert thou, if
The Duke of Savoy heard thee?
Ferd. As I am now;
Who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy;
He does hear me, and that he does, I weep.
Myself am Savoy, whose fatal eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The duke, my father, wreck'd.
Mir. Alack! for pity!
Prosp. At the first sight they have changed eyes.
Dear Ariel, I'll set thee free for this.— [*Aside.*
Young sir, a word.

With hazard of yourself you do me wrong.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This is
The third man that I ever saw, the first
Whom e'er I sigh'd for; sweet heaven, move my father
To be inclined my way!
Ferd. O! if a virgin,
And your affections not gone forth, I'll make you
Mistress of Savoy.
Prosp. Soft, sir, one word more.—
They're in each other's power; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more. Thou usurp'st
The name not due to thee, hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to get
The government from me, the lord of it.
Ferd. No, as I'm a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the evil spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.
Prosp. No more. Speak not for him, he is a traitor.
Come! thou art my prisoner, and shalt be in bonds.
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled;——follow.
Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment,
Till my enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father! make not too rash a trial
Of him; for he is gentle, and not fearful.
Prosp. My child my tutor?—Put thy sword up,
Traitor, who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike:
Thy conscience is possess'd with guilt.

Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this wand,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. 'Beseech you, father!
Prosp. Hence: Hang not on my garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity!
I'll be his surety.
Prosp. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? sure
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as his;
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections are then most humble;
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.
Prosp. Come on, obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a day thorough my prison
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of: I have space
Enough in such a prison.
Prosp. It works.—Come on!—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel.—Follow me!—
Hark what thou shalt do for me. [*Whispers* ARIEL.
Mir. Be of comfort!
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Prosp. Thou shalt be free as mountain winds:
But then
Exactly do all points of my command.

Ariel. To a syllable. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Prosp. to *Mir.* Go in that way, speak not a word for him.
I'll separate you. [*Exit* MIRANDA.

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the waters, when
Thou strikest 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when it is past.

Prosp. Go practise your philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak yourself,
Bear your afflictions like a prince. That door
Shews you your lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.
[*Exit* FERD.

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second care, Hippolito.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,
His passion is become his punishment.—
Come forth, Hippolito.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. 'Tis Prospero's voice.

Prosp. Hippolito, I know you now expect
I should severely chide you. You have seen
A woman, in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

Prosp. You think you have received no hurt?

Hip. No, none, sir.
Try me again; whene'er you please I'm ready.
I think I cannot fear an army of them.

Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle nature!
[*Aside.*
Well, what was the success of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first;
For I took her to mercy, and she me.

Prosp. But are you not much changed from what you were?
Hip. Methinks, I wish, and wish!—for what I know not,—
But still I wish:—Yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.
Prosp. What would you do to make that woman yours?
Hip. I'd quit the rest o'the world, that I might live
Alone with her; she never should be from me:
We two would sit and look till our eyes ached.
Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.
Hip. O, sir, never.
Prosp. But you'll grow old and wrinkled, as you see
Me now, and then you will not care for her.
Hip. You may do what you please; but, sir, we two
Can never possibly grow old.
Prosp. You must, Hippolito.
Hip. Whether we will or no, sir! who shall make us?
Prosp. Nature, which made me so.
Hip. But you have told me, that her works are various.
She made you old, but she has made us young.
Prosp. Time will convince you.—
Meanwhile, be sure you tread in honour's paths,
That you may merit her. And that you may not
Want fit occasions to employ your virtue,
In this next cave there is a stranger lodged,
One of your kind, young, of a noble presence,
And, as he says himself, of princely birth:
He is my prisoner, and in deep affliction.
Visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my duty, sir. [*Exit* Hip.
Prosp. True, he has seen a woman, yet he lives!—
Perhaps I took the moment of his birth
Amiss. Perhaps my art itself is false.—
On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears!
Man's life is all a mist! and, in the dark,
Our fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Cave.*

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me.
Indeed, 'twas sad to lose a father so.
Hip. Ay, and an only father, too; for sure
You said, you had but one.
Ferd. But one father! He's wondrous simple. [*Aside.*
Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?
Ferd. Such are we born to.—
But, gentle youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?
Hip. Do not you know?
Ferd. How should I?
Hip. I well hoped
I was a man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so.—

Well, Prospero! this is now the second time
You have deceived me.
Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt
You are a man. But I would know, of whence?
Hip. Why, of this world; I never was in yours.
Ferd. Have you a father?
Hip. I was told I had one,
And that he was a man; yet I have been
So much deceived, I dare not tell't you for
A truth. But I have still been kept a prisoner,
For fear of women.
Ferd. They, indeed, are dangerous;
For, since I came, I have beheld one here,
Whose beauty pierced my heart.
Hip. How did she pierce? You seem not hurt.
Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes,
And festers by her absence.
But, to speak plainer to you, sir, I love her.
Hip. Now, I suspect that love's the very thing,
That I feel too!—Pray tell me truly, sir.
Are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?
Ferd. I take no rest.
Hip. Just, just my disease.—
Do you not wish, you do not know for what?
Ferd. O, no! I know too well for what I wish.
Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?
Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.
Hip. Just my condition.—Alas, gentle sir!
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.
Ferd. I love so much, that, if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.
Hip. How! do you love her,
And would you have her too? That must not be;
For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.
Hip. Why, are there more fair women, sir,
Besides that one I love?
Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more,
Besides that beauty which you love.
Hip. I will have all
Of that kind, if there be a hundred of them.
Ferd. But, noble youth, you know not what you say.
Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be
Without them!—O, how I rejoice!—More women!
Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be tied to one.
Hip. Tied! How tied to her?
Ferd. To love none but her.
Hip. But, sir, I find it is against my nature.
I must love where I like; and, I believe, I may like all,—
All that are fair. Come, bring me to this woman,
For I must have her.
Ferd. His simplicity
Is such, that I can scarce be angry with him.—
[*Aside.*
Perhaps, sweet youth, when you behold her, you
Will find you do not love her.
Hip. I find already
I love, because she is another woman.
Ferd. You cannot love two women both at once.
Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do
Resemble her, whom I've already seen.
I'll have as many as I can, that are
So good, and angel-like, as she I love;
And will have yours.
Ferd. Pretty youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.
Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.
Hip. Why, do so, if you can. But either promise me
To love no woman, or you must try your force.
Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.
Hip. Well, you may love;
For Prospero taught me friendship too. You shall
Love me, and other men, if you can find them;
But all the angel women shall be mine.
Ferd. I must break off this conference, or he
Will urge me else beyond what I can bear.—
[*Aside.*
Sweet youth, some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our loves; at present
I am indisposed with weariness and grief,
And would, if you're so pleased, retire a while.
Hip. Some other time be it; but, sir, remember,
That I both seek and much entreat your friendship;
For, next to women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, sir, I will consider of it.
[*Exit* FERD.
Hip. This stranger does insult, and comes into
My world, to take those heavenly beauties from me,
Which, I believe, I am inspired to love.—
And yet he said, he did desire but one:
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich.—
I now perceive that Prospero was cunning;
For when he frighten'd me from woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypress trees and a Cave.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Prosp. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this cave he lies, and you may see him.
But yet take heed; let prudence be your guide:
You must not stay, your visit must be short.—
[*She is going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow betwixt them.
Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very souls.
Mir. I shall endeavour it.
Prosp. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark danger, which
My art forebodes; for friendship does provide
A double strength to oppose the assaults of fortune.
[*Exit* PROSP.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. To be a prisoner where I dearly love,
Is but a double tie, a link of fortune
Join'd to the chain of love; but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the hardship!—
I feel myself as on a rack, stretch'd out
And nigh the ground, on which I might have ease,
Yet cannot reach it.
Mir. Sir!—my lord!—where are you?
Ferd. Is it your voice, my love? or do I dream?
Mir. Speak softly, it is I.
Ferd. O heavenly creature!

Ten times more gentle than your father's cruel!—
How, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd!
Mir. How do you bear your prison?
Ferd. 'Tis my palace,
While you are here, and love and silence wait
Upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it,
And 'tis what we would chuse.
Mir. I'm sure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are false.
I've heard my father tell of maids, who died,
And haunted their false lovers with their ghosts.
Ferd. Your ghost must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing.—Do I love you?
O, heaven! O, earth! bear witness to this sound!
If I prove false——
Mir. O, hold! you shall not swear,
For heaven will hate you if you prove forsworn.
Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure
This undeserved captivity, than I
Could wish to gain my freedom, with the loss
Of you.
Mir. I am a fool, to weep at what
I'm glad of. But I have a suit to you,
And that, sir, shall
Be now the only trial of your love.
Ferd. You've said enough, never to be denied,
Were it my life; for you have far o'er-bid
The price of all that human life is worth.
Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who, for
His own, deserves all the respect which you
Can ever pay him.
Ferd. You mean your father. Do not think his usage
Can make me hate him; when he gave you being,
He then did that, which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him; for that was a request,
Which, if you love, I should not need to urge.
Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love,
And love him for your sake?
Mir. Yes, such a one,
Who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape,
(If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge)
I think can scarce be equall'd. 'Tis a youth;
A stranger, too, as you are.
Ferd. Of such a graceful feature! and must I,
For your sake, love him?
Mir. Yes, sir. Do you scruple
To grant the first request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the world,
And wants your conversation. You should have
Compassion on so mere a stranger.
Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend,
Not whom you praise.
Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake.—
You shall!
Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I don't.
But, when you bid me love him, I must hate him.
Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?—
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of youth and beauty.
Ferd. O, poison to my hopes!—
When he did visit me, and I did mention
This beauteous creature to him, he then did tell
Me, he would have her. [*Aside.*
Mir. Alas! what mean you?
Ferd. It is too plain. Like most of her frail sex,
She's false, but has not learn'd the art to hide it.
Nature has done her part, she loves variety.
Why did I think that any woman could.

Be innocent, because she's young? No, no!
Their nurses teach them change, when, with two nipples,
They do divide their liking. [*Aside.*

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet
I meant no harm. But, if you please to hear me,—
[*A noise within.*
Hark, sir! now I am sure my father comes,
I know his steps. Dear love! retire a while;
I fear I've staid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough.
Oh, jealousy! Oh, love! how you distract me!
[*Exit* FERD.

Mir. He appears displeased with that young man, I know
Not why. But, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my father's knowledge;
For he will think that guiltless I have caused it,
And suffer me no more to see my love,

Enter PROSPERO.

Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your wish;
You have seen the prisoner?

Mir. Yes.

Prosp. And he spoke to you?

Mir. He spoke; but he received short answers from me.

Prosp. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight,
A man does not appear so rare a creature.

Prosp. I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence.—[*Aside.*
Well, go in.

Mir. Forgive me, truth! for thus disguising thee.
If I can make him think, I do not love

The stranger much, he'll let me see him oftener.
[*Exit* MIR.

Prosp. Stay, stay!——I had forgot to ask her,
What she has said of young Hippolito.—
Oh, here he comes! and, with him, my Dorinda.
I'll not be seen; let their loves grow in secret.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* DORINDA.

Hip. But why are you so sad?
Dor. But why are you so joyful?
Hip. I have within me
All, all the various music of the woods.
Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news!
I will tell you, and make you joyful for me.
Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my eyes,
Drew something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts,
As make me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me,
As I'm a man, I'll tell you blessed news.
I've heard, there are more women in the world,
As fair as you are too.
Dor. Is this your news? You see it moves not me.
Hip. And I will have them all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'll have you too.—
But are not you acquainted with these women?
Dor. I never saw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?—
This is a base poor world, I'll go to the other;
I've heard men have abundance of them there.—
But, pray, where's that one woman?

Dor. Who, my sister?
Hip. Is she your sister? I'm glad of that. You shall
Help me to her, and I will love you for it.
[*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.—
My father's counsel, which enjoin'd reservedness,
Was not in vain, I see. [*Aside.*
Hip. What makes you shun me?
Dor. You need not care, you'll have my sister's hand.
Hip. Why, must not he, who touches hers, touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too?
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why should I not do so?
Dor. She's my sister;
And, therefore, I must love her. But you cannot
Love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can.—
Oh, that you had more sisters!
Dor. You may love her,
But then I'll not love you.
Hip. O, but you must;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My sister told me, she had seen another;
A man like you, and she liked only him.
Therefore, if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I should change, and like that man;
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you liked me first.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you see that man;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you.
Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted.
But he's the man, of whom your father warn'd you;
O, he's a terrible, huge, monstrous creature!
I'm but a woman to him.
Dor. I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my sister.
Hip. Yes, for your sake, I needs must see your sister.
Dor. But she's a terrible, huge creature too!
If I were not her sister, she would eat me;
Therefore take heed.
Hip. I heard that she was fair,
And like you.
Dor. No, indeed, she's like my father,
With a great beard; 'twould fright you to look on her:
Therefore that man and she may go together,
They are fit for nobody but one another.
Hip. [*Looking in.*] Yonder he comes with glaring eyes; fly! fly!
Before he sees you.
Dor. Must we part so soon?
Hip. You're a lost woman if you see him.
Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear
You should not find me. I'll avoid him.
[*Exit* Dor.
Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know
Her sister must be fair, for she's a woman;
All of a kind, that I have seen, are like
To one another. All the creatures of
The rivers and the woods are so.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. O, well encounter'd! you are the happy man!
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.
Hip. How, sir! pray, are you sure on't?
Ferd. One of them charged me to love you for her sake.
Hip. Then I must have her.
Ferd. No, not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? what's that?—But whatsoe'er it be,
I long to have her.
Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.
Hip. But, for a friend, you should make haste; I ne'er
Ask'd any thing of you before.
Ferd. I see your ignorance,
And, therefore, will instruct you in my meaning.
The woman, whom I love, saw you, and loved you;
Now, sir, if you love her, you'll cause my death.
Hip. Be sure I'll do it then.
Ferd. But I am your friend;
And I request you that you would not love her.
Hip. When friends request unreasonable things,
Sure they're to be denied. You say she's fair;
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you
A secret, sir, which I have lately found
Within myself, they're all made for me.
Ferd. That's but a fond conceit. You're made for one,
And one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, sir;
I know I'm made for twenty hundred women,
(I mean, if there so many be i'the world,)
So that, if I once see her, I shall love her.
Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, sir, I must see her:
For I would fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her sister.
Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of arms.
Hip. By force of arms!
My arms, perhaps, may be as strong as yours.
Ferd. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid force. [*Aside.*]—Pray, do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right;
But, sir, I know my inclinations are
To love all women; and I have been taught,
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour, then, of truth, I must declare,
That I do love, and I will see your woman.
Ferd. Would you be willing I should see and love
Your woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that affection, which she vow'd to you?
Hip. I would not you should do it, but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, sir, for fear she should, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides, you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractised hearts.
Therefore, I once more beg you will not see her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty;
If that will get me women, they shall have it
As far as ere 'twill go. I'll never want them.
Ferd. Then, since you have refused this act of friendship,
Provide yourself a sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A sword! what's that?
Ferd. Why, such a thing as this.
Hip. What should I do with it?
Ferd. You must stand thus,
And push against me, while I push at you,
'Till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave sport.
But we have no swords growing in our world.
Ferd. Whall shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange ignorance! [*Aside.*]—You must defend your life,
And so must I. But since you have no sword,
Take this. [*Gives him his sword.*] For in a corner of my cave
I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his,
Who keeps me pris'ner here: That I will fit.
When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.
Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet,
And, when they're dead, their women shall be mine.
Ferd. I see you are unskilful. I desire not
To take your life, but, if you please, we'll fight
On these conditions; he, who first draws blood,
Or who can take the other's weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledged as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.
Hip. Agreed.
And every day I'll fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win these first.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The wild Island.*

Enter TRINCALO, CALIBAN, *and* SYCORAX.

Cali. My lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Whom?

Calib. The starved prince, and his two thirsty subjects, that would have our liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a monster of parts, I would make thee my master of ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The devil take all dunces! thou hast lost a brave employment, by not being a linguist, and for want of behaviour.

Syc. My lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em, just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental laws of my dukedom. You are in a high place, spouse, and must give good example. Here they come; we'll put on the gravity of statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter STEPHANO, VENTOSO, *and* MUSTACHO.

Vent. Duke Trincalo, we have considered.

Trinc. Peace or war?

Must. Peace, and the butt.

Steph. I come now as a private person, and promise to live peaceably under your government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the benefits of peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst all civil nations, is to be drunk for joy.—Caliban, skink about.

Steph. I long to have a rouse to her grace's health, and to the *haunse in kelder*,—or rather haddock in kelder, for I guess it will be half fish. [*Aside.*

Trinc. Subject Stephano, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great magistrate, here's thy sister's health to thee. [*Drinks to* CALIB.

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal liquor; my lord, let him drink water.

Trinc. O sweetheart, you must not shame yourself to-day.—Gentlemen subjects, pray bear with her good huswifery. She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's bellies?

Vent. Let it come, boy.

Trinc. Now would I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but music.

Calib. O my lord! my mother left us in her will a hundred spirits to attend us, devils of all sorts, some great roaring devils, and some little singing spirits.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou shalt hear them in the air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: Let us have our mother-in-law's legacy immediately.

CALIBAN SINGS.

We want music, we want mirth.
Up, dam, and cleave the earth:
We have no lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry spirits among us.

Trinc. What a merry tyrant am I, to have my music, and pay nothing for't!

A table rises, and four Spirits with wine and meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the table: The dance ended, the bottles vanish, and the table sinks again.

Vent. The bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the bottle's a weak shallow fellow, if it be drunk first.

Trinc. Stephano, give me thy hand: thou hast been a rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*] Pr'ythee, why should we quarrel? Shall I swear two oaths? By bottle, and by butt, I love thee: In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your grace shall find there's no love lost, for I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false rebel, but that's all one; pledge my grace faithfully.—Caliban, go to the butt, and tell me how it sounds. [*Exit* CALIBAN.] Peer Stephano, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your grace, and all your princely family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter, if thou lovest me; hang my family: Thou art my friend, pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of my princess?

Steph. I look on her as on a very noble princess.

Trinc. Noble! indeed she had a witch to her mother; and the witches are of great families in Lapland: but the devil was her father; and I have heard of the Monsieur De Villes in France: but look on her beauty,—is she a fit wife for Duke Trincalo? Mark her behaviour too,—she's tippling yonder with the serving-men.

Steph. An't please your grace, she's somewhat homely, but that's no blemish in a princess. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loath to disparage her; but thou art my friend,—canst thou be close?

Steph. As a stopt bottle, an't please your grace.

Enter CALIBAN *again with a bottle.*

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee,—I found her an hour ago under an elder-tree, upon a sweet bed of

nettles, singing Tory Rory, and Rantum Scantum, with her own natural brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter; to tell thee true, I married her to be a great man, and so forth. But make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee again.—Give me the bottle, Caliban. Did you knock the butt? How does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a noise within.

Trinc. I fear the butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing: give me the bottle.

[*Drinks.*

Must. A short life and a merry, I say.

[STEPH. *whispers* SYCORAX.

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your mother, and that he married you only to get possession of the island.

Syc. My mother's devils fetch him for't!

Steph. And your father's too. Hem! skink about his grace's health again. O if you will but cast an eye of pity upon me—

Syc. I will cast two eyes of pity on thee; I love thee more than haws or blackberries. I have a hoard of wildings in the moss, my brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. Trincalo was but my man, when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his god, and didst thou give him liquor?

Steph. I gave him brandy, and drunk sack myself. Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a hackney-devil of thy mother's.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Ha! I hope you have not betrayed me?—How does my pigsnye?

[*To* SYCORAX.

Syc. Begone! thou shalt not be my lord; thou say'st I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so?—Ha! he's a rogue; do not believe him, chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours. I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I see, if once a rebel, then ever a rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my royal hand. [*Strikes* STEPH.

Syc. Dost thou hurt my love? [*Flies at* TRINC.

Trinc. Where are our guards? Treason! Treason!

[VENT. MUST. CALIB. *run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up arms first, the prince or the people?

Trinc. This false traitor has corrupted the wife of my bosom. [*Whispers* MUSTACHO *hastily.*] Mustacho, strike on my side, and thou shalt be my viceroy.

Must. I am against rebels.—Ventoso, obey your viceroy.

Vent. You a viceroy?

[*They two fight off from the rest.*

Steph. Ha! Hector monster! do you stand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a husband, but I'll claw him.

[SYC. *and* CALIB. *fight,* SYC. *beating him off the stage.*

Trinc. The whole nation is up in arms, and shall I stand idle?

[TRINC. *beats off* STEPH. *to the door. Exit* STEPH.

I'll not pursue too far, for fear the enemy will rally again, and surprise my butt in the citadel. Well, I must be rid of my Lady Trincalo, she will be in the fashion else; first, cuckold her husband, and then sue for a separation, to get alimony. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Cypress-trees and Cave.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* HIPPOLITO *with their swords drawn.*

Ferd. Come, sir, our cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: Are you ready?
Hip. As ready as yourself, sir.
Ferd. You remember
On what conditions we must fight? Who first
Receives a wound is to submit.
Hip. Come, come,
This loses time; now for the women, sir.

[*They fight a little,* FERDINAND *hurts him.*

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your blood.
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.
Ferd. Remember our conditions.
Hip. I will not leave, till my sword hits you too.

[HIP. *presses on,* FERD. *retires and wards.*

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you; you are unskilful, sir.
Hip. You beat aside my sword, but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger;
Pray, sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back.—
Methinks the cave turns round, I cannot find—
Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazzle.
Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.
[HIP. *thrusts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight again. Pray stay for me. [*Swoons.*
Ferd. He's gone!
He's gone! O stay, sweet, lovely youth! Help! help!

Enter PROSPERO.

Prosp. What dismal noise is that?
Ferd. O see, sir, see,
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought!
Prosp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble art
Endeavour to resist the will of heaven? [*Rubs* HIP.
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel son
Of an inhuman father! all my designs
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence—
Prosp. Peace, peace!
Can thy excuses give me back his life?—
What, Ariel? sluggish spirit, where art thou?

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my lord.
Prosp. Ay, now thou comest,
When fate is past, and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;
For, as thou art thyself, thou canst not but
Be glad to see young virtue nipt i' the blossom.
Ariel. My lord, the Being high above can witness,

I am not glad; we airy spirits are not of
A temper so malicious as the earthy,
But of a nature more approaching good;
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the confines of the air and earth.

Prosp. Why didst thou not prevent, at least foretel,
This fatal action, then?

Ariel. Pardon, great sir!
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill genius of Hippolito,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclosed it,
To bind me in the bottom of the sea,
Far from the lightsome regions of the air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of mount Hecla;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke;
At ev'ry hickup of the belching mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again.

Ariel. Pardon, dread lord!

Prosp. No more of pardon than just heaven intends thee,
Shalt thou e'er find from me: Hence! fly with speed,
Unbind the charms which hold this murderer's father,
And bring him, with my brother, straight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent lord! and I'll out-fly
Thy thought. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Ferd. O heavens! what words are these I heard,
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em? Sure the woman
Whom I loved was like this, some airy vision.

Prosp. No, murderer! she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes;
Yet she has faults, and must be punish'd for them.
—Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?
The will of heaven's accomplish'd: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope;
Now you may enter.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA.

Mir. My love! is it permitted me to see
You once again?
Prosp. You come to look your last;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.
Dor. Pray, father, is not this my sister's man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not
So excellent as my Hippolito.
Prosp. Alas, poor girl! thou hast no man: Look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, sir; shall I waken him?
[*She kneels by* HIPPOLITO, *and jogs him.*
Ferd. Alas! he's never to be waked again.
Dor. My love, my love! wilt thou not speak to me?—
I fear you have displeased him, sir, and now
He will not answer me; he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run straight, and make a fire to warm him.
[*Exit* DORINDA, *running.*

Enter ALONZO, GONZALO, ANTONIO; *and* ARIEL *invisible.*

Alon. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursued by dreadful shapes.—

But is not that my son? O Ferdinand!
If thou art not a ghost, let me embrace thee.
Ferd. My father! O sinister happiness!
Is it decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal hour, when this
Brave youth is lost in death, and by my hand?
Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?
Gonz. This isle is full of nothing else.
Prosp. You stare upon me, as you ne'er had seen me;
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of Prospero?
Gonz. The good old Duke of Milan!
Prosp. I wonder less,
That thou, Antonio, know'st me not, because
Thou didst long since forget I was thy brother,
Else I had ne'er been here.
Ant. Shame choaks my words.
Alonz. And wonder mine.
Prosp. For you, usurping prince, [*To* ALONZ.
Know, by my art you were shipwreck'd on this isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that son of yours with this my daughter.
Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to it.
Prosp. So am not I. No marriages can prosper,
Which are with murderers made; look on that corpse.
This, whilst he lived, was young Hippolito;
That infant Duke of Mantua, sir, whom you
Exposed with me; and here I bred him up,
Till that blood-thirsty man, that Ferdinand——
But why do I exclaim on him, when justice
Calls to unsheath her sword against his guilt?
Alonz. What do you mean?
Prosp. To execute heaven's laws.
Here I am placed by heaven, here I am prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my Milan.

Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.

Alonz. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand,
To view the execution? [*Lays hand upon his sword.*

Ferd. Hold, dear father!
I cannot suffer you to attempt against
His life, who gave her being whom I love.

Prosp. Nay, then appear my guards—I thought no more
To use their aid; (I'm cursed because I used it.)
[*He stamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the ministers of heaven,
Whilst I revenge this murder.

Alonz. Have I for this
Found thee, my son, so soon again to lose thee?
Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity.

Ferd. Adieu, my fairest mistress. [*To* MIR.

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak,
Though I am loth to disobey you, sir:
Be not so cruel to the man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that prayer, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the 'mends that I can make.

Prosp. This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To fit you for your death; that cave's your prison.

Alonz. Ah, Prospero! hear me speak. You are a father:—
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.

Prosp. No more! all you can say is urged in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse?—Help, Ariel, with your fellows,
To drive them in; Alonzo and his son
Bestow in yonder cave, and here Gonzalo
Shall with Antonio lodge.

[*Spirits drive them in, as they are appointed.*

Enter DORINDA.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire; shall he be warm'd?
Prosp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
Dor. Dead, sir! what's that?
Prosp. His soul has left his body.
Dor. When will it come again?
Prosp. O never, never!
He must be laid in earth, and there consume.
Dor. He shall not lie in earth; you do not know
How well he loves me: Indeed he'll come again.
He told me he would go a little while,
But promised me he would not tarry long.
Prosp. He's murder'd by the man who loved your sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A father's precept; you would needs see man,
And by that sight are made for ever wretched;
Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand
Must die for murdering him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Prosp. Your disobedience has so much incensed me,
That I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the body to my couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.
[*They bear off the body of* HIP.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA *again.* ARIEL *behind them.*

Ariel. I've been so chid for my neglect by Prospero,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.
Mir. Sister, I say again, 'twas long of you,
That all this mischief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me

For your own fault; your curiosity
Brought me to see the man.
Mir. You safely might
Have seen him, and retired, but you would needs
Go near him, and converse; you may remember
My father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him yourself; but I am sure
My man had never gone to heaven so soon,
But that yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of them
Should go to heaven without us; but it was
His fortune, and you must be satisfied.
Dor. I'll not be satisfied: My father says
He'll make your man as cold as mine is now;
And when he is made cold, my father will
Not let you strive to make him warm again.
Mir. In spite of you, mine never shall be cold.
Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be revenged. Perhaps you think
'Tis nothing to love a man.
Mir. Yes, but there is
Some difference betwixt my Ferdinand,
And your Hippolito.
Dor. Ay, there's your judgment:
Your's is the oldest man I ever saw,
Except it were my father.
Mir. Sister, no more;
It is not comely in a daughter, when
She says her father's old.
Dor. But why do I
Stay here, whilst my cold love perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my love.

Mir. And at the entrance of that cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*

Ariel. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal isle,
At which good angels mourn, ill spirits smile.
Old Prospero, by his daughters robb'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left them both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each other's bed,
To save the living, and revenge the dead.
Alonzo, and his son, are prisoners made,
And good Gonzalo does their crimes upbraid.
Antonio and Gonzalo disagree,
And would, though in one cave, at distance be.
The seamen all that cursed wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their thirst of government;
And wanting subjects for the food of power,
Each would, to rule alone, the rest devour.
The monsters, Sycorax, and Caliban,
More monstrous grow by passions learn'd from man.
Even I, not framed of warring elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.
Why should a mortal, by enchantments, hold
In chains a spirit of etherial mould?
Accursed magic we ourselves have taught,
And our own power has our subjections wrought!

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Prosp. You beg in vain; I cannot pardon him;
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.
Prosp. It will, by me.
Mir. Grant him, at least, some respite for my sake.
Prosp. I, by deferring justice, should incense
The deity against myself and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the Powers above
Are slow in punishing; and should not you
Resemble them?
Prosp. The argument is weak.
But I want time to let you see your errors;
Retire, and, if you love him, pray for him.
[*He's going.*
Mir. And can you be his judge and executioner?
Prosp. I cannot force Gonzalo or my brother,
Much less the father to destroy the son;
It must be then the monster Caliban,
And he's not here; but Ariel strait shall fetch him.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. My potent lord, before thou call'st I come,
To serve thy will.
Prosp. Then, spirit, fetch me here my savage slave.
Ariel. My lord, it does not need.
Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner?
Ariel. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.
Prosp. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?
Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty lord,
For my neglect of young Hippolito,
I went to view his body, and soon found
His soul was but retired, not sallied out:

Then I collected
The best of simples underneath the moon,
The best of balms, and to the wound applied
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.
His only danger was his loss of blood,
But now he's waked, my lord, and just this hour
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the sword which pierced him with this weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air, till I have time to visit him again.

Prosp. Thou art my faithful servant;
It shall be done.—Be it your task, Miranda,
Because your sister is not present here;
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand,
From whom I will awhile conceal the news,
That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
And with a double duty, sir. For now,
You twice have given me life.

Prosp. My Ariel, follow me. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

HIPPOLITO *discovered on a couch*, DORINDA *by him.*

Dor. How do you find yourself?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold;
Can you not draw me nearer to the sun?
I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My love, I'll try.
[*She draws the chair nearer to the audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd again;
They told me you were gone to heaven;
Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you till you promise me,
You will not die again.

Hip. Indeed, I will not.

Dor. You must not go to heaven, unless we go

Together; for I have heard my father say,
That we must strive to be each other's guide,
The way to it will else be difficult,
Especially to those who are so young;
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,
when once the soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the soul?

Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning,
Run smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But, dear Dorinda,
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O! I can tell you joyful news of him;
My father means to make him die to-day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,
My dear Dorinda; go, and beg your father,
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urged him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep,
I heard him calling me a great way off,
And crying over me as you would do;
Besides, we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray, how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought with him, for all the women in the world.

Dor. That hurt you had, was justly sent from heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it;
The fault was only in my blood, for now
'Tis gone, I find I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my father
That he may live; I'm glad the naughty blood,
That made you love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late. [*Exit* DOR.

Enter MIRANDA *at the other door, with* HIPPOLITO'S *sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this, who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but Dorinda can surpass her?
O! I believe it is that angel woman,
Whom she calls sister.
Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your wound; how do you find your strength?
Hip. Fair creature, I am faint with loss of blood.
Mir. I am sorry for it.
Hip. Indeed, and so am I;
For if I had that blood, I then should find
A great delight in loving you.
Mir. But, sir,
I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my sister.
Hip. Yet I find,
That, if you please, I can love still a little.
Mir. I cannot be inconstant, nor should you.
Hip. O my wound pains me.
Mir. I am come to ease you.
[*She unwraps the sword.*
Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound shoots worse than ever.
[*She wipes, and anoints the sword.*
Mir. Does it still grieve you?
Hip. Now methinks, there's something
Laid just upon it.
Mir. Do you find no ease?
Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden, all the pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

Enter FERDINAND *and* DORINDA *to them.*

Ferd. [*To Dor.*] Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am overjoy'd my father lets you live,
And proud of my good fortune, that he gave
Your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said,
He owed it to her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your sister with Hippolito?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met
The cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear Dorinda with another man?

Dor. Sister, what business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress Hippolito.

Dor. You're very charitable to a stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity,
To beg a pardon for a man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your surgery alone,
For I had rather he should die, than you
Should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish Ferdinand had died, before
He owed his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. to *Hip.* Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd.
You keep your humour still to have all women?

Hip. Not all, sir; you except one of the number,
Your new love there, Dorinda.

Mir. Ah, Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death
Should take you from me, than you take yourself.

Ferd. And if I might have chose, I would have wish'd

That death from Prospero, and not this from you.
Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my sister's company.
Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false yourself,
And then accuse me too.
Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their guilt:
I should be glad it were a mutual error;
And, therefore, first to clear myself from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say,
I only love your sister. [*To* DOR.
Mir. O, blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but Ferdinand.
Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my Hippolito.
Hip. I never knew I loved so much, before
I feared Dorinda's constancy; but now
I am convinced, that I loved none but her;
Because none else can recompense her loss.
Ferd. 'Twas happy, then, we had this little trial;
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.
Mir. I have only this to say in my defence;
My father sent me hither, to attend
The wounded stranger.
Dor. And Hippolito
Sent me to beg the life of Ferdinand.
Ferd. From such small errors, left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in love.—
But see, our fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter PROSPERO, ALONZO, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Alon. to *Prosp.* Let it no more be thought of;
Your purpose, though it was severe, was just.
In losing Ferdinand, I should have mourn'd,

But could not have complain'd.
Prosp. Sir, I am glad
Kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.
Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
Hip. O, brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Alon. to *Ferd.* Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoken ere this.—
Look down, sweet Heaven! and on this couple drop
A blessed crown; for it is you chalk'd out
The way, which brought us hither.
Anto. Though penitence,
Forced by necessity, can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest brother, I have hope my blood
May plead for pardon with you. I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too, I would not.
Prosp. All past crimes
I bury in the joy of this bless'd day.
Alon. And, that I may not be behind in justice,
To this young prince I render back his dukedom,
And as the Duke of Mantua, thus salute him.
Hip. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.
Prosp. You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.
Hip. And shall these people be all men and women?
Gonz. Yes, and shall call you lord.
Hip. Why, then, I'll live no longer in a prison,
But have a whole cave to myself hereafter.
Prosp. And, that your happiness may be complete,

I give you my Dorinda for your wife:
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? Shall I grow to her?

Prosp. By saying holy words, you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you, those holy words are charms:
My father means to conjure us together.

Prosp. My Ariel told me, when last night you quarrell'd, [*To his daughters.*
You said you would for ever part your beds.
But what you threaten'd in your anger, heaven
Has turn'd to prophecy;
For you, Miranda, must with Ferdinand,
And you, Dorinda, with Hippolito,
Lie in one bed hereafter.

Alon. And heaven make
Those beds still fruitful in producing children,
To bless their parents' youth, and grandsires' age.

Mir. to *Dor.* If children come by lying in a bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.

Dor. Sister, it was our fault; we meant, like fools,
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it seems,
Are only found in beds.

Hip. I am o'er-joy'd,
That I shall have Dorinda in a bed;
We'll lie all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. [*Aside to him.*] Hippolito! You yet
Are ignorant of your great happiness;
But there is something, which, for your own and fair
Dorinda's sake, I must instruct you in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly,
How men and women, in your world, make love;
I shall soon learn, I warrant you.

Enter ARIEL, *driving in* STEPHANO, TRINCALO, MUSTACHO, VENTOSO, CALIBAN, *and* SYCORAX.

Prosp. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, sir, look! The master and the sailors—
The boatswain too—my prophecy is out,
That if a gallows were on land, that man
Could ne'er be drown'd.

Alon. Now, blasphemy; what, not one oath ashore!
Hast thou no mouth by land? Why starest thou so?
[*To* TRINCALO.

Trinc. What! more dukes yet? I must resign my dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starved in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild sallads, without oil or vinegar.

Steph. The duke and prince alive! Would I had now
Our gallant ship again, and were her master.
I'd willingly give all my island for her.

Vent. And I my viceroyship.

Trinc. I shall need no hangman; for I shall even hang myself, now my friend Butt has shed his last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Anto. They talk like madmen.

Prosp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves,
And now their wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set sail.

Alon. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my lord?

Prosp. Rarely, my diligence.

Gonz. But pray, sir, what are those mis-shapen creatures?

Prosp. Their mother was a witch; and one so strong,
She would controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

Syc. O Setebos! these be brave spirits indeed.

Prosp. Go, sirrah, to my cell, and, as you hope
For pardon, trim it up. [*To* CAL.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull fool was I, to take those drunkards
For gods, when such as these were in the world!

Prosp. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my story.

Alon. No doubt it must be strangely taking, sir.

Prosp. When the morn dawns, I'll bring you to your ship,
And promise you calm seas, and happy gales.—
My Ariel, that's thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thee well!

Ariel. I'll do it, master.

Prosp. Now, to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to-day,
I'll entertain you with my magic art;
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up those, that shall make good my promise to you.

SCENE II.—*Changes to the Rocks, with the arch of Rocks, and calm Sea. Music playing on the Rocks.*

Prosp. Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, rise;
Oceanus, with your Tethys too, appear;
All ye sea-gods, and goddesses, appear!
Come, all ye Tritons; all ye Nereids, come,
And teach your saucy element to obey.

For you have princes now to entertain,
And unsoil'd beauties, with fresh youthful lovers.

NEPTUNE, AMPHITRITE, OCEANUS, *and* TETHYS, *appear in a Chariot, drawn with Sea-horses; on each side of the Chariot, Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, Tritons, and Nereids.*

Alon. This is prodigious!
Anto. Ah! what amazing objects do we see!
Gonz. This art doth much exceed all human skill.

SONG.

Amph. *My lord, great Neptune, for my sake,*
Of these bright beauties pity take;
And to the rest allow
Your mercy too.
Let this enraged element be still,
Let Æolus obey my will:
Let him his boisterous prisoners safely keep
In their dark caverns; and no more
Let them disturb the bosom of the deep,
Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for shore.

Nept. *So much my Amphitrite's love I prize,*
That no commands of her's I can despise.
Tethys no furrows now shall wear,
Oceanus no wrinkles on his brow,
Let your serenest looks appear!
Be calm and gentle now.

Nept. and Amph. *Be calm, ye great parents of the floods and the springs,*
While each Nereid and Triton plays, revels, and sings.

Ocean. *Confine the roaring winds, and we*
Will soon obey you chearfully.

Chorus of Trit. & Ner. } *Tie up the winds, and we'll obey;*
Upon the floods we'll sing and play,
And celebrate a Halcyon day.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers, and perform a dance.

Nept. *Great nephew, Æolus, make no noise,*
Muzzle your roaring boys.

[ÆOLUS *appears.*

Amph. *Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,*
Or strike these noble passengers with fears.

Nept. *Afford 'em only such an easy gale,*
As pleasantly may swell each sail.

Amph. *While fell sea-monsters cause intestine jars,*
This empire you invade by foreign wars.

Nept. *But you shall now be still,*
And shall obey my Amphitrite's will.

Æolus descends } *You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,*
With your dread trident, the whole earth to quake.
Come down, my blusterers, swell no more,
Your stormy rage give o'er.

[Winds from the four corners appear.

Let all black tempests cease,
And let the troubled ocean rest:
Let all the sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the halcyon builds her quiet nest.
To your prisons below,
Down, down you must go:
You in the earth's entrails your revels may keep;
But no more till I call shall you trouble the deep. [Winds fly down.
Now they are gone, all stormy wars shall cease;
Then let your trumpeters proclaim a peace.

Amph. *Tritons, my sons, your trumpets sound,*
And let the noise from neighbouring shores rebound.

Chorus. *Sound a calm.*
Sound a calm.
Sound a calm.
a calm.
Sound a calm.

[Here the Tritons, at every repeat of *Sound a calm*, changing their figure and postures, seem to sound their wreathed trumpets made of shells.

A symphony of music, like trumpets, to which four Tritons dance.

Nept. *See, see, the heavens smile; all your troubles are past,*
Your joys, by black clouds, shall no more be o'ercast.

Amph. *On this barren isle ye shall lose all your fears,*
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.

Both. *And your loves and your lives shall in safety enjoy;*
No influence of stars shall your quiet destroy.

Chorus of all. *And your loves, &c.*
No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Ocean. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy shore,*
And your's and your country's soft peace will restore.

Tethys. *To treat you, blest lovers, as you sail on the deep,*
The Tritons and Sea-nymphs their revels shall keep.

Both. *On the swift dolphins' backs they shall sing and shall play;*
They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chorus of all. { *On the swift, &c.*
And shall guard, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
[A dance of twelve Tritons.

Mir. What charming things are these?
Dor. What heavenly power is this?
Prosp. Now, my Ariel, be visible,
And let the rest of your aërial train
Appear, and entertain them with a song,
And then farewell, my long-loved Ariel.

SCENE III.—*Changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aërial Spirits in the Air;* ARIEL *flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

Alon. Heaven! What are these we see?
Prosp. They are spirits, with which the air abounds
In swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal eyes.
Anto. O wondrous skill!
Gons. O power divine!

ARIEL, *and the rest, sing the following Song.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bed I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the swallow's wings I fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Song ended, ARIEL *speaks, hovering in the air.*

Ariel. My noble master!
May theirs and your blest joys never impair!
And for the freedom I enjoy in air,

I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On airy accidents that work for fate.
Whatever shall your happiness concern,
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

Prosp. Thou hast been always diligent and kind.
Farewell, my long-loved Ariel! thou shalt find
I will preserve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this isle to the afflicted be
A place of refuge, as it was to me:
The promises of blooming spring live here,
And all the blessings of the ripening year.
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

GALLANTS, by all good signs it does appear,
That sixty-seven's a very damning year,
For knaves abroad, and for ill poets here.

Among the muses there's a general rot,
The rhyming monsieur, and the Spanish plot:
Defy or court, all's one, they go to pot.

The ghosts of poets walk within this place,
And haunt us actors wheresoe'er we pass,
In visions bloodier than King Richard's was.

For this poor wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to-day.

He sends me only like a sheriff's man here,
To let you know the malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, *en cavalier*.

For, if you should be gracious to his pen,
The example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubled with them all again.

AN

EVENING'S LOVE;

OR, THE

MOCK ASTROLOGER.

A

COMEDY.

TO HIS GRACE,

WILLIAM,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,*

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S

MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, AND OF THE

MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

AMONGST those few persons of wit and honour, whose favourable opinion I have desired, your own virtue, and my great obligations to your grace, have justly given you the precedence. For what could be more glorious to me, than to have acquired some part of your esteem, who are admired and honoured

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* William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, distinguished himself in the Civil Wars of Charles I. He might have possessed himself of Hull, had the king more early resolved on an open rupture with the parliament. When the war broke out, he levied an army of 8000 men, secured the northern counties for the king, and raised the siege of York. The invasion of the Scots prevented his farther success; but he defeated the parliamentary forces in several actions, and shewed all the talents of a great soldier. After the loss of the battle of Marston Moor, which Prince Rupert hazarded in opposition to his advice, he left England in disgust, and did not return till the Restoration. He was much respected when abroad, and acquired the favour of many princes, and,

by all good men; who have been, for so many years together, the pattern and standard of honour to the nation; and whose whole life has been so great an example of heroic virtue, that we might wonder how it happened into an age so corrupt as ours, if it had not likewise been a part of the former. As you came into the world with all the advantages of a noble birth and education, so you have rendered

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amongst others, of Don John of Austria. His skill in the equestrian art was, perhaps, as great a recommendation, as his noble birth and unstained loyalty. During the wars, he had been raised from the rank of earl to that of marquis; and after the Restoration he was created Duke of Newcastle. He wrote several plays, of which we know only the names; "The Country Captain," "Variety," "The Humourous Lovers," and "The Triumphant Widow." He also translated Moliere's "*L'Etourdi*," which our author converted into "Sir Martin Mar-all." But his most noted work is a splendid folio on horsemanship, with engravings; in which, after his grace has been represented in every possible attitude and dress, he is at length depicted mounted on Pegasus, and in the act of ascending from a circle of Houyhnhnms, kneeling around him in the act of adoration.

His once celebrated Duchess was Margaret, daughter of Sir Charles Lucas. She was his grace's second wife, and married to him during his exile. A most voluminous author; she wrote nineteen plays, besides philosophical essays, letters, and orations. For the former she has condescended to leave the following apology:—

> The Latin phrases I could never tell,
> But Jonson could, which made him write so well.
> Greek, Latin poets I could never read,
> Nor their historians, but our English Speed.
> I could not steal their wit, nor plots out-take.
> All my plays' plots my own poor brain did make.
> From Plutarch's story I ne'er took a plot,
> Nor from romances, nor from Don Quixote.

Her grace's assiduity was equal to her originality. She kept a bevy of maidens of honour, who were obliged, at all hours of the night, to attend the summons of her bell, with a light, and materials "to register her grace's conceptions," which, we beg the reader to understand, were all of a literary or philosophical nature.

both yet more conspicuous by your virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crowned your undertakings with success, but she has only waited on your valour, not conducted it. She has ministered to your glory like a slave, and has been led in triumph by it; or, at most, while honour led you by the hand to greatness, fortune only followed to keep you from sliding back in the ascent. That, which Plutarch accounted her favour to Cymon and Lucullus, was but her justice to your grace; and, never to have been overcome where you led in person, as it was more than Hannibal could boast, so it was all that Providence could do for that party, which it had resolved to ruin. Thus, my lord, the last smiles of victory were on your arms; and, everywhere else declaring for the rebels, she seemed to suspend herself, and to doubt, before she took her flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that cause, for which you fought.*

The good duchess's conceptions are now forgotten; but it should not be forgotten, that her kind solicitude soothed and supported her husband through a weary exile of eighteen years, when their fortunes were reduced to the lowest ebb. In gratitude, he appears to have encouraged her pursuits, and admired the productions of her muse. In the "Sessions of Poets," he is introduced as founding upon her literary pretensions, rather than his own:

> Newcastle and's horse for entrance next strives,
> Well-stuff'd was his cloak-bag, and so was his breeches,
> And———
> Pull'd out his wife's poems, plays, essays, and speeches.
> Whoop! quoth Apollo, what a devil have we here?
> Put up thy wife's trumpery, good noble marquis,
> And home again, home again, take thy career,
> To provide her fresh straw, and a chamber that dark is.

Such were the noble personages whom Dryden deemed worthy of the fine strains of eulogy conveyed in this dedication.

* This compliment is overstrained. But though Charles gained many advantages after the Earl of Newcastle had left England, the north was irrecoverably lost to his cause.

But the greatest trials of your courage and constancy were yet to come. Many had ventured their fortunes, and exposed their lives to the utmost dangers for their king and country, who ended their loyalty with the war; and submitting to the iniquity of the times, chose rather to redeem their former plenty, by acknowledging an usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable fidelity (as those meaner spirits called it) for their lawful sovereign. But, as I dare not accuse so many of our nobility, who were content to accept their patrimonies from the clemency of the conqueror, and to retain only a secret veneration for their prince, amidst the open worship which they were forced to pay to the usurper, who had dethroned him; so, I hope, I may have leave to extol that virtue which acted more generously; and which was not satisfied with an inward devotion to monarchy, but produced itself to view, and asserted the cause by open martyrdom. Of these rare patterns of loyalty, your grace was chief. Those examples you could not find, you made. Some few Cato's there were with you, whose invincible resolution could not be conquered by that usurping Cæsar. Your virtue opposed itself to his fortune, and overcame it, by not submitting to it. The last and most difficult enterprize he had to effect, when he had conquered three nations, was to subdue your spirit; and he died weary of that war, and unable to finish it.

In the mean time, you lived more happily in your exile, than the other on his throne. Your loyalty made you friends and servants amongst foreigners; and you lived plentifully without a fortune; for you lived on your own desert and reputation. The glorious name of the valiant and faithful Newcastle, was a patrimony which could never be exhausted.

Thus, my lord, the morning of your life was clear and calm; and, though it was afterwards overcast, yet, in that general storm, you were never without a shelter. And now you are happily arrived to the evening of a day, as serene as the dawn of it was glorious; but such an evening as, I hope, and almost prophecy, is far from night: 'Tis the evening of a summer's sun, which keeps the day-light long within the skies. The health of your body is maintained by the vigour of your mind: Neither does the one shrink from the fatigue of exercise, nor the other bend under the pains of study. Methinks, I behold in you another Caius Marius, who, in the extremity of his age, exercised himself almost every morning in the Campus Martius, amongst the youthful nobility of Rome. And afterwards in your retirements, when you do honour to poetry, by employing part of your leisure in it, I regard you as another Silius Italicus, who, having passed over his consulship with applause, dismissed himself from business, and from the gown, and employed his age, amongst the shades, in the reading and imitation of Virgil.

In which, lest any thing should be wanting to your happiness, you have, by a rare effect of fortune, found, in the person of your excellent lady, not only a lover, but a partner of your studies; a lady whom our age may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks; or the Sulpitia of the Romans; who, by being taken into your bosom, seems to be inspired with your genius; and, by writing the history of your life,* in so masculine a

* The duchess wrote her husband's Life, which was translated into Latin. It is certainly the best of her grace's performances.

style, has already placed you in the number of the heroes. She has anticipated that great portion of fame, which envy often hinders a living virtue from possessing; which would, indeed, have been given to your ashes, but with a later payment; and of which you could have no present use, except it were by a secret presage of that which was to come, when you were no longer in a possibility of knowing it. So that if that were a praise, or satisfaction to the greatest of emperors, which the most judicious of poets gives him—

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores, &c.

that the adoration, which was not allowed to Hercules and Romulus till after death, was given to Augustus living, then certainly it cannot be denied, but that your grace has received a double satisfaction: the one, to see yourself consecrated to immortality while you are yet alive; the other, to have your praises celebrated by so dear, so just, and so pious an historian.

It is the consideration of this that stops my pen; though I am loth to leave so fair a subject, which gives me as much field as poetry could wish, and yet no more than truth can justify. But to attempt any thing of a panegyric, were to enterprize on your lady's right; and to seem to affect those praises which none but the Duchess of Newcastle can deserve, when she writes the actions of her lord. I shall, therefore, leave that wider space, and contract myself to those narrow bounds, which best become my fortune and employment.

I am obliged, my lord, to return you not only my own acknowledgments, but to thank you in the names of former poets; the manes of Jonson and

D'Avenant* seem to require it from me, that those favours, which you placed on them, and which they wanted opportunity to own in public, yet might not be lost to the knowledge of posterity, with a forgetfulness unbecoming of the Muses, who are the daughters of Memory. And give me leave, my lord, to avow so much of vanity, as to say, I am proud to be their remembrancer: For, by relating how gracious you have been to them, and are to me, I, in some measure, join my name with theirs: And the continued descent of your favours to me is the best title which I can plead for my succession. I only wish that I had as great reason to be satisfied with myself, in the return of our common acknowledgments, as your grace may justly take in the conferring them: For I cannot but be very sensible, that the present of an ill comedy, which I here make you, is a very unsuitable way of giving thanks for them, who, themselves, have written so many better. This pretends to nothing more, than to be a foil to those scenes, which are composed by the most noble poet of our age and nation; and to be set as a water-mark of the lowest ebb, to which the wit of my predecessor has sunk, and run down in me. But, though all of them have surpassed me in the scene, there is one part of glory, in which I will not yield to any of them: I mean, my lord, that honour and veneration which they had for you in their lives; and which I preserve after them, more holily than the

* Jonson and D'Avenant were both protected by the Duke of Newcastle. Jonson has addressed several verses to him, and composed a Masque for the splendid entertainment which he gave to Charles I., at his house at Wellbeck, when the king was on his first northern journey.

vestal fires were maintained from age to age; but with a greater degree of heat, and of devotion, than theirs, as being with more respect and passion, than they ever were,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

AN EVENING'S LOVE.

Our author acknowledges, that this play of "The Mock Astrologer" is founded on "*Le feint Astrologue*," by the younger Corneille, which he, in his turn, had imitated from "*El Astrologo fingidio*" of Calderon. But Dryden has also laid Moliere under contribution. Most part of the quarrelling scene betwixt Wildblood and Jacintha, in the fourth act, is literally copied from that betwixt Lucile, Eraste, Marinette, and Gros René, in "*Le Depit Amoureux*." The absurd loquacity of Don Alonzo, and his friend's mode of silencing him, by ringing a bell in his ears, is imitated from the scene betwixt Albert and Metaphraste, in the same play; and, it must be allowed, it is an expedient which might be more decently resorted to against an inundation of nonsense from a pedantic schoolmaster, as in Moliere, than to stop the mouth of a noble old Spaniard, the uncle of Don Lopez' mistress. The play itself is more lively than most of Dryden's comedies. Wildblood and Jacintha are far more pleasant than their prototypes, Celadon and Florimel; and the Spanish bustle of the plot is well calculated to keep up the attention. The character of Aurelia was perhaps suggested by the "*Precieuses Ridicules*" of Moliere, but cannot, with any justice, be said to be copied from them. The Preface contains some excellent remarks on the old comedy. There is also an elaborate defence, the first our poet deigned to make, against the charge of plagiarism. On this point he quotes the words of Charles II., who had only desired, that they, who accused Dryden of theft, would steal him such plays as Dryden's: And he vindicates the right of an author to take his plot where he could best find it, in history or romance, providing that the conduct and disposition of the action, with the dialogue, character, and poetical ornaments, were original. Our author's use of the terms and technical phrases of judicial astrology intimate his acquaintance with that pretended science, in which he is known to have placed some confidence.

The "Mock Astrologer" appears to have been acted and published in 1668.

THE

PREFACE.

I HAD thought, reader, in this preface, to have written somewhat concerning the difference betwixt the plays of our age, and those of our predecessors, on the English stage: To have shewn in what parts of dramatic poesy we were excelled by Ben Jonson, I mean, humour, and contrivance of comedy; and in what we may justly claim precedence of Shakespeare and Fletcher, namely, in heroic plays: But this design I have waived on second considerations; at least, deferred it till I publish The Conquest of Granada, where the discourse will be more proper. I had also prepared to treat of the improvement of our language since Fletcher's and Jonson's days, and consequently of our refining the courtship, raillery, and conversation of plays: But as I am willing to decline that envy which I should draw on myself from some old *opiniatre* judges of the stage, so likewise I am prest in time so much that I have not leisure, at present, to go through with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a reputation gained from comedy, so far as to concern myself about it, any more than I needs must in my own

defence: For I think it, in its own nature, inferior to all sorts of dramatic writing. Low comedy especially requires, on the writer's part, much of conversation with the vulgar, and much of ill nature in the observation of their follies. But let all men please themselves according to their several tastes. That which is not pleasant to me, may be to others who judge better: And, to prevent an accusation from my enemies, I am sometimes ready to imagine, that my disgust of low comedy proceeds not so much from my judgment as from my temper; which is the reason why I so seldom write it; and that when I succeed in it, (I mean so far as to please the audience) yet I am nothing satisfied with what I have done; but am often vexed to hear the people laugh, and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended them no jest; while they let pass the better things, without taking notice of them. Yet even this confirms me in my opinion of slighting popular applause, and of contemning that approbation which those very people give, equally with me, to the zany of a mountebank; or to the appearance of an antic on the theatre, without wit on the poet's part, or any occasion of laughter from the actor, besides the ridiculousness of his habit and his grimaces.

But I have descended, before I was aware, from comedy to farce; which consists principally of grimaces. That I admire not any comedy equally with tragedy, is, perhaps, from the sullenness of my humour; but that I detest those farces, which are now the most frequent entertainments of the stage, I am sure I have reason on my side. Comedy consists, though of low persons, yet of natural actions and characters; I mean such humours, adventures, and designs, as are to be found and met with in the world. Farce, on the other side, con-

sists of forced humours, and unnatural events. Comedy presents us with the imperfections of human nature: Farce entertains us with what is monstrous and chimerical. The one causes laughter in those who can judge of men and manners, by the lively representation of their folly or corruption: The other produces the same effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its extravagances. The first works on the judgment and fancy; the latter on the fancy only: There is more of satisfaction in the former kind of laughter, and in the latter more of scorn. But, how it happens, that an impossible adventure should cause our mirth, I cannot so easily imagine. Something there may be in the oddness of it, because on the stage it is the common effect of things unexpected, to surprise us into a delight; and that is to be ascribed to the strange appetite, as I may call it, of the fancy; which, like that of a longing woman, often runs out into the most extravagant desires; and is better satisfied sometimes with loam, or with the rinds of trees, than with the wholesome nourishments of life. In short, there is the same difference betwixt farce and comedy, as betwixt an empiric and a true physician. Both of them may attain their ends; but what the one performs by hazard, the other does by skill. And as the artist is often unsuccessful, while the mountebank succeeds; so farces more commonly take the people than comedies. For, to write unnatural things, is the most probable way of pleasing them, who understand not nature. And a true poet often misses of applause, because he cannot debase himself to write so ill as to please his audience.

After all, it is to be acknowledged, that most of those comedies, which have been lately written,

have been allied too much to farce: And this must of necessity fall out, till we forbear the translation of French plays: For their poets, wanting judgment to make or to maintain true characters, strive to cover their defects with ridiculous figures and grimaces. While I say this, I accuse myself as well as others: And this very play would rise up in judgment against me, if I would defend all things I have written to be natural: But I confess I have given too much to the people in it, and am ashamed for them as well as for myself, that I have pleased them at so cheap a rate. Not that there is any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-natured judge; (for I despise their censures, who I am sure would write worse on the same subject:) but, because I love to deal clearly and plainly, and to speak of my own faults with more criticism, than I would of another poet's. Yet I think it no vanity to say, that this comedy has as much of entertainment in it, as many others which have been lately written: And, if I find my own errors in it, I am able, at the same time, to arraign all my contemporaries for greater. As I pretend not that I can write humour, so none of them can reasonably pretend to have written it as they ought. Jonson was the only man, of all ages and nations, who has performed it well; and that but in three or four of his comedies: The rest are but a *crambe bis cocta*; the same humours a little varied and written worse. Neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our present poets, to represent the follies of particular persons; of which many have accused him. *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis,* is the rule of plays. And Horace tells you, that the old comedy amongst the Grecians was silenced for the too great liberties of the poets:

——In vitium libertas excidit et vim
Dignam lege regi: Lex est accepta, chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Of which he gives you the reason in another place; where, having given the precept,

Neve immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta,

He immediately subjoins,

Offenduntur enim quibus est equus, et pater, et rex.

But Ben Jonson is to be admired for many excellencies; and can be taxed with fewer failings than any English poet. I know I have been accused as an enemy of his writings; but without any other reason, than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his imperfections. For why should he only be exempted from those frailties, from which Homer and Virgil are not free? Or why should there be any *ipse dixit* in our poetry, any more than there is in our philosophy? I admire and applaud him where I ought. Those, who do more, do but value themselves in their admiration of him; and, by telling you they extol Ben Jonson's way, would insinuate to you that they can practise it. For my part, I declare that I want judgment to imitate him; and should think it a great impudence in myself to attempt it. To make men appear pleasantly ridiculous on the stage, was, as I have said, his talent; and in this he needed not the acumen of wit, but that of judgment. For the characters and representations of folly are only the effects of observation; and observation is an effect of judgment. Some ingenious men, for whom I have a particular esteem, have thought I have much injured Ben Jonson, when I have not allowed his

wit to be extraordinary. But they confound the notion of what is witty with what is pleasant. That Ben Jonson's plays were pleasant, he must want reason who denies. But that pleasantness was not properly wit, or the sharpness of conceit; but the natural imitation of folly; which I confess to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. Yet if we will believe Quintilian, in his chapter *de Movendo Risu*, he gives his opinion of both in these following words: *Stulta reprehendere facillimum est; nam per se sunt ridicula, et à derisu non procul abest risus: Sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.*

And some, perhaps, would be apt to say of Jonson, as it was said of Demosthenes,—*non displicuisse illi jocos, sed non contigisse.* I will not deny, but that I approve most the mixt way of comedy; that which is neither all wit, nor all humour, but the result of both. Neither so little of humour as Fletcher shews, nor so little of love and wit as Jonson; neither all cheat, with which the best plays of the one are filled, nor all adventure, which is the common practice of the other. I would have the characters well chosen, and kept distant from interfering with each other; which is more than Fletcher or Shakespeare did. But I would have more of the *urbana, venusta, salsa, faceta,* and the rest which Quintilian reckons up as the ornaments of wit; and these are extremely wanting in Ben Jonson. As for repartee, in particular; as it is the very soul of conversation, so it is the greatest grace of comedy, where it is proper to the characters. There may be much of acuteness in a thing well said; but there is more in a quick reply. *Sunt enim longè venustiora omnia in respondendo quàm in provocando.* Of one thing I am sure, that no man ever will decry wit, but he who despairs of it himself;

and who has no other quarrel to it, but that which the fox had to the grapes. Yet, as Mr Cowley (who had a greater portion of it than any man I know) tells us in his *Character of Wit*,—rather than all wit, let there be none. I think there is no folly so great in any poet of our age, as the superfluity and waste of wit was in some of our predecessors; particularly, we may say of Fletcher and of Shakespeare, what was said of Ovid, *In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quàm quod adjici potest, invenies:* The contrary of which was true in Virgil, and our incomparable Jonson.

Some enemies of repartee have observed to us, that there is a great latitude in their characters, which are made to speak it; and that it is easier to write wit than humour; because, in the characters of humour, the poet is confined to make the person speak what is only proper to it; whereas, all kind of wit is proper in the character of a witty person. But, by their favour, there are as different characters in wit as in folly. Neither is all kind of wit proper in the mouth of every ingenious person. A witty coward, and a witty brave, must speak differently. *Falstaff* and the *Liar* speak not like *Don John* in the "Chances," and *Valentine* in "Wit without Money." And Jonson's *Truewit* in the "Silent Woman," is a character different from all of them. Yet it appears, that this one character of wit was more difficult to the author, than all his images of humour in the play; for those he could describe and manage from his observations of men; this he has taken, at least a part of it, from books. Witness the speeches in the first act, translated *verbatim* out of Ovid, "*De Arte Amandi:*" To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the sixth satire of Juvenal against women.

However, if I should grant, that there were a

greater latitude in characters of wit, than in those of humour; yet that latitude would be of small advantage to such poets, who have too narrow an imagination to write it. And to entertain an audience perpetually with humour, is to carry them from the conversation of gentlemen, and treat them with the follies and extravagancies of Bedlam.

I find I have launched out farther than I intended in the beginning of this preface; and that, in the heat of writing, I have touched at something, which I thought to have avoided. It is time now to draw homeward; and to think rather of defending myself, than assaulting others. I have already acknowledged, that this play is far from perfect; but I do not think myself obliged to discover the imperfections of it to my adversaries, any more than a guilty person is bound to accuse himself before his judges. It is charged upon me that I make debauched persons (such as, they say, my Astrologer and Gamester are) my protagonists, or the chief persons of the drama; and that I make them happy in the conclusion of my play; against the law of comedy, which is to reward virtue, and punish vice. I answer, first, that I know no such law to have been constantly observed in comedy, either by the ancient or modern poets. *Chærea* is made happy in "The Eunuch," after having deflowered a virgin; and Terence generally does the same through all his plays, where you perpetually see, not only debauched young men enjoy their mistresses, but even the courtezans themselves rewarded and honoured in the catastrophe. The same may be observed in Plautus almost everywhere. Ben Jonson himself, after whom I may be proud to err, has given me more than once the example of it. That in "The Alchemist" is notorious, where *Face*, after having contrived and carried on the great cozenage

of the play, and continued in it without repentance to the last, is not only forgiven by his master, but enriched, by his consent, with the spoils of those whom he had cheated. And, which is more, his master himself, a grave man, and a widower, is introduced taking his man's counsel, debauching the widow first, in hope to marry her afterward. In "The Silent Woman," *Dauphine* (who, with the other two gentlemen, is of the same character with my *Celadon* in "The Maiden Queen," and with *Wildblood* in this) professes himself in love with all the collegiate ladies; and they likewise are all of the same character with each other, excepting only *Madam Otter*, who has something singular. Yet this naughty *Dauphine* is crowned in the end with the possession of his uncle's estate, and with the hopes of enjoying all his mistresses; and his friend, *Mr Truewit*, (the best character of a gentleman which Ben Jonson ever made) is not ashamed to pimp for him. As for Beaumont and Fletcher, I need not allege examples out of them; for that were to quote almost all their comedies. But now it will be objected, that I patronize vice by the authority of former poets, and extenuate my own faults by recrimination. I answer, that as I defend myself by their example, so that example I defend by reason, and by the end of all dramatic poesy. In the first place, therefore, give me leave to shew you their mistake, who have accused me. They have not distinguished, as they ought, betwixt the rules of tragedy and comedy. In tragedy, where the actions and persons are great, and the crimes horrid, the laws of justice are more strictly observed; and examples of punishment to be made, to deter mankind from the pursuit of vice. Faults of this kind have been rare amongst the ancient poets; for they have punished in *Œdipus*, and in his pos-

terity, the sin which he knew not he had committed. *Medea* is the only example I remember at present, who escapes from punishment after murder. Thus tragedy fulfils one great part of its institution: which is, by example, to instruct. But in comedy it is not so; for the chief end of it is divertisement and delight: and that so much, that it is disputed, I think, by Heinsius, before Horace's "Art of Poetry," whether instruction be any part of its employment. At least I am sure it can be but its secondary end: for the business of the poet is to make you laugh: when he writes humour, he makes folly ridiculous; when wit, he moves you, if not always to laughter, yet to a pleasure that is more noble. And if he works a cure on folly, and the small imperfections in mankind, by exposing them to public view, that cure is not performed by an immediate operation: For it works first on the ill-nature of the audience; they are moved to laugh by the representation of deformity; and the shame of that laughter teaches us to amend what is ridiculous in our manners. This being then established, that the first end of comedy is delight, and instruction only the second; it may reasonably be inferred, that comedy is not so much obliged to the punishment of faults which it represents, as tragedy. For the persons in comedy are of a lower quality, the action is little, and the faults and vices are but the sallies of youth, and the frailties of human nature, and not premeditated crimes: such to which all men are obnoxious; not such as are attempted only by few, and those abandoned to all sense of virtue: such as move pity and commiseration; not detestation and horror; such, in short, as may be forgiven; not such as must of necessity be punished. But, lest any man should think that I write this to make libertinism amiable, or that I

cared not to debase the end and institution of comedy, so I might thereby maintain my own errors, and those of better poets, I must further declare, both for them and for myself, that we make not vicious persons happy, but only as Heaven makes sinners so; that is, by reclaiming them first from vice. For so it is to be supposed they are, when they resolve to marry; for then, enjoying what they desire in one, they cease to pursue the love of many. So *Chærea* is made happy by Terence, in marrying her whom he had deflowered: and so are *Wildblood* and the *Astrologer* in this play.

There is another crime with which I am charged, at which I am yet much less concerned, because it does not relate to my manners, as the former did, but only to my reputation as a poet: a name of which I assure the reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very solicitous to defend it. I am taxed with stealing all my plays, and that by some, who should be the last men from whom I would steal any part of them. There is one answer which I will not make; but it has been made for me, by him to whose grace and patronage I owe all things,

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum—

and without whose command they should no longer be troubled with any thing of mine;—that he only desired, that they, who accused me of theft, would always steal him plays like mine. But though I have no reason to be proud of this defence, yet I should waive it, because I have a worse opinion of my own comedies than any of my enemies can have. It is true, that wherever I have liked any story in a romance, novel, or foreign play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the foundation of

it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the English stage. And I will be so vain to say, it has lost nothing in my hands: But it always cost me so much trouble to heighten it for our theatre, (which is incomparably more curious in all the ornaments of dramatic poesy than the French or Spanish,) that when I had finished my play, it was like the hulk of the Sir Francis Drake, so strangely altered, that there scarcely remained any plank of the timber which first built it. To witness this, I need go no farther than this play; it was first Spanish, and called "El Astrologo Fingido;" then made French by the younger Corneille; and is now translated into English, and in print, under the name of "The Feigned Astrologer." What I have performed in this will best appear by comparing it with those: You will see that I have rejected some adventures which I judged were not divertising; that I have heightened those which I have chosen; and that I have added others, which were neither in the French nor Spanish. And, besides, you will easily discover, that the walk of the *Astrologer* is the least considerable in my play: For the design of it turns more on the parts of *Wildblood* and *Jacinta*, who are the chief persons in it. I have farther to add, that I seldom use the wit and language of any romance or play, which I undertake to alter; because my own invention (as bad as it is) can furnish me with nothing so dull as what is there. Those who have called Virgil, Terence, and Tasso, plagiaries, (though they much injured them) had yet a better colour for their accusation; for Virgil has evidently translated Theocritus, Hesiod, and Homer, in many places; besides what he has taken from Ennius in his own language. Terence was not only known to translate Menander, (which he avows also in his prologues) but was said also to be

helped in those translations by Scipio the African, and Lælius. And Tasso, the most excellent of modern poets, and whom I reverence next to Virgil, has taken both from Homer many admirable things, which were left untouched by Virgil, and from Virgil himself, where Homer could not furnish him. Yet the bodies of Virgil's and Tasso's poems were their own; and so are all the ornaments of language and elocution in them. The same (if there were any thing commendable in this play) I could say for it. But I will come nearer to our own countrymen. Most of Shakespeare's plays, I mean the stories of them, are to be found in "The Hecatomithi," or "Hundred Novels" of Cinthio. I have myself read in his Italian, that of "Romeo and Juliet," "The Moor of Venice," and many others of them. Beaumont and Fletcher had most of theirs from Spanish novels: Witness "The Chances," "The Spanish Curate," "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," "The Little French Lawyer," and so many others of them as compose the greatest part of their volume in folio. Ben Jonson, indeed, has designed his plots himself; but no man has borrowed so much from the ancients as he has done; and he did well in it, for he has thereby beautified our language.

But these little critics do not well consider what is the work of a poet, and what the graces of a poem; the story is the least part of either; I mean the foundation of it, before it is modelled by the art of him who writes it; who forms it with more care, by exposing only the beautiful parts of it to view, than a skilful lapidary sets a jewel. On this foundation of the story, the characters are raised; and, since no story can afford characters enough for the variety of the English stage, it follows, that it is to be altered and enlarged with new persons,

accidents, and designs, which will almost make it new. When this is done, the forming it into acts and scenes, disposing of actions and passions into their proper places, and beautifying both with descriptions, similitudes, and propriety of language, is the principal employment of the poet; as being the largest field of fancy, which is the principal quality required in him; for so much the word ποιητὴς implies. Judgment, indeed, is necessary in him; but it is fancy that gives the life-touches, and the secret graces to it; especially in serious plays, which depend not much on observation. For, to write humour in comedy, (which is the theft of poets from mankind) little of fancy is required; the poet observes only what is ridiculous and pleasant folly, and by judging exactly what is so, he pleases in the representation of it.

But, in general, the employment of a poet is like that of a curious gunsmith, or watchmaker. The iron or silver is not his own; but they are the least part of that which gives the value;—the price lies wholly in the workmanship. And he who works dully on a story, without moving laughter in a comedy, or raising concernment in a serious play, is no more to be accounted a good poet, than a gunsmith of the Minories is to be compared with the best workman of the town.

But I have said more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done. I shall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuse me with so little reason; and withal contemn their dulness, who, if they could ruin that little reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both wit and learning to establish their own; or to be remembered in after ages for any thing, but only that, which makes them ridiculous in this.

PROLOGUE.

When first our poet set himself to write,
Like a young bridegroom on his wedding-night,
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His muse could never lie in quiet for him:
But now his honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last;
And he is bound, as civil husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you;
To write in pain, and counterfeit a bliss,
Like the faint smacking of an after-kiss,
But you, like wives ill pleased, supply his want;
Each writing monsieur is a fresh gallant:
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new amour.
Your several poets work with several tools,
One gets you wits, another gets you fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of wit,
This finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these janty lovers daily come
To do your work, like your good man at home,
Their fine small-timber'd wits would soon decay;
These are gallants but for a holiday.
Others you had, who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for mere impotence you have cashier'd:
Such as at first came on with pomp and glory,
But, overstraining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless weight, with patience long was born,
But at the last you threw them off with scorn.
As for the poet of this present night,
Though now he claims in you a husband's right,
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble home but thrice a-year:
That only time from your gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to-day, and cuckold him to-morrow.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILDBLOOD, } *Two young English gentlemen.*
BELLAMY, }
MASKALL, *their servant.*
Don ALONZO DE RIBERA, *an old Spanish gentleman.*
Don LOPEZ DE GAMBOA, *a young noble Spaniard.*
Don MELCHOR DE GUZMAN, *a gentleman of a great family; but of a decayed fortune.*

Donna THEODOSIA, } *Daughters to Don* ALONZO.
Donna JACINTHA, }
Donna AURELIA, *their cousin.*
BEATRIX, *woman and confidante to the two sisters.*
CAMILLA, *woman to* AURELIA.

Servants to Don LOPEZ *and Don* ALONZO.

SCENE—*Madrid, in the year* 1665.

The Time, the last Evening of the Carnival.

AN

EVENING'S LOVE;

OR, THE

MOCK ASTROLOGER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don LOPEZ, *and a Servant walking over the stage. Enter another Servant, and follows him.*

Serv. Don Lopez.
Lop. Any new business?
Serv. My master had forgot this letter,
Which he conjures you, as you are his friend,
To give Aurelia from him.
Lop. Tell Don Melchor,
'Tis a hard task which he enjoins me.
He knows I love her, and much more than he;
For I love her alone, but he divides
His passion betwixt two. Did he consider
How great a pain 'tis to dissemble love,
He would never practise it.
Serv. He knows his fault, but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor Aurelia believe
He's gone for Flanders, whilst he lies conceal'd,
And every night makes visits to her cousin—
When will he leave this strange extravagance?

Serv. When he can love one more, or t'other less.

Lop. Before I loved myself, I promised him
To serve him in his love; and I'll perform it,
Howe'er repugnant to my own concernments.

Serv. You are a noble cavalier. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter BELLAMY, WILDBLOOD, *and* MASKALL.

2 *Serv.* Sir, your guests, of the English ambassador's retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you please to command my coach to take the air this evening?

Bel. We have not yet resolved how to dispose of ourselves; but, however, we are highly acknowledging to you for your civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me, than by laying your commands on me.

Wild. We kiss your hand.

[*Exeunt* LOPEZ *and Servant.*

Bel. Give the Don his due, he entertained us nobly this carnival.

Wild. Give the devil the Don, for any thing I liked in his entertainment.

Bel. I hope we had variety enough.

Wild. Ay, it looked like variety, till we came to taste it; there were twenty several dishes to the eye, but in the palate, nothing but spices. I had a mind to eat of a pheasant, and as soon as I got it into my mouth, I found I was chewing a limb of cinnamon; then I went to cut a piece of kid, and no sooner it had touched my lips, but it turned to red pepper. At last I began to think myself another kind of Midas, that every thing I touched should be turned to spice.

I, for my part, I imagined his Catholic

majesty had invited us to eat his Indies. But pr'ythee, let's leave the discourse of it, and contrive together how we may spend the evening; for in this hot country, 'tis as in the creation, the evening and the morning make the day.

Wild. I have a little serious business.

Bel. Put it off till a fitter season: For the truth is, business is then only tolerable, when the world and the flesh have no baits to set before us for the day.

Wild. But mine, perhaps, is public business.

Bel. Why, is any business more public than drinking and wenching? Look on those grave plodding fellows, that pass by us as though they were meditating the reconquest of Flanders: Fly them to a mark, and I'll undertake three parts of four are going to their courtezans. I tell thee, Jack, the whisking of a silk gown, and the rush of a tabby petticoat, are as comfortable sounds to one of these rich citizens, as the chink of their pieces of eight.

Wild. This being granted to be the common design of human kind, it is more than probable it is your [illegible] therefore I'll leave you to the prosecution of it.

Bel. Nay, good Jack, mine is but a mistress in embryo; the possession of her is at least some days off; and, till that time, thy company will be pleasant, and may be profitable to carry on the work. I would use thee like an under kind of chemist, to blow coals; it will be time enough for me to be alone, when I come to projection.

Wild. You must excuse me, Frank; I have made an appointment at the gaming-house.

Bel. What to do there, I pr'ythee? To mis-spend that money, which kind fortune intended for a mistress? Or to learn new oaths and curses to carry into England? That is not it—I heard you were to

marry when you left home: Perhaps that may be still running in your head, and keep you virtuous.

Wild. Marriage, quotha! what, dost thou think I have been bred in the deserts of Africa, or among the savages of America? Nay, if I had, I must needs have known better things than so; the light of nature would not have let me go so far astray.

Bell. Well, what think you of the Prado this evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, tis worse than our contemplative Hyde-Park.

Bel. Oh, but we must submit to the custom of the country for courtship: Whatever the means are, we are sure the end is still the same in all places. But who are these?

Enter Don ALONZO DE RIBERA, *with his two Daughters* THEODOSIA *and* JACINTHA, *and* BEATRIX, *their Woman, passing by.*

Theo. Do you see those strangers, sister, that eye us so earnestly?

Jac. Yes, and I guess them to be feathers of the English ambassador's train; for I think I saw them at the grand audience—and have the strongest temptation in the world to talk to them: A mischief on this modesty!

Beat. A mischief of this father of yours, that haunts you so.

Jac. 'Tis very true, Beatrix; for though I am the younger sister, I should have the grace to lay modesty first aside: However, sister, let us pull up our veils, and give them an essay of our faces.

[*They pull up their veils, and pull them down again.*

Wild. Ah, Bellamy! undone, undone! Dost thou see those beauties?

Bel. Pr'ythee, Wildblood, hold thy tongue, and

lo not spoil my contemplation. I am undoing myelf as fast as ever I can, too.

Wild. I must go to them.

Bel. Hold, madman! Dost thou not see their faher? Hast thou a mind to have our throats cut?

Wild. By a Hector of fourscore? Hang our throats. What! a lover, and cautious?

[*Is going towards them.*

Alon. Come away, daughters; we shall be late else.

Bel. Look you, they are on the wing already.

Wild. Pr'ythee, dear Frank, let's follow them. I ong to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog them for you.

Bel. I am glad on't; for my shoes so pinch me, I can scarce go a step farther.

Wild. Cross the way there lives a shoemaker. Away quickly, that we may not spoil our design.

[*Exeunt* BEL. *and* WILD.

Alon. [*offers to go off.*] Now, friend! what's your business to follow us?

Mask. Noble Don, 'tis only to recommend my service to you. A certain violent passion I have had for your worship, since the first moment that I saw you.

Alon. I never saw thee before, to my remembrance.

Mask. No matter, sir; true love never stands upon ceremony.

Alon. Pr'ythee be gone, my saucy companion, or I'll clap an alguazil upon thy heels. I tell thee I have no need of thy service.

Mask. Having no servant of your own, I cannot, in good manners, leave you destitute.

Alon. I'll beat thee, if thou followest me.

Mask. I am your spaniel, sir; the more you beat me, the better I'll wait on you.

Alon. Let me entreat thee to be gone; the boys will hoot at me to see me followed thus against my will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern ourselves for what the boys do, sir? Pray, do you hear the news at court?

Alon. Pr'ythee, what's the news to thee or me?

Mask. Will you be at the next *jeugo de cannas*?

Alon. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on, sir; we can discourse as we walk together. And whither were you now a-going, sir?

Alon. To the devil, I think.

Mask. O, not this year or two, sir, by your age.

Jac. My father was never so matched for talking in all his life before; he who loves to hear nothing but himself. Pr'ythee, Beatrix, stay behind, and see what this impudent Englishman would have.

Beat. Sir, if you'll let my master go, I'll be his pawn.

Mask. Well, sir, I kiss your hand, in hope to wait on you another time.

Alon. Let us mend our pace, to get clear of him.

Theo. If you do not, he'll be with you again, like Atalanta in the fable, and make you drop another of your golden apples.

[*Exeunt* ALON. THEO. *and* JACINTHA.

[MASKALL *whispers* BEATRIX *the while.*

Beat. How much good language is here thrown away, to make me betray my ladies!

Mask. If you will discover nothing of them, let me discourse with you a little.

Beat. As little as you please.

Mask. They are rich, I suppose?

Beat. Now you are talking of them again. But they are as rich, as they are fair.

Mask. Then they have the Indies: Well, but their names, my sweet mistress.

Beat. Sweet servant, their names are——

Mask. Their names are—out with it boldly—

Beat. A secret—not to be disclosed.

Mask. A secret, say you? Nay, then, I conjure you, as you are a woman, tell it me.

Beat. Not a syllable.

Mask. Why, then, as you are a waiting-woman; as you are the sieve of all your lady's secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You lose your labour; nothing will strain through me.

Mask. Are you so well stopped in the bottom?

Beat. It was enjoined me strictly as a secret.

Mask. Was it enjoined thee strictly, and canst thou hold it? Nay, then, thou art invincible: But, by that face, that more than ugly face, which I suspect to be under thy veil, disclose it to me.

Beat. By that face of thine, which is a natural visor, I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy——

Beat. No more swearing, I beseech you.

Mask. That woman's worth little, that is not worth an oath: Well, get thee gone; now I think on't, thou shalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? Who shall hinder me? They are Don Alonzo de Ribera's daughters.

Mask. Out, out: I'll stop my ears.

Beat. They live hard by, in the *Calle maior*.

Mask. O, infernal tongue——

Beat. And are going to the next chapel with their father.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? In my conscience, anon thou wilt blab out their names too.

Beat. Their names are Theodosia and Jacintha.

Mask. And where's your great secret now?

Beat. Now, I think, I am revenged on you, for running down my poor old master.

Mask. Thou art not fully revenged, till thou hast told me thy own name too.

Beat. 'Tis Beatrix, at your service, sir; pray remember I wait on them.

Mask. Now I have enough, I must be going.

Beat. I perceive you are just like other men; when you have got your ends, you care not how soon you are going. Farewell:—you'll be constant to me?

Mask. If thy face, when I see it, do not give me occasion to be otherwise.

Beat. You shall take a sample, that you may praise it, when you see it next. [*She pulls up her veil.*

Enter WILDBLOOD *and* BELLAMY.

Wild. Look, there's your dog with a duck in's mouth.—Oh, she's got loose and dived again.

[*Exit* BEATRIX.

Bell. ~~*Beat.*~~ Well, Maskall, what news of the ladies of the lake?

Mask. I have learned enough to embark you in an adventure. They are daughters to one Don Alonzo de Ribera, in the *Calle maior*, their names Theodosia and Jacintha, and they are going to their devotions in the next chapel.

Wild. Away then, let us lose no time. I thank heaven, I never found myself better inclined to godliness, than at this present. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Chapel.*

Enter ALONZO, THEODOSIA, JACINTHA, BEATRIX, *other Ladies, and Cavaliers, at their devotions.*

Alon. By that time you have told your beads, I'll be again with you. [*Exit.*

Jac. Do you think the Englishmen will come after us?

Beat. Do you think they can stay from you?

Jac. For my part, I feel a certain qualm upon my heart, which makes me believe I am breeding love to one of them.

Theo. How, love, Jacintha! in so short a time? Cupid's arrow was well feathered, to reach you so suddenly.

Jac. Faith, as good at first as at last, sister; 'tis a thing that must be done, and therefore 'tis best dispatching it out o'the way.

Theo. But you do not mean to tell him so, whom you love?

Jac. Why should I keep myself and servant in pain, for that which may be cured at a day's warning?

Beat. My lady tells you true, madam; long tedious courtship may be proper for cold countries, where their frosts are long a thawing; but, heaven be praised, we live in a warm climate.

Theo. The truth is, in other countries they have opportunities of courtship, which we have not; they are not mewed up with double locks and grated windows; but may receive addresses at their leisure.

Jac. But our love here is like our grass; if it be not mowed quickly, 'tis burnt up.

Enter BELLAMY, WILDBLOOD, *and* MASKALL: *They look about them.*

Theo. Yonder are your gallants; send you comfort of them: I am for my devotions.

Jac. Now, for my heart can I think of no other prayer, but only that they may not mistake us. Why, sister, sister, will you pray? What injury have I ever done you, that you should pray in my company? If your servant Don Melchor were here, we should have you mind heaven as little as the best of us.

Beat. They are at a loss, madam; shall I put up my veil, that they may take aim?

Jac. No, let them take their fortune in the dark: We shall see what archers these English are.

Bel. Which are they, think'st thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all children of darkness.

Bel. I'll be sworn they have one sign of godliness among them, there's no distinction of persons here.

Wild. Pox o'this blind-man's-buff; they may be ashamed to provoke a man thus, by their keeping themselves so close.

Bel. You are for the youngest, you say; 'tis the eldest has smitten me. And here I fix; if I am right, happy man be his dole. [*By* THEODOSIA.

Wild. I'll take my fortune here. [*By* JACINTHA.] Madam, I hope a stranger may take the liberty, without offence, to offer his devotions by you?

Jac. That, sir, would interrupt mine, without being any advantage to your own.

Wild. My advantage, madam, is very evident; for the kind saint, to whom you pray, may, by the neighbourhood, mistake my devotions for yours.

Jac. O, sir! our saints can better distinguish between the prayers of a Catholic and a Lutheran.

Wild. I beseech you, madam, trouble not yourself for my religion; for, though I am a heretic to the men of your country, to your ladies I am a very zealous Catholic; and for fornication and adultery, I assure you I hold with both churches.

Theo. to *Bel.* Sir, if you will not be more devout, be at least more civil; you see you are observed.

Bel. And pray, madam, what do you think the lookers on imagine I am employed about?

Theo. I will not trouble myself to guess.

Bel. Why, by all circumstances, they must conclude, that I am making love to you; and, methinks, it were scarce civil to give the opinion of so much good company the lie.

Theo. If this were true, you would have little reason to thank them for their divination.

Bel. Meaning, I should not be loved again?

Theo. You have interpreted my riddle, and may take it for your pains.

Enter ALONZO, *and goes apart to his devotion.*

Beat. Madam, your father is returned.

Bel. She has nettled me; would, I could be revenged on her!

Wild. Do you see their father? Let us make as though we talked to one another, that we may not be suspected.

Beat. You have lost your Englishmen.

Jac. No, no, 'tis but design, I warrant you: You shall see these island cocks wheel about immediately. [*The English gather up close to them.*

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were observed.

Wild. to *Bel.* Talk not of our country ladies: I declare myself for the Spanish beauties.

Bel. Pr'ythee, tell me what thou canst find to doat on in these Castilians?

Wild. Their wit and beauty.

Theo. Now for our champion, St Jago, for Spain.

Bel. Faith, I can speak no such miracles of either. For their beauty, 'tis much as the Moors left it; not altogether so deep a black as the true Ethiopian; a kind of beauty that is too civil to the lookers-on to do them any mischief.

Jac. This was your frowardness, that provoked him, sister.

Theo. But they shall not carry it off so.

Bel. As for their wit, you may judge it by their breeding, which is commonly in a nunnery; where the want of mankind, while they are there, makes them value the blessing ever after.

Theo. Pr'ythee, dear Jacintha, tell me, what kind of creatures were those we saw yesterday at the audience? Those, I mean, that looked so like Frenchmen in their habits, but only became their apishness so much worse.

Jac. Englishmen, I think, they called them.

Theo. Cry you mercy; they were of your wild English, indeed; that is, a kind of northern beast, that is taught its feats of activity in Monsieurland; and, for doing them too lubberly, is laughed at all the world over.

Bel. Wildblood, I perceive the women understand little of discourse; their gallants do not use them to it: They get upon their jennets, and prance before their ladies' windows; there the palfrey curvets and bounds, and, in short, entertains them for his master.

Wild. And this horseplay they call making love.

Beat. Your father, madam——

Alon. Daughters! what cavaliers are those which were talking by you?

Jac. Englishmen, I believe, sir, at their devotions.—Cavalier, would you would try to pray a little better than you have rallied. [*Aside to* WILD.

Wild. Hang me if I put all my devotions out of order for you: I remember I prayed but on Tuesday last, and my time comes not till Tuesday next.

Mask. You had as good pray, sir: she will not stir till you have: Say any thing.

Wild. Fair lady, though I am not worthy of the least of your favours, yet give me the happiness this evening to see you at your father's door, that I may acquaint you with part of my sufferings.

[*Aside to* JAC.

Alon. Come, daughters, have you done?

Jac. Immediately, sir.—Cavalier, I will not fail to be there at the time appointed, if it be but to teach you more wit, henceforward, than to engage your heart so lightly. [*Aside to* WILD.

Wild. I have engaged my heart with so much zeal and true devotion to your divine beauty, that——

Alon. What means this cavalier?

Jac. Some zealous ejaculation.

Alon. May the saint hear him!

Jac. I'll answer for her.

[*Exeunt Father and Daughters.*

Wild. Now, Bellamy, what success?

Bel. I prayed to a more marble saint than that was in the shrine; but you, it seems, have been successful.

Wild. And so shalt thou; let me alone for both.

Bel. If you'll undertake it, I'll make bold to indulge my love, and within these two hours be a desperate inamorato. I feel I am coming apace to it.

Wild. Faith, I can love at any time with a wish, at my rate: I give my heart according to the old law of pawns, to be returned me before sunset.

Bel. I love only that I may keep my heart warm; for a man's a pool, if love stir him not; and to bring it to that pass, I first resolve whom to love, and presently after imagine I am in love: for a strong imagination is required in a lover as much as in a witch.

Wild. And is this all your receipt?

Bel. These are my principal ingredients; as for piques, jealousies, duels, daggers, and halters, I let them alone to the vulgar.

Wild. Pr'ythee, let's round the street a little; till Maskall watches for their woman.

Bel. That's well thought on: He shall about it immediately.

We will attempt the mistress by the maid:
Women by women still are best betray'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter WILDBLOOD, BELLAMY, *and* MASKALL.

Wild. Did you speak with her woman?

Mask. Yes, but she was in haste, and bid me wait her hereabouts when she returned.

Bel. Then you have discovered nothing more?

Mask. Only, in general, that Donna Theodosia is engaged elsewhere; so that all your courtship will be to no purpose—But for your mistress, sir, [*To* WILD.] she is waded out of her depth in love to you already.

Wild. That's very hard, when I am scarce knee-deep with her. 'Tis true, I have given her hold of my heart; but, if she take not heed, it will slip through her fingers.

Bel. You are prince of the soil, sir, and may take your pleasure when you please; but I am the eve

to your holiday, and must fast for being joined to you.

Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content myself with having but one fair flight at her, without wearying myself on the wing for a retrieve; for, when all is done, the quarry is but a woman.

Bel. Thank you, sir, you would fly them both yourself; and while I turn tail, we should have you come, jingling with your bells in the neck of my partridge. Do you remember who encouraged me to love, and promised me his assistance?

Wild. Ay, while there was hope, Frank! while there was hope! but there's no contending with one's destiny.

Bel. Nay, it may be I care as little for her as another man; but, while she flies before me, I must follow. I can love a woman first with ease; but if she begins to fly before me, I grow *opiniatre* as the devil.

Wild. What a secret have you found out? Why, 'tis the nature of all mankind. We love to get our mistresses, and purr over them, as cats do over mice, and let them go a little way; and all the pleasure is, to pat them back again. But yours, I take it, Frank, is gone too far. Pr'ythee, how long dost thou intend to love at this rate?

Bel. Till the evil constellation be past over me. Yet, I believe, it would hasten my recovery, if I knew whom she loved.

Mask. You shall not be long without that satisfaction.

Wild. 'St, the door opens; and two women are coming out.

Bel. By their stature, they should be thy gracious mistress and Beatrix.

Wild. Methinks you should know your cue then, and withdraw.

Bel. Well, I'll leave you to your fortune; but, if you come to close fighting, I shall make bold to run in, and part you.

[BELLAMY *and* MASKALL, *withdrawing.*

Wild. Yonder she comes, with full sails i'faith! I'll hail her amain, for England.

Enter JACINTHA *and* BEATRIX, *at the other end of the stage.*

Beat. You do love him then?

Jac. Yes, most vehemently!

Beat. But set some bounds to your affection.

Jac. None but fools confine their pleasure. What usurer ever thought his coffers held too much? No, I'll give myself the swing, and love without reserve. If I keep a passion, I'll not starve it in my service.

Beat. But are you sure he will deserve this kindness?

Jac. I never trouble myself so long beforehand. Jealousies and disquiets are the dregs of an amour; but I'll leave mine before I have drawn it off so low. When it once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a fresh draught.

Beat. Yet it is but prudence to try him first; no pilot ventures on an unknown coast without sounding.

Jac. Well, to satisfy thee, I am content; partly, too, because I find a kind of pleasure in laying baits for him.

Beat. The two great virtues of a lover are constancy and liberality; if he possess those two, you may be happy in him.

Jac. Nay, if he be not lord and master of both those qualities, I disown him——But who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, madam; for his servant told me he was waiting hereabout.

Jac. Watch the door; give me notice, if any come.

Beat. I'll secure you, madam. [*Exit* BEAT.

Jac. to *Wild.* What, have you laid an ambush for me?

Wild. Only to make a reprisal of my heart.

Jac. 'Tis so wild, that the lady, who has it in her keeping, would be glad she were well rid on't, it does so flutter about the cage. 'Tis a mere Bajazet; and if it be not let out the sooner, will beat out its brains against the grates.

Wild. I am afraid the lady has not fed it, and 'tis wild for hunger.

Jac. Or, perhaps, it wants company; shall she put another to it?

Wild. Ay; but then it were best to trust them out of the cage together; let them hop about at liberty.

Jac. But, if they should lose one another in the wide world!

Wild. They'll meet at night, I warrant them.

Jac. But is not your heart of the nature of those birds, that breed in one country, and go to winter in another?

Wild. Suppose it does so; yet, I take my mate along with me. And now, to leave our parables, and speak in the language of the vulgar, what think you of a voyage to merry England?

Jac. Just as Æsop's frog did, of leaping into a deep well in a drought. If he ventured the leap, there might be water; but, if there were no water, how should he get out again?

Wild. Faith, we live in a good honest country, where we are content with our old vices; partly

because we want wit to invent more new. A colony of Spaniards, or spiritual Italians, planted among us, would make us much more racy. 'Tis true, our variety is not much; but, to speak nobly of our way of living, 'tis like that of the sun, which rises, and looks upon the same thing he saw yesterday, and goes to bed again.

Jac. But I hear your women live most blessedly; there is no such thing as jealousy among the husbands; if any man has horns, he bears them as loftily as a stag, and as inoffensively.

Wild. All this, I hope, gives you no ill character of the country?

Jac. But what need we go into another climate? as our love was born here, so let it live and die here, and be honestly buried in its native country.

Wild. Faith, agreed with all my heart. For I am none of those unreasonable lovers, that propose to themselves the loving to eternity. The truth is, a month is commonly my stint; but, in that month, I love so dreadfully, that it is after a twelve-month's rate of common love.

Jac. Or, would not a fortnight serve our turn? for, in troth, a month looks somewhat dismally; 'tis a whole Egyptian year. If a moon changes in my love, I shall think my Cupid grown dull, or fallen into an apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray heaven we both get off as clear as we imagine; for my part, I like your humour so damnably well, that I fear I am in for a week longer than I proposed. I am half afraid your Spanish planet and my English one have been acquainted, and have found out some by-room or other in the twelve houses: I wish they have been honourable.

Jac. The best way for both were to take up in time; yet I am afraid our forces are engaged so

far, that we must make a battle on't. What think you of disobliging one another from this day forward; and shewing all our ill humours at the first, which lovers use to keep as a reserve, till they are married?

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a breach, by the dangers of possession. I have a song to that purpose.

Jac. Pray let me hear it. I hope it will go to the tune of our *Passa-calles.*

SONG.

You charm'd me not with thy fair face,
Though it was all divine:
To be another's is the grace,
That makes me wish you mine.
The gods and fortune take their part,
Who, like young monarchs, fight,
And boldly dare invade that heart,
Which is another's right.
First, mad with hope, we undertake
To pull up every bar;
But, once possess'd, we faintly make
A dull defensive war.
Now, every friend is turn'd a foe,
In hope to get our store;
And passion makes us cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.

Jac. Believe it, cavalier, you are a dangerous person. Do you hold forth your gifts, in hopes to make me love you less?

Wild. They would signify little, if we were once married. Those gaieties are all nipt and frost-bitten in the marriage-bed, i'faith.

Jac. I am sorry to hear 'tis so cold a place. But

'tis all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it. The truth is, your humour pleases me exceedingly; how long it will do so, I know not; but so long as it does, I am resolved to give myself the content of seeing you. For, if I should once constrain myself, I might fall in love in good earnest. But I have stayed too long with you, and would be loath to surfeit you at first.

Wild. Surfeit me, madam? why, you have but tantalized me all this while!

Jac. What would you have?

Wild. A hand, or a lip, or any thing that you can spare; when you have conjured up a spirit, he must have some employment, or he'll tear you a-pieces.

Jac. Well, here's my picture, to help your contemplation in my absence.

Wild. You have already the original of mine. But some revenge you must allow me. A locket of diamonds, or some such trifle, the next time I kiss your hand.

Jac. Fie, fie! you do not think me mercenary? Yet, now I think on't, I'll put you into our Spanish mode of love. Our ladies here use to be the bankers of their servants, and to have their gold in keeping.

Wild. This is the least trial you could have made of me. I have some three hundred pistoles by me; those I'll send by my servant.

Jac. Confess freely, you mistrust me. But if you find the least qualm about your gold, pray keep it for a cordial.

Wild. The cordial must be applied to the heart, and mine is with you, madam. Well; I say no more; but these are dangerous beginnings for holding on. I find my month will have more than one-and-thirty days in't.

Enter BEATRIX, *running*.

Beat. Madam, your father calls in haste for you, and is looking for you about the house.

Jac. Adieu, servant; be a good manager of your stock of love, that it may hold out your month; I am afraid you'll waste so much of it before to-morrow night, that you'll shine but with a quarter moon upon me.

Wild. It shall be a crescent.

[*Exeunt* WILD. *and* JAC. *severally.*

[BEATRIX *is going, and* MASKALL *runs and stops her.*

Mask. Pay your ransom; you are my prisoner.

Beat. What! do you fight after the French fashion; take towns before you declare war?

Mask. I shall be glad to imitate them so far, to be in the middle of the country before you could resist me.

Beat. Well, what composition, monsieur?

Mask. Deliver up your lady's secret; what makes her so cruel to my master?

Beat. Which of my ladies, and which of your masters? For, I suppose, we are factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldest lady, Theodosia.

Beat. How dare you press your mistress to an inconvenience?

Mask. My mistress? I understand not that language; the fortune of the valet ever follows that of the master; and his is desperate. If his fate were altered for the better, I should not care if I ventured upon you for the worse.

Beat. I have told you already, Donna Theodosia loves another.

Mask. Has he no name?

Beat. Let it suffice, he is born noble, though without a fortune. His poverty makes him conceal his love from her father; but she sees him every night in private; and, to blind the world, about a fortnight ago he took a solemn leave of her, as if he were going into Flanders. In the mean time, he lodges at the house of Don Lopez de Gamboa; and is himself called Don Melchor de Guzman.

Mask. Don Melchor de Guzman! O heavens!

Beat. What amazes you?

Theo. [*Within.*] Why, Beatrix, where are you?

Beat. You hear I am called.—Adieu; and be sure you keep my counsel.

Mask. Come, sir, you see the coast is clear.

[*Exit* BEAT.

Enter BELLAMY.

Bel. Clear, dost thou say? No, 'tis full of rocks and quicksands. Yet nothing vexes me so much, as that she is in love with such a poor rogue.

Mask. But that she should lodge privately in the same house with us! 'twas oddly contrived of fortune.

Bel. Hang him, rogue! methinks I see him, perching, like an owl, by day, and not daring to flutter out till moon-light. The rascal invents love, and brews his compliments all day, and broaches them at night; just as some of our dry wits do their stories, before they come into company. Well, if I could be revenged on either of them!

Mask. Here she comes again, with Beatrix; but, good sir, moderate your passion.

Enter THEODOSIA *and* BEATRIX.

Bel. Nay, madam; you are known; and must not pass till I have spoken with you.

[BEL. *lifts up* THEODOSIA'S *veil.*

Theo. This rudeness to a person of my quality may cost you dear. Pray, when did I give you encouragement for so much familiarity?

Bel. When you scorned me in the chapel.

Theo. The truth is, I denied you as heartily as I could, that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bel. Yet you have not this aversion for all the world: However, I was in hope, though the day frowned, the night might prove as propitious to me as it is to others.

Theo. I have now a quarrel both to the sun and moon, because I have seen you both by their lights,

Bel. Spare the moon, I beseech you, madam; she is a very trusty planet to you.

Beat. O, Maskall, you have ruined me!

Mask. Dear sir, hold yet!

Bel. Away!

Theo. Pray, sir, expound your meaning; for, I confess, I am in the dark.

Bel. Methinks you should discover it by moonlight. Or, if you would have me speak clearer to you, give me leave to wait on you at a midnight assignation; and, that it may not be discovered, I'll feign a voyage beyond sea, as if I were going a captaining to Flanders.

Mask. A pox on his memory! he has not forgot one syllable!

Theo. Ah, Beatrix! you have betrayed and sold me!

Beat. You have betrayed and sold yourself, madam, by your own rashness to confess it; heaven knows I have served you but too faithfully.

Theo. Peace, impudence! and see my face no more!

Mask. Do you know what work you have made, sir?

Bel. Let her see what she has got by slighting me.

Mask. You had best let Beatrix be turned away for me to keep: If you do, I know whose purse shall pay for't.

Bel. That's a curse I never thought on: Cast about quickly, and save all yet. Range, quest, and spring a lie immediately!

Theo. to *Beat.* Never importune me farther; you shall go; there's no removing me.

Beat. Well; this is ever the reward of innocence—— [*Going.*

Mask. Stay, guiltless virgin, stay; thou shalt not go!

Theo. Why, who should hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the name of truth,—if this hard-bound lie would but come from me. [*Aside.* Madam, I must tell you it lies in my power to appease this tempest with one word.

Beat. Would it were come once!

Mask. Nay, sir, 'tis all one to me, if you turn me away upon't; I can hold no longer.

Theo. What does the fellow mean?

Mask. For all your noddings, and your mathematical grimaces—in short, madam, my master has been conversing with the planets; and from them has had the knowledge of your affairs.

Bel. This rogue amazes me!

Mask. I care not, sir, I am for truth; that will shame you, and all your devils:—In short, madam, this master of mine, that stands before you, without a word to say for himself, so like an oaf, as I might say, with reverence to him——

Bel. The rascal makes me mad!

Mask. Is the greatest astrologer in Christendom.

Theo. Your master an astrologer?

Mask. A most profound one.

Bel. Why, you dog, you do not consider what an improbable lie this is; which, you know, I can never make good! Disgorge it, you cormorant! or I'll pinch your throat out.——

[*Takes him by the throat.*

Mask. 'Tis all in vain, sir! you are, and shall be an astrologer, whatever I suffer; you know all things; see into all things; foretel all things; and if you pinch more truth out of me, I will confess you are a conjurer.

Bel. How, sirrah! a conjurer?

Mask. I mean, sir, the devil is in your fingers: Own it—you had best, sir, and do not provoke me farther. [*While he is speaking,* BELLAMY *stops his mouth by fits.*] What! did I not see you an hour ago turning over a great folio, with strange figures in it, and then muttering to yourself, like any poet; and then naming Theodosia, and then starting up in the sky, and then poring upon the ground;—so that, betwixt God and the devil, madam, he came to know your love.

Bel. Madam, if ever I knew the least term in astrology, I am the arrantest son of a whore breathing.

Beat. O, sir, for that matter, you shall excuse my lady. Nay, hide your talents if you can, sir.

Theo. The more you pretend ignorance, the more we are resolved to believe you skilful.

Bel. You'll hold your tongue yet. [*To* MASK.

Mask. You shall never make me hold my tongue, except you conjure me to silence: What! did you not call me to look into a crystal, and there shewed me a fair garden, and a Spaniard stalking in his

narrow breeches, and walking underneath a window? I should know him again amongst a thousand.

Beat. Don Melchor, in my conscience, madam.

Bel. This rogue will invent more stories of me, than e'er were fathered upon Lilly!

Mask. Will you confess then? do you think I'll stain my honour to swallow a lie for you?

Bel. Well, a pox on you, I am an astrologer.

Beat. O, are you so, sir?

Theo. I hope then, learned sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my secrets, you will be so much a cavalier as to conceal them.

Bel. You need not doubt me, madam; I am more in your power than you can be in mine: Besides, if I were once known in town, the next thing, for aught I know, would be to bring me before the fathers of the inquisition.

Beat. Well, madam, what do you think of me now? I have betrayed you! I have sold you! how can you ever make me amends for this imputation? I did not think you could have used me so——

[*Cries, and claps her hands at her.*

Theo. Nay, pr'ythee, Beatrix, do not cry; I'll leave off my new gown to-morrow, and thou shalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally! you have taken away my good name from me; and you can never make me recompence——except you give me your new gorget too.

Theo. No more words; thou shalt have it, girl.

Beat. O, madam, your father has surprised us!

Enter Don ALONZO, *and frowns.*

Bel. Then, I'll begone, to avoid suspicion.

Theo. By your favour, sir, you shall stay a little;

the happiness of so rare an acquaintance ought to be cherished on my side by a longer conversation.

Alon. Theodosia, what business have you with this cavalier?

Theo. That, sir, which will make you as ambitious of being known to him as I have been. Under the habit of a gallant, he conceals the greatest astrologer this day living.

Alon. You amaze me, daughter!

Theo. For my own part, I have been consulting with him about some particulars of my fortunes past and future; both which he has resolved me with that admirable knowledge——

Bel. Yes, faith, sir, I was foretelling her of a disaster that severely threatened her. And—one thing I foresee already by my stars, that I must bear up boldly, or I am lost. [*Aside.*

Mask. to *Bel.* Never fear him, sir; he's an ignorant fellow, and credulous, I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the old prophecies of these Nostradamusses; but of what nature was the question which you asked him?

Theo. What should be my fortune in marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you answer, sir?

Bel. I answered her the truth, that she is in danger of marrying a gentleman without a fortune.

Theo. And this, sir, has put me in such a fright—

Alon. Never trouble yourself about it, daughter; follow my advice, and I warrant you a rich husband.

Bel. But the stars say she shall not follow your advice: If it happens otherwise, I'll burn my folio volumes, and my manuscripts too, I assure you that, sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young man; I know somewhat in astrology myself; for, in my young-

er years, I studied it; and, though I say it, made some small proficiency in it.

Bel. Marry, heaven forbid!——

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonstrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a rock have we split ourselves!

Bel. Now my ignorance will certainly come out!

Beat. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, sir; and if the evening air should take you——beseech you, sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be preferred before health; I must needs discuss a point with this learned cavalier, concerning a difficult question in that art, which almost gravels me.

Mask. How I sweat for him, Beatrix, and myself too, who have brought him into this *præmunire!*

Beat. You must be impudent; for our old man will stick like a burr to you, now he's in a dispute.

Alon. What judgment may a man reasonably form from the trine aspect of the two infortunes in angular houses?

Bel. That's a matter of nothing, sir; I'll turn my man loose to you for such a question.

[*Puts* MASKALL *forward.*

Alon. Come on, sir. I am the quærent.

Mask. Meaning me, sir! I vow to God, and your worship knows it, I never made that science my study in the least, sir.

Bel. The gleanings of mine are enough for that. Why, you impudent rogue you, hold forth your gifts, or I'll—What a devil, must I be pestered with every trivial question, when there's not a master in town of any science, but has his usher for these mean offices?

Theo. Try him in some deeper question, sir; you see he will not put himself forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abstruse with him: What think you, sir, of the taking of Hyleg? or of the best way of rectification for a nativity? Have you been conversant in the Centiloquium of Trismegistus? What think you of Mars in the tenth, when 'tis his own house, or of Jupiter configurated with malevolent planets?

Bel. I thought what your skill was! to answer your question in two words, Mars rules over the martial, and Jupiter over the jovial; and so of the rest, sir.

Alon. This every school-boy could have told me.

Bel. Why then you must not ask such school-boy's questions. But your carcase, sirrah, shall pay for this. [*Aside to* MASKALL.

Alon. You seem not to understand the terms, sir.

Bel. By your favour, sir, I know there are five of them; do not I know your Michaelmas, your Hillary, your Easter, your Trinity, and your Long Vocation term, sir?

Alon. I do not understand a word of this jargon.

Bel. It may be not, sir; I believe the terms are not the same in Spain they are in England.

Mask. Did one ever hear so impudent an ignorance?

Alon. The terms of art are the same every where.

Bel. Tell me that! you are an old man, and they are altered since you studied them.

Alon. That may be, I must confess; however, if you please to discourse something of the art to me, you shall find me an apt scholar.

Enter a Servant to ALONZO.

Ser. Sir—— [*Whispers.*

Alon. Sir, I am sorry a business of importance

calls me hence; but I'll wait on you some other time, to discourse more at large of astrology.

Bel. Is your business very pressing?

Alon. It is, I assure you, sir.

Bel. I am very sorry, for I should have instructed you in such rare secrets! I have no fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll dispatch my business, and return immediately; come away, daughter.

[*Exeunt* ALON. THEO. BEAT. *and Serv.*

Bel. A devil on his learning! he had brought me to my last legs; I was fighting as low as ever was 'Squire Widdrington.

Mask. Who would have suspected it from that wicked elder?

Bel. Suspected it? why 'twas palpable from his very physiognomy; he looks like Haly, and the spirit Fircue in the fortune-book.

Enter WILDBLOOD.

Wild. How now, Bellamy! in wrath! pr'ythee, what's the matter?

Bel. The story is too long to tell you; but this rogue here has made me pass for an arrant fortune-teller.

Mask. If I had not, I am sure he must have passed for an arrant madman; he had discovered, in a rage, all that Beatrix had confessed to me concerning her mistress's love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to say he knew it by the planets.

Wild. And art thou such an oaf to be vexed at this? as the adventure may be managed, it may make the most pleasant one in all the carnival.

Bel. Death! I shall have all Madrid about me in these two days.

Wild. Nay, all Spain, i'faith, as fast as I can di-

vulge thee: Not a ship shall pass out from any port, but shall ask thee for a wind; thou shalt have all the trade of Lapland within a month.

Bel. And do you think it reasonable for me to stand defendant to all the impertinent questions, that the town can ask me?

Wild. Thou shalt do't, boy: Pox on thee, thou dost not know thine own happiness; thou wilt have the ladies come to thee; and if thou dost not fit them with fortunes, thou art bewitched.

Mask. Sir, 'tis the easiest thing in nature; you need but speak doubtfully, or keep yourself in general terms, and, for the most part, tell good rather than bad fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou venturest at particulars, have an evasion ready like Lilly; as thus,—It will infallibly happen, if our sins hinder not.—I would undertake, with one of his almanacks, to give very good content to all Christendom, and what good luck fell not out in one kingdom, should in another.

Mask. The pleasure on't will be to see how all his customers will contribute to their own deceiving; and verily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bel. Umph! now I begin to taste it; I am like the drunken tinker in the play, a great prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A great prince! a great Turk; we shall have thee, within these two days, do grace to the ladies, by throwing out a handkerchief; 'life, I could feast upon thy fragments.

Bel. If the women come, you shall be sure to help me to undergo the burden; for, though you make me an astronomer, I am no Atlas, to bear all upon my back. But who are these?

Enter Musicians, with disguises; and some in their hands.

Wild. You know the men, if their masking habits were off; they are the music of our ambassador's retinue. My project is to give our mistress a serenade, this being the last evening of the carnival; and, to prevent discovery, here are disguises for us too.

Bel. 'Tis very well; come, Maskall, help on with them, while they tune their instruments.

Wild. Strike up, gentlemen; we'll entertain them with a song *a l'Angloise*; pray, be ready with your chorus.

SONG.

After the pangs of a desperate lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain;
Ah, what a pleasure it is to discover
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

When, with unkindness, our love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd ourselves with the pain;
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny;
Ah, what a trembling I feel, when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does usher my joy!

When, with a sigh, she accords me the blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah, what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing!
Ah, what a joy to hear—shall we again!

[THEODOSIA *and* JACINTHA *above.* JACINTHA *throws down her handkerchief, with a favour tied to it.*

Jac. Ill musicians must be rewarded: There, cavalier, 'tis to buy your silence.

[*Exeunt women from above.*

Wild. By this light, which at present is scarce an oath, an handkerchief, and a favour!

[*Music and guitars tuning on the other side of the Stage.*

Bel. Hark, Wildblood! do you hear? There's more melody. On my life, some Spaniards have taken up this post for the same design.

Wild. I'll be with their catguts immediately.

Bel. Pr'ythee, be patient; we shall lose the sport else.

Don LOPEZ *and Don* MELCHOR *disguised, with Servants and Musicians on the other side.*

Wild. 'Tis some rival of yours or mine, Bellamy; for he addresses to this window.

Bel. Damn him, let's fall on then.

[*The two Spaniards and the English fight: The Spaniards are beaten off the Stage; the Musicians on both sides, and Servants, fall confusedly one over the other. They all get off, only* MASKALL *remains upon the ground.*

Mask. [*Rising.*] So all's past, and I am safe: A box on these fighting masters of mine, to bring me into this danger, with their valours and magnanimities. When I go a-serenading again with them, I'll give them leave to make fiddle-strings of my small-guts.

To him Don LOPEZ.

Lop. Who goes there?

Mask. 'Tis Don Lopez, by his voice.

Lop. The same; and, by yours, you should belong to my two English guests. Did you hear no tumult hereabouts?

Mask. I heard a clashing of swords, and men a fighting.

Lop. I had my share in't; but how came you here?

Mask. I came hither by my master's order, to see if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, sir; he knew it, by—— Heaven, what was I a going to say! I had like to have discovered all!

Lop. I find there is some secret in't, and you dare not trust me.

Mask. If you will swear on your honour to be very secret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a cavalier, and by my beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few words, he knew it by astrology, or magic.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he conversant in the occult sciences?

Mask. Most profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary person; but I could never imagine his head lay that way.

Mask. He shewed me yesterday, in a glass, a lady's maid at London, whom I well knew; and with whom I used to converse on a pallet in a drawing-room, while he was paying his devotions to her lady in the bed-chamber.

Lop. Lord, what a treasure for a state were here! and how much might we save by this man, in foreign intelligence!

Mask. And just now he shewed me, how you were assaulted in the dark by foreigners.

Lop. Could you guess what countrymen?

Mask. I imagined them to be Italians.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they played most furiously at our backsides.

Mask. I will return to my master with the good news of your safety; but once again be secret; or disclose it to none but friends.—So, there's one woodcock more in the springe. [*Exit.*

Lop. Yes, I will be very secret; for I will tell it only to one person; but she is a woman. I will to Aurelia, and acquaint her with the skill of this rare artist. She is curious, as all women are; and, 'tis probable, will desire to look into the glass to see Don Melchor, whom she believes absent; so that by this means, without breaking my oath to him, he will be discovered to be in town. Then his intrigue with Theodosia will come to light too, for which Aurelia will, I hope, discard him, and receive me. I will about it instantly:

Success, in love, on diligence depends;
No lazy lover e'er attain'd his ends. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BELLAMY *and* MASKALL.

Bel. Then, they were certainly Don Lopez and Don Melchor, with whom we fought.

Mask. Yes, sir.

Bel. And when you met Lopez, he swallowed all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new saint's miracle.

Bel. I see 'twill spread.

Mask. And the fame of it will be of use to you in your next amour; for the women, you know, run mad after fortune-tellers and preachers.

Bel. But for all my bragging, this amour is not yet worn off. I find constancy, and once a night, come naturally upon a man towards thirty; only we set a face on't, and call ourselves inconstant for our reputation.

Mask. But what say the stars, sir?

Bel. They move faster than you imagine; for I have got me an argol, and an English almanack, by help of which, in one half hour, I have learned to cant with an indifferent good grace. Conjunction, opposition, trine, square, and sextile, are now no longer bugbears to me, I thank my stars for't.

Enter WILDBLOOD.

Monsieur Wildblood, in good time! What, you have been taking pains, too, to divulge my talent?

Wild. So successfully, that shortly there will be no talk in town, but of you only. Another miracle or two, and a sharp sword, and you stand fair for a new prophet.

Bel. But where did you begin to blow the trumpet?

Wild. In the gaming-house, where I found most of the town-wits; the prose-wits playing, and the verse-wits rooking.

Bel. All sorts of gamesters are so superstitious, that I need not doubt of my reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter end of a comedy, and there whispered it to the next man I knew, who had a woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then, it went like a train of powder, if once they had it by the end.

Wild. Like a squib upon a line, i'faith; it ran through one row, and came back upon me in the next. At my going out I met a knot of Spaniards, who were formally listening to one, who was relating it; but he told the story so ridiculously, with

his marginal notes upon it, that I was forced to contradict him.

Bel. 'Twas discreetly done.

Wild. Ay, for you, but not for me: What, says he, must such Boracho's as you take upon you to vilify a man of science? I tell you, he's of my intimate acquaintance, and I have known him long for a prodigious person.—When I saw my Don so fierce, I thought it not wisdom to quarrel for so slight a matter as your reputation, and so withdrew.

Bel. A pox of your success! now shall I have my chamber besieged to-morrow morning: There will be no stirring out for me; but I must be fain to take up their questions in a cleft-cane, or a begging-box, as they do charity in prisons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your learning has brought you to. Go in and study. I foresee you will have but few holidays. In the mean time, I'll not fail to give the world an account of your endowments. Farewell! I'll to the gaming-house.

[*Exit* WILD.

Mask. O, sir, here is the rarest adventure, and, which is more, come home to you!

Bel. What is it?

Mask. A fair lady, and her woman, wait in the outer room to speak with you.

Bel. But how know you she is fair?

Mask. Her woman plucked up her veil when she spoke to me; so that having seen her this evening, I know her mistress to be Donna Aurelia, cousin to your mistress Theodosia, and who lodges in the same house with her. She wants a star or two, I warrant you.

Bel. My whole constellation is at her service. But what is she for a woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as Beatrix has told me; but sufficiently impertinent. She is one of those ladies,

who make ten visits in an afternoon; and entertain her they see, with speaking ill of the last, from whom they parted. In few words, she is one of the greatest coquettes in Madrid; and to shew she is one, she cannot speak ten words without some affected phrase that is in fashion.

Bel. For my part, I can suffer any impertinence from a woman, provided she be handsome. My business is with her beauty, not with her morals; let her confessor look to them.

Mask. I wonder what she has to say to you?

Bel. I know not; but I sweat for fear I should be gravelled.

Mask. Venture out of your depth, and plunge boldly, sir: I warrant you will swim.

Bel. Do not leave me, I charge you; but when I look mournfully upon you, help me out.

Enter AURELIA *and* CAMILLA.

Mask. Here they are already.

[AUR. *plucks up her veil.*

Aur. How am I dressed to-night, Camilla? is nothing disordered in my head?

Cam. Not the least hair, madam.

Aur. No! let me see. Give me the counsellor of the graces.

Cam. The counsellor of the graces, madam!

Aur. My glass, I mean. What, will you never be so spiritual as to understand refined language?

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no madam, but learn to retrench your words; and say ma'am; as, yes ma'am, and no ma'am, as other ladies' women do. Madam! 'tis a year in pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me, madam.

Aur Yet again, ignorance! Pardon, madam! fie, fie, what a superfluity is there, and how much sweet-

er the cadence is—parn me, ma'am! and for your ladyship, your la'ship.—Out upon't, what a furious indigence of ribands is here upon my head! This dress is a libel to my beauty; a mere lampoon. Would any one, that had the least revenue of common sense, have done this?

Cam. Ma'am, the cavalier approaches your la'ship.

Bel. to *Mask.* Maskall, pump the woman; and see if you can discover any thing to save my credit.

Aur. Out upon it! now I should speak, I want assurance.

Bel. Madam, I was told you meant to honour me with your commands.

Aur. I believe, sir, you wonder at my confidence in this visit; but I may be excused for waiving a little modesty, to know the only person of the age.

Bel. I wish my skill were more, to serve you, madam.

Aur. Sir, you are an unfit judge of your own merits. For my own part, I confess, I have a furious inclination for the occult sciences; but at present, 'tis my misfortune—— [*Sighs.*

Bel. But why that sigh, madam?

Aur. You might spare me the shame of telling you; since I am sure you can divine my thoughts. I will, therefore, tell you nothing.

Bel. What the devil will become of me now! [*Aside.*

Aur. You may give me an essay of your science, by declaring to me the secret of my thoughts.

Bel. If I know your thoughts, madam, 'tis in vain for you to disguise them to me. Therefore, as you tender your own satisfaction, lay them open without bashfulness.

Aur. I beseech you let us pass over that chapter; for I am shame-faced to the last point. Since,

therefore, I cannot put off my modesty, succour it, and tell me what I think.

Bel. Madam, madam, that bashfulness must be laid aside: Not but that I know your business perfectly; and will, if you please, unfold it to you all immediately.

Aur. Favour me so far, I beseech you, sir; for I furiously desire it.

Bel. But then I must call up before you a most dreadful spirit, with head upon head, and horns upon horns. Therefore, consider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiously furious; but rather than fail of my expectances, I'll try my assurance.

Bel. Well then, I find you will force me to this unlawful, and abominable act of conjuration. Remember the sin is yours too.

Aur. I espouse the crime also.

Bel. I see, when a woman has a mind to't, she'll never boggle at a sin. Pox on her, what shall I do? [*Aside.*]—Well, I'll tell you your thoughts, madam; but after that expect no farther service from me; for 'tis your confidence must make my art successful.——Well, you are obstinate, then; I must tell you your thoughts?

Aur. Hold, hold, sir; I am content to pass over that chapter, rather than be deprived of your assistance.

Bel. 'Tis very well; what need these circumstances between us two? Confess freely; is not love your business?

Aur. You have touched me to the quick, sir.

Bel. Look you there! you see I knew it; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a man you love.

Aur. O prodigious science! I confess I love a man most furiously, to the last point, sir.

Bel. Now proceed, lady, your way is open; I am resolved I'll not tell you a word farther.

Aur. Well then, since I must acquaint you with what you know much better than myself, I will tell you. I loved a cavalier, who was noble, young, and handsome; this gentleman is since gone for Flanders; now, whether he has preserved his passion inviolate, or not, is that which causes my inquietude.

Bel. Trouble not yourself, madam; he's as constant as a romance hero.

Aur. Sir, your good news has ravished me most furiously; but that I may have a confirmation of it, I beg only, that you would lay your commands upon his genius, or idea, to appear to me this night, that I may have my sentence from his mouth. This, sir, I know, is a slight effect of your science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bel. What the devil does she call a slight effect! [*Aside.*]—Why, lady, do you consider what you say? you desire me to shew you a man, whom yourself confess to be in Flanders.

Aur. To view him in a glass is nothing; I would speak with him in person, I mean his idea, sir.

Bel. Ay, but, madam, there is a vast sea betwixt us and Flanders; and water is an enemy to conjuration. A witch's horse, you know, when he enters into water, returns into a bottle of hay again.

Aur. But, sir, I am not so ill a geographer, or, to speak more properly, a chorographer, as not to know there is a passage by land from hence to Flanders.

Bel. That's true, madam; but magic works in a direct line. Why should you think the devil such an ass to go about? 'Gad, he'll not stir a step out of his road for you, or any man.

Aur. Yes, for a lady, sir; I hope he's a person

that wants not that civility for a lady; especially a spirit that has the honour to belong to you, sir.

Bel. For that matter, he's your servant, madam; but his education has been in the fire, and he's naturally an enemy to water, I assure you.

Aur. I beg his pardon, for forgetting his antipathy; but it imports not much, sir; for I have lately received a letter from my servant, that he is yet in Spain, and stays for a wind in St Sebastian's.

Bel. Now I am lost, past all redemption.—Mask-all, must you be smickering after wenches, while I am in calamity? [*Aside.*

Mask. It must be he, I'll venture on't. [*Aside.*]—Alas, sir, I was complaining to myself of the condition of poor Don Melchor, who, you know, is wind-bound at St Sebastian's.

Bel. Why, you impudent villain, must you offer to name him publicly, when I have taken so much care to conceal him all this while?

Aur. Mitigate your displeasure, I beseech you; and, without making farther testimony of it, gratify my expectances.

Bel. Well, madam, since the sea hinders not, you shall have your desire. Look upon me with a fixed eye——so——or a little more amorously, if you please——good. Now favour me with your hand.

Aur. Is it absolutely necessary you should press my hand thus?

Bel. Furiously necessary, I assure you, madam; for now I take possession of it in the name of the idea of Don Melchor. Now, madam, I am farther to desire of you, to write a note to his genius, wherein you desire him to appear, and this we men of art call a compact with the ideas.

Aur. I tremble furiously.

Bel. Give me your hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*

Mask. to *Cam.* Now, lady mine, what think you of my master?

Cam. I think, I would not serve him for the world: Nay, if he can know our thoughts by looking on us, we women are hypocrites to little purpose.

Mask. He can do that and more; for, by casting his eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are maids, better than a whole jury of midwives.

Cam. Now heaven defend me from him!

Mask. He has a certain small familiar, which he carries still about him, that never fails to make discovery.

Cam. See, they have done writing; not a word more, for fear he knows my voice.

Bel. One thing I had forgot, madam; you must subscribe your name to it.

Aur. There 'tis. Farewell, cavalier, keep your promise, for I expect it furiously.

Cam. If he sees me, I am undone.

[*Hiding her face.*

Bel. Camilla!

Cam. *starts and shrieks.* Ah, he has found me; I am ruined!

Bel. You hide your face in vain; for I see into your heart.

Cam. Then, sweet sir, have pity on my frailty; for if my lady has the least inkling of what we did last night, the poor coachman will be turned away.

[*Exit after her Lady.*

Mask. Well, sir, how like you your new profession?

Bel. Would I were well quit on't; I sweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted devils yours are, that will not go by water! Are they all Lancashire

devils, of the brood of Tybert and Grimalkin, that they dare not wet their feet?

Bel. Mine are honest land devils, good plain foot-posts, that beat upon the hoof for me: But to save their labour, here take this, and in some disguise deliver it to Don Melchor.

Mask. I'll serve it upon him within this hour, when he sallies out to his assignation with Theodosia: 'Tis but counterfeiting my voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me see, what are the words?

Reads.] *Don Melchor, if the magic of love have any power upon your spirit, I conjure you to appear this night before me: You may guess the greatness of my passion, since it has forced me to have recourse to art; but no shape which resembles you can fright*

AURELIA.

Bel. Well, I am glad there's one point gained; for, by this means, he will be hindered to-night from entertaining Theodosia.—Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. Cavalier Inglis, I have been seeking you: I have a present in my pocket for you; read it by your art, and take it.

Bel. That I could do easily: But, to shew you I am generous, I'll none of your present; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will say now 'tis some astrological question; and so 'tis perhaps.

Bel Ay, 'tis the devil of a question, without dispute.

Alon. No, 'tis within dispute: 'Tis a certain dif-

ficulty in the art; a problem, which you and I will discuss, with the arguments on both sides.

Bel. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of complaisance upon me, and will contradict no man.

Alon. We'll but discuss a little.

Bel. By your favour, I'll not discuss; for I see by the stars, that, if I dispute to-day, I am infallibly threatened to be thought ignorant all my life after.

Alon. Well then, we'll but cast an eye together upon my eldest daughter's nativity.

Bel. Nativity!——

Alon. I know what you would say now, that there wants the table of direction for the five hylegiacalls; the ascendant, *medium cœli*, sun, moon, and stars: But we'll take it as it is.

Bel. Never tell me that, sir——

Alon. I know what you would say again, sir——

Bel. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be sworn I do not.—— [*Aside.*

Alon. You would say, sir——

Bel. I say, sir, there is no doing without the sun and moon, and all that, sir; and so you may make use of your paper for your occasions. Come to a man of art without the sun and moon, and all that, sir—— [*Tears it.*

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this shall break no squares betwixt us. [*Gathers up the torn papers.*] I know what you would say now, that men of parts are always choleric; I know it by myself, sir.

[*He goes to match the papers.*

Enter Don LOPEZ.

Lop. Don Alonzo in my house! This is a most happy opportunity to put my other design in execution; for, if I can persuade him to bestow his daughter on Don Melchor, I shall serve my friend,

though against his will; and, when Aurelia sees she cannot be his, perhaps she will accept my love.

Alon. I warrant you, sir, 'tis all pieced right, both top, sides, and bottom; for, look you, sir, here was Aldeboran, and there Cor Scorpii——

Lop. Don Alonzo, I am happy to see you under my roof; and shall take it——

Alon. I know what you would say, sir; that though I am your neighbour, this is the first time I have been here.—[*To* BELLAMY.] But, come, sir, by Don Lopez's permission, let us return to our nativity.

Bel. Would thou wert there, in thy mother's belly again! [*Aside.*

Lop. But, sennor—— [*To* ALONZO.

Alon. It needs not, sennor; I'll suppose your compliment; you would say, that your house, and all things in it, are at my service.—But let us proceed, without this interruption.

Bel. By no means, sir; this cavalier is come on purpose to perform the civilities of his house to you.

Alon. But, good sir——

Bel. I know what you would say, sir.

[*Exeunt* BELLAMY *and* MASKALL.

Lop. No matter, let him go, sir. I have long desired this opportunity, to move a suit to you in the behalf of a friend of mine, if you please to allow me the hearing of it.

Alon. With all my heart, sir.

Lop. He is a person of worth and virtue, and is infinitely ambitious of the honour——

Alon. Of being known to me; I understand you, sir.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your patience, which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, sir.

Lop. This cavalier, of whom I was speaking, is in love——

Alon. Satisfy yourself, sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your promise.

Alon. If I speak one syllable more, the devil take me! Speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, sir.

Alon. You need not speak twice to me to be silent: Though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutored.

Lop. This eternal old man will make me mad. [*Aside.*

Alon. Why, when do you begin, sir? How long must a man wait for you? Pray make an end of what you have to say quickly, that I may speak in my turn too.

Lop. This cavalier is in love——

Alon. You told me that before, sir; do you speak oracles, that you require this strict attention? Either let me share the talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why, sir, I am almost mad to tell you, and you will not suffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, sir? I must tell you, sir, you have tattled long enough; and 'tis now good manners to hear me speak. Here's a torrent of words indeed; a very *impetus dicendi;* will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in spite of you.

[*This next speech of* LOPEZ, *and the next of* ALONZO'S, *with both their replies, are to be spoken at one time, both raising their voices by little and little, till they bawl, and come up close to shoulder one another.*

Lop. There's one Don Melchor de Guzman, a friend and acquaintance of mine, that is desperately in love with your eldest daughter Donna Theodosia.

Alon. [*At the same time.*] 'Tis the sentence of a philosopher, *Loquere ut te videam;* speak, that I may know thee; now, if you take away the power of speaking from me——

[*Both pause a little; then speak together again.*

Lop. I'll try the language of the law; sure the devil cannot out-talk that gibberish.—For this Don Melchor, of Madrid aforesaid, as premised, I request, move, and supplicate, that you would give, bestow, marry, and give in marriage, this your daughter aforesaid, to the cavalier aforesaid.—Not yet, thou devil of a man! thou shalt be silent.

[*Exit* LOPEZ *running.*

Alon. [*At the same time with* LOPEZ's *last speech, and after* LOPEZ *is run out.*] Oh, how I hate, abominate, detest, and abhor, these perpetual talkers, disputants, controverters, and duellers of the tongue! But, on the other side, if it be not permitted to prudent men to speak their minds, appositely, and to the purpose, and in few words; if, I say, the prudent must be tongue-tied, then let great nature be destroyed; let the order of all things be turned topsy-turvy; let the goose devour the fox; let the infants preach to their great-grandsires; let the tender lamb pursue the wolf, and the sick prescribe to the physician; let fishes live upon dry land, and the beasts of the earth inhabit in the water; let the fearful hare——

Enter LOPEZ *with a bell, and rings it in his ears.*

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder!

[*Exit* ALONZO, *running.*

Lop. There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some women without in mas-

querade, and, I believe, persons of quality, who are come to play here.

Lop. Bring them in with all respect.

Enter again the Servant, after him JACINTHA, BEATRIX, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen: all masked.*

Lop. Cavaliers, and ladies, you are welcome: I wish I had more company to entertain you:—Oh, here comes one sooner than I expected.

Enter WILDBLOOD *and* MASKALL.

Wild. I have swept your gaming house, i'faith; *Ecce signum.* [*Shews gold.*

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of these ladies, if it be your fortune.

Wild. The first stakes I would play for, should be their veils and visor masks.

Jac. to *Beat.* Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your design of passing for an African.

Jac. Well, now I shall make an absolute trial of him; for, being thus *incognita,* I shall discover if he make love to any of you. As for the gallantry of his serenade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our guitars.

Beat. I'll whisper your intention to the servant, who shall deliver it to Don Lopez.

[BEAT. *whispers to the Serv.*

Serv. to *Lopez.* Sir, the ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing, before they play, to present you with a dance; and to give you an essay of their guitars.

Lop. They much honour me.

A DANCE.

After the dance, the Cavaliers take the Ladies, and court them. WILDBLOOD *takes* JACINTHA.

Wild. While you have been singing, lady, I have been praying: I mean, that your face and wit may not prove equal to your dancing; for, if they be, there's a heart gone astray, to my knowledge.

Jac. If you pray against me before you have seen me, you'll curse me when you have looked on me.

Wild. I believe I shall have cause to do so, if your beauty be as killing as I imagine it.

Jac. 'Tis true, I have been flattered in my own country, with an opinion of a little handsomeness; but how it will pass in Spain is a question.

Wild. Why, madam, are you not of Spain?

Jac. No, sir, of Morocco: I only came hither to see some of my relations, who are settled here, and turned Christians, since the expulsion of my countrymen, the Moors.

Wild. Are you then a Mahometan?

Jac. A Mussulman, at your service.

Wild. A Mussulwoman, say you? I protest, by your voice, I should have taken you for a Christian lady of my acquaintance.

Jac. It seems you are in love then: If so, I have done with you. I dare not invade the dominions of another lady; especially in a country where my ancestors have been so unfortunate.

Wild. Some little liking I might have, but that was only a morning-dew; 'tis drawn up by the sunshine of your beauty. I find your African Cupid is a much surer archer than ours of Europe. Yet would I could see you; one look would secure your victory.

Jac. I'll reserve my face to gratify your imagination with it; make what head you please, and set it on my shoulders.

Wild. Well, madam, an eye, a nose, or a lip shall break no squares: The face is but a span's breadth

of beauty; and where there is so much besides, I'll never stand with you for that.

Jac. But, in earnest, do you love me?

Wild. Ay, by Alla, do I, most extremely. You have wit in abundance—you dance to a miracle—you sing like an angel—and, I believe, you look like a cherubim.

Jac. And can you be constant to me?

Wild. By Mahomet, can I.

Jac. You swear like a Turk, sir; but take heed, for our prophet is a severe punisher of promise-breakers.

Wild. Your prophet's a cavalier. I honour your prophet and his law, for providing so well for us lovers in the other world, black eyes, and fresh maidenheads every day. Go thy way, little Mahomet; i'faith, thou shalt have my good word. But, by his favour, lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the uncircumcised, in a civil way, as lovers, have somewhat the advantage of your mussulman.

Jac. The company are rejoined, and set to play; we must go to them. Adieu; and when you have a thought to throw away, bestow it on your servant Fatima. [*She goes to the company.*

Wild. This lady Fatima pleases me most infinitely. Now am I got among the Hamets, the Zegrys, and the Bencerrages. Hey, what work will the Wildbloods make among the Cids and the Bens of the Arabians!

Beat. to *Jac.* False, or true, madam?

Jac. False as hell; but, by heaven, I'll fit him for't! Have you the high-running dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpose, madam.

Jac. You shall see me win all their money; and when I have done, I'll return in my own person, and ask him for the money which he promised me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a strait to be surprised. But let us to the table; the company stays for us. [*The company sit.*

Wild. What is the ladies' game, sir?

Lop. Most commonly they use raffle; that is, to throw with three dice, till duplets, and a chance be thrown; and the highest duplet wins, except you throw in and in, which is called raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I understand it.—Come, lady, 'tis no matter what I lose; the greatest stake, my heart, is gone already. [*To* JACINTHA.

[*They play; and the rest by couples.*

Wild. So, I have a good chance, two quarters and a sice.

Jac. Two sixes and a trey wins it.

[*Sweeps the money.*

Wild. No matter; I'll try my fortune once again. What have I here, two sixes and a quarter?—An hundred pistoles on that throw.

Jac. I take you, sir.—Beatrix, the high running dice. [*Aside.*

Beat. Here, madam.

Jac. Three fives. I have won you, sir.

Wild. Ay, the pox take me for't, you have won me. It would never have vext me to have lost my money to a christian; but to a pagan, an infidel—

Mask. Pray, sir, leave off while you have some money.

Wild. Pox of this lady Fatima! Raffle thrice together! I am out of patience.

Mask. [*To him.*] Sir, I beseech you, if you will lose, to lose *en cavalier.*

Wild. Tol de ra, tol de ra—pox and curse—tol de ra. What the devil did I mean, to play with this brunette of Afric? [*The Ladies rise.*] Will you be gone already, ladies?

Lop. You have won our money; but, however, we are acknowledging to you for the honour of your company.

[JAC. *makes a sign of farewell to* WILD.

Wild. Farewell, lady Fatima.

[*Exeunt all but* WILD. *and* MASK.

Mask. All the company took notice of your concernment.

Wild. 'Tis no matter; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your silent losers do, and, in the mean time, be ready to choak for want of vent.

Mask. Pray consider your condition a little; a younger brother, in a foreign country, living at a high rate, your money lost, and without hope of a supply. Now curse, if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at myself most unmercifully; for my condition is so ridiculous, that 'tis past cursing. The pleasantest part of the adventure is, that I have promised three hundred pistoles to Jacintha. But there is no remedy, they are now fair Fatima's.

Mask. Fatima!

Wild. Ay, ay, a certain African lady of my acquaintance, whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, sir?

Enter JACINTHA *and* BEATRIX, *in their own shapes.*

Wild. Madam, what happy star has conducted you hither to night!—A thousand devils of this fortune. [*Aside.*

Jac. I was told you had ladies here, and fiddles; so I came partly for the divertisement, and partly out of jealousy.

Wild. Jealousy! Why sure you do not think me a pagan, an infidel? But the company's broke up, you see. Am I to wait upon you home, or will

you be so kind to take a hard lodging with me to-night?

Jac. You shall have the honour to lead me to my father's.

Wild. No more words then; let's away, to prevent discovery.

Beat. For my part, I think he has a mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No! But if your lady should want sleep, 'twould spoil the lustre of her eyes to-morrow. There were a conquest lost.

Jac. I am a peaceable princess, and content with my own; I mean your heart and purse; for the truth is, I have lost my money to-night in masquerade, and am come to claim your promise of supplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me. To-morrow morning my servant shall wait upon you with three hundred pistoles.

Jac. But I left my company, with promise to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and lose the Indies, I'll discharge it all to-morrow.

Jac. To-night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. Maskall, go and bring me three hundred pistoles immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, sir?

Wild. Do you expostulate, you rascal? How he stares! I'll be hanged if he have not lost my gold at play. If you have, confess; you had best, and perhaps I'll pardon you; but if you do not confess, I'll have no mercy. Did you lose it?

Mask. Sir, 'tis not for me to dispute with you.

Wild. Why, then, let me tell you, you did lose it.

Jac. Ay, as sure as e'er he had it, I dare swear for him. But commend me to you for a kind mas-

ter, that can let your servant play off three hundred pistoles, without the least sign of anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a sign he has a greater bank in store, to comfort him.

Wild. Well, madam, I must confess I have more than I will speak of at this time; but till you have given me satisfaction——

Jac. Satisfaction! why, are you offended, sir?

Wild. Heaven! that you should not perceive it in me. I tell you, I am mortally offended with you.

Jac. Sure, 'tis impossible.

Wild. You have done nothing, I warrant, to make a man jealous. Going out a gaming in masquerade, at unseasonable hours, and losing your money at play; that loss, above all, provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; because she comes to you for more. [*Aside.*

Jac. Is this the quarrel? I'll clear it immediately.

Wild. 'Tis impossible you should clear it. I'll stop my ears, if you but offer it. There's no satisfaction in the point.

Jac. You'll hear me?

Wild. To do this in the beginning of an amour, and to a jealous servant as I am! had I all the wealth of Peru, I would not let go one maravedis to you.

Jac. To this I answer——

Wild. Answer nothing, for it will but inflame the quarrel betwixt us. I must come to myself by little and little; and when I am ready for satisfaction, I will take it. But at present it is not for my honour to be friends.

Beat. Pray, let us neighbour princes interpose a little.

Wild. When I have conquered, you may interpose; but at present the mediation of all Christendom would be fruitless.

Mask. Stand close, and you shall see me serve the writ upon him.

Enter Don MELCHOR.

Wild. Now, Maskall.

Mask. I stayed here, sir, by express order from the lady Aurelia, to deliver you this note; and to desire you, from her, to meet her immediately in the garden.

Mel. Do you hear, friend!

Mask. Not a syllable more, sir; I have performed my orders. [MASK. *retires to his Masters.*

Mel. He's gone, and 'tis in vain for me to look after him. What envious devil has discovered to Aurelia that I am in town? It must be Don Lopez, who, to advance his own pretensions to her, has endeavoured to ruin mine.

Wild. It works rarely.

Mel. But I am resolved to see Aurelia; if it be but to defeat him. [*Exit* MEL.

Wild. Let's make haste after him; I long to see the end of this adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I see some women coming yonder.

Bel. Well, I'll leave you to your adventures, while I prosecute my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an assignation to instruct some lady in the mathematics.

Bel. I'll not tell you my design; because, if it does not succeed, you shall not laugh at me. [*Exit* BEL.

Enter BEATRIX, *and* JACINTHA, *in the habit of a Mulatto.*

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and see if they will come this way.

Beat. We are right, madam; 'tis certainly your

time; methinks our love is drawn out so subtle already, that 'tis near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my part, than the kindred of an old pope have to preserve him.

Jac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your score, till you are caught tripping in some new amour.

[*Exeunt Women.*

Mask. You have used me very kindly, sir; I thank you.

Wild. You deserved it for not having a lie ready for my occasions. A good servant should be no more without it, than a soldier without his arms. But, pr'ythee, advise me what's to be done to get Jacintha.

Mask. You have lost her, or will lose her by your submitting. If we men could but learn to value ourselves, we should soon take down our mistresses from all their altitudes, and make them dance after our pipes, longer perhaps than we had a mind to't. But I must make haste, or I shall lose Don Melchor.

Wild. Call Bellamy, we'll both be present at thy enterprize. Then I'll once more to the gaming-house with my small stock, for my last refuge. If I win, I have wherewithal to mollify Jacintha.

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with huffing,
And snatch the money like a bully-ruffing.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter BELLAMY, WILDBLOOD, MASKALL, *in a Visor.*

Bel. Here comes one, and in all probability it must be Don Melchor, going to Theodosia.

O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor lover in awe!
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with, A ha, ha, ha, ha!

I knew 'twas his passion that caused all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his case;
I whisper'd him softly, There's nobody near,
And laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A shepherd came by us and saw;
And just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
He laugh'd out with, A ha, ha, ha, ha!

Wild. If you dare be the Sylvia, lady, I have brought you a more confident Amyntas, than that bashful gentleman in your song.

[*Goes to lay hold of her.*

Jac. Hold, hold, sir; I am only an ambassadress sent you from a lady. I hope you will not violate the laws of nations.

Wild. I was only searching for your letters of credence; but methinks, with that beauty, you look more like a herald that comes to denounce war to all mankind.

Jac. One of the ladies in the masque to-night has taken a liking to you; and sent you by me this purse of gold, in recompence of that she saw you lose.

Wild. And she expects in return of it, that I should wait on her; I'll do't,—where lives she? I am desperately in love with her.

Jac. Why, can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a bank of love, to supply every one's occasions; some for her, some for another, and some for you; charge what you will upon me,

I pay all at sight, and without questioning who brought the bill.

Jac. Hey-day! you dispatch your mistresses as fast as if you meant to o'er-run all woman-kind: Sure you aim at the universal-monarchy,

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a foolish fancy to send the lady a taste of my love by thee.

Jac. 'Tis impossible your love should be so humble, to descend to a mulatto?

Wild. One would think so, but I cannot help it. Gad, I think the reason is, because there's something more of sin in thy colour than in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a turkey-cock is not more provoked at red, than I bristle at the sight of black. Come, be kinder to me. Young, and slip an opportunity? 'Tis an evening lost out of your life.

Jac. These fine things you have said over a thousand times; your cold compliment's the cold pye of love, which you serve up to every guest whom you invite.

Wild. Come; because thou art very moving, here's part of the gold, which thou brought'st to corrupt me for thy lady: Truth is, I had promised a sum to a Spanish lady; but thy eyes have allured it from me.

Jac. You'll repent it to-morrow.

Wild. Let to-morrow starve, or provide for himself, as to-night has done: To-morrow is a cheat in love, and I will not trust it.

Jac. Ay, but heaven that sees all things——

Wild. Heaven, that sees all things, will say nothing: That is all eyes, and no tongue; *Et la lune, et les estoiles,*—you know the song.

Jac. A poor slave, as I am——

Wild. It has been always my humour to love downward. I love to stoop to my prey, and to

have it in my power to souse at, when I please. When a man comes to a great lady, he is fain to approach her with fear and reverence; methinks there's something of godliness in it.

Jac. Yet I cannot believe, but the meanness of my habit must needs scandalize you.

Wild. I tell thee, my friend, and so forth, that I exceedingly honour coarse linen; 'tis as proper sometimes in an under garment, as a coarse towel is to rub and scrub me.

Jac. Now I am altogether of the other side; I can love no where but above me: Methinks the rattling of a coach and six sounds more eloquently than the best harangue a wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more esteem of a wit then?

Jac. His commendations serve only to make others have a mind to me; he does but say grace to me like a chaplain, and, like him, is the last that shall fall on. He ought to get no more by it, than a poor silk-weaver does by the riband which he works, to make a gallant fine.

Wild. Then what is a gentleman to hope from you?

Jac. To be admitted to pass my time with, while a better comes: To be the lowest step in my staircase, for a knight to mount upon him, and a lord upon him, and a marquis upon him, and a duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For aught I see, the great ladies have the appetites, which you slaves should have; and you slaves the pride, which ought to be in ladies. For, I observe, that all women of your condition are like women of the play-house, still picking at each other, who shall go the best dressed, and the richest habits; till you work up one another by your high flying, as the heron and jerfalcon do. If you can-

not out-shine your fellow with one lover, you fetch her up with another: And, in short, all you get by it is only to put finery out of countenance; and to make the ladies of quality go plain, because they will avoid the scandal of your bravery.

Beat. [*Running in.*] Madam, come away; I hear company in the garden.

Wild. You are not going?

Jac. Yes, to cry out a rape, if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your treasure behind you: Farewell, fairy!

Jac. Farewell, changeling!—Come, Beatrix.

[*Exeunt women.*

Mask. Do you know how you came by this money, sir? You think, I warrant, that it came by fortune.

Wild. No, sirrah, I know it came by my own industry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this gold, in the very way it was to come? What could fate do less for me? They are such thoughtless, and undesigning rogues as you, that make a drudge of poor Providence, and set it a shifting for you. Give me a brave fellow like myself, that, if you throw him down into the world, lights every where upon his legs, and helps himself without being beholden to fate, that is the hospital of fools.

Mask. But, after all your jollity, what think you if it was Jacintha that gave it you in this disguise? I am sure I heard her call Beatrix as she went away.

Wild. Umh! thou awaken'st a most villainous apprehension in me! methought, indeed, I knew the voice: but the face was such an evidence against it! if it were so, she is lost for ever.

Mask. And so is Beatrix.

Wild. Now could I cut my throat for madness.

Mask. Now could I break my neck for despair, if I could find a precipice absolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to consider on't. There's but one way; go you, Maskall, and find her out, and invent some excuse for me, and be sure to beg leave I may come and wait upon her with the gold, before she sleeps.

Mask. In the mean time you'll be thinking at your lodging.

Wild. But make haste then to relieve me; for I think over all my thoughts in half an hour.

[*Exit* MASK.

Wild. [*Solus.*] Hang it! now I think on't, I shall be but melancholic at my lodging; I'll go pass my hour at the gaming-house, and make use of this money while I have tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me see,—I have the box and throw. My Don he sets me ten pistoles; I nick him: Ten more, I sweep them too. Now, in all reason, he is nettled, and sets me twenty: I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with forty. They are all my own: In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to fourscore or an hundred; and I, not willing to tempt fortune, come away a moderate winner of two hundred pistoles.

SCENE II.

The Scene opens and discovers AURELIA *and* CAMILLA: *Behind them a table and lights set on it. The Scene is a Garden with an arbour in it.*

The garden-door opens! How now, Aurelia and Camilla in expectation of Don Melchor at the garden door! I'll away, lest I prevent the design, and within this half hour come sailing back with full pockets, as wantonly as a laden galleon from the Indies. [*Exit.*

Aur. But dost thou think the Englishman can keep his promise? For, I confess, I furiously desire to see the idea of Don Melchor.

Cam. But, madam, if you should see him, it will not be he, but the devil in his likeness; and then why should you desire it?

Aur. In effect 'tis a very dark enigma; and one must be very spiritual to understand it. But be what it will, body or phantom. I am resolved to meet it.

Cam. Can you do it without fear?

Aur. No! I must avow it, I am furiously fearful; but yet I am resolved to sacrifice all things to my love. Therefore, let us pass over that chapter.

[*Don* MELCHOR, *without.*

Cam. Do you hear, madam, there's one treading already; how if it be he?

Aur. If it be he! that is to say his spectre, that is to say his phantom, that is to say his idea, that is to say, he, and not he.

Cam. [*Crying out.*] Ah, madam, 'tis he himself; but he's as big again as he used to be, with eyes like saucers. I'll save myself.

[*Runs under the table.*

Enter Don MELCHOR. *They both shriek.*

Aur. Oh heaven! humanity is not able to support it. [*Running.*

Mel. Dear Aurelia, what mean you?

Aur. The tempter has imitated his voice too; avoid, avoid, spectre.

Cam. If he should find me under the table now!

Mel. Is it thus, my dear, that you treat your servant?

Aur. I am not thy dear; I renounce thee, spirit of darkness!

Mel. This spirit of darkness is come to see an angel of light by her command; and to assure her of his constancy, that he will be her's eternally.

Aur. Away, infernal! 'tis not thee; 'tis the true Don Melchor that I would see.

Mel. Hell and furies!

Aur. Heaven and angels! Ah——

[*Runs out, shrieking.*

Mel. This is a riddle past my finding out, to send for me, and then to shun me; but here's one shall resolve it for me:—Camilla, what dost thou there?

Cam. Help, help! I shall be carried away bodily.

[*She rises up, overthrows the table and lights, and runs out. The scene shuts.*

Mel. [*Alone.*] Why, Aurelia, Camilla!—They are both run out of hearing! this amazes me; what can the meaning of it be? Sure she has heard of my unfaithfulness, and was resolved to punish me by this contrivance! to put an affront upon me by this abrupt departure, as I did on her by my seeming absence.

Enter THEODOSIA *and* BEATRIX.

Theo. Don Melchor! is it you, my love, that have frighted Aurelia so terribly?

Mel. Alas, madam! I know not; but, coming hither by your appointment, and thinking myself secure in the night without disguise, perhaps it might work upon her fancy, because she thought me absent.

Theo. Since 'tis so unluckily fallen out, that she knows you are at Madrid, it can no longer be kept a secret; therefore, you must now pretend openly to me, and run the risk of a denial from my father.

Mel. O, madam, there's no question but he'll refuse me: For, alas! what is it he can see in me worthy of that honour? Or, if he should be so partial to me, as some in the world are, to think me

valiant, learned, and not altogether a fool, yet my want of fortune would weigh down all.

Theo. When he has refused you his consent, I may with justice dispose of myself; and that, while you are constant, shall never be to any but yourself: In witness of which, accept this diamond, as a pledge of my heart's firmness to you.

Beat. Madam, your father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not stir: since he must know you are returned, let him now see you.

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. Daughter, what make you here at this unseasonable hour?

Theo. Sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, that you heard a noise, and ran hither to see what it might be——Bless us! who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your servant, Don Melchor; just returned from St Sebastians.

Alon. But, sir, I thought you had been upon the sea for Flanders.

Mel. I had so designed it.

Alon. But, why came you back from St Sebastians?

Mel. As for that, sir, 'tis not material.

Theo. An unexpected law-suit has called him back from St Sebastians.

Alon. And how fares my son-in-law, that lives there?

Mel. In Catholic health, sir.

Alon. Have you brought no letters from him?

Mel. I had, sir, but I was set upon by the way, by picarons: and, in spite of my resistance, robbed, and my portmanteau taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now desiring me to excuse to you.

Alon. If my credit, friends, or counsel, can do you any service in your suit, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have despatched some private business, I shall not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kisses your hands the most obliged of your servants. [*Exit* MELCHOR.

Alon. Daughter, now this cavalier is gone, what occasion brought you out so late?—I know what you would say, that it is melancholy; a tincture of the hypochondria you mean. But, what cause have you for this melancholy? Give me your hand, and answer me without ambages, or ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my ring——I must prevent him——Sir, I am ashamed to confess it to you; but, in hope of your indulgence, I have lost the table diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would say, The fear of my displeasure has caused the perturbation in you; well, do not disquiet yourself too much; you say 'tis gone; I say so too. 'Tis stolen; and that by some thief, I take it. But, I will go and consult the astrologer immediately. [*He is going.*

Theo. What have I done? To avoid one inconvenience, I have run into another. This devil of an astrologer will discover that Don Melchor has it. [*Aside.*

Alon. When did you lose this diamond? The minute and second I should know; but the hour will serve for the degree ascending.

Theo. Sir, the precise time I know not; but it was betwixt six and seven in the evening, as near as I can guess.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the stars, I'll have it by ι: Therefore, go in, and suppose it on your

Beat. I'll watch you at a distance, sir, that my Englishman may have wherewithal to answer you.
[*Aside. Exeunt* THEO. BEAT.

Alon. This melancholy, wherewith my daughter laboureth, is—a—I know what I would say, is a certain species of the hysterical disease; or a certain motion, caused by a certain appetite, which, at a certain time, heaveth in her, like a certain motion of an earthquake——

Enter BELLAMY.

Bel. This is the place, and very near the time that Theodosia appoints her meeting with Don Melchor. He is this night otherwise disposed of with Aurelia: 'Tis but trying my fortune, to tell her of his infidelity, and my love. If she yields, she makes me happy; if not, I shall be sure Don Melchor has not planted the arms of Spain in the fort before me. However, I'll push my fortune, as sure as I am an Englishman.

Alon. Sennor Inglis, I know your voice, though I cannot perfectly discern you.

Bel. How the devil came he to cross me?

Alon. I was just coming to have asked another favour of you.

Bel. Without ceremony, command me, sir.

Alon. My daughter Theodosia has lost a fair diamond from her finger, the time betwixt six and seven this evening; now, I desire you, sir, to erect a scheme for it, and if it be lost, or stolen, to restore it to me. This is all, sir.

Bel. There is no end of this old fellow; thus will he bait me from day to day, till my ignorance be found out. [*Aside.*

Alon. Now is he casting a figure by the art of memory, and making a judgment of it to himself. This astrology is a very mysterious speculation.
[*Aside.*

Bel. 'Tis a madness for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he must know I am no astrologer, I'll discover it myself to him, and blush once for all. [*Aside.*

Alon. Well, sir, and what do the stars hold forth? What says nimble Master Mercury to the matter?

Bel. Sir, not to keep you longer in ignorance, I must ingenuously declare to you, that I am not the man for whom you take me. Some smattering in astrology I have, which my friends, by their indiscretion, have blown abroad, beyond my intentions. But you are not a person to be imposed on like the vulgar: Therefore, to satisfy you in one word, my skill goes not far enough to give you knowledge of what you desire from me.

Alon. You have said enough, sir, to persuade me of your science; if fame had not published it, yet this very humility of yours were enough to confirm me in the belief of it.

Bel. Death, you make me mad, sir! Will you have me swear? As I am a gentleman, a man of the town, one who wears good clothes, eats, drinks, and wenches abundantly, I am a damned ignorant and senseless fellow.

Enter BEATRIX.

Alon. How now, gentlewoman?—What, are you going to relief by moonshine?

Beat. I was going on a very charitable office, to help a friend that was gravelled in a very doubtful business.

Bel. Some good news, fortune, I beseech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this learned gentleman, I shall make bold to propound a question to him from a lady.

Alon. I will have my own question first resolved.

Bel. O, sir, 'tis from a lady.

Beat. If you please, sir, I'll tell it in your ear—My lady has given Don Melchor the ring; in whose company her father found her just now at the garden-door. [*In a whisper.*

Bel. [*Aloud.*] Come to me to-morrow, and you shall receive an answer.

Beat. Your servant, sir. [*Exit* BEATRIX.

Alon. Sir, I shall take it very unkindly if you satisfy any other, and leave me in this perplexity.

Bel. Sir, if my knowledge were according——

Alon. No more of that, sir, I beseech you.

Bel. Perhaps I may know something by my art concerning it; but, for your quiet, I wish you would not press me.

Alon. Do you think I am not master of my passions?

Bel. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have concealed, the person, who has your diamond, is he whom you saw last in your daughter's company.

Alon. You would say 'tis Don Melchor de Guzman. Who the devil would have suspected him of such an action? But he is of a decayed family, and poverty, it seems, has enforced him to it. Now I think on't better, he has e'en stolen it for a fee, to bribe his lawyer; to requite a lie with a theft. I'll seek him out, and tell him part of my mind before I sleep. [*Exit* ALON.

Bel. So, once more I am at liberty. But this astrology is so troublesome a science——Would I were well rid on't!

Enter Don LOPEZ, *and a Servant.*

Lop. Astrology, does he say?—O, cavalier, is it you? not finding you at home, I came on purpose

to seek you out. I have a small request to the stars by your mediation.

Bel. Sir, for pity let them shine in quiet a little; for what for ladies, and their servants, and younger brothers, they scarce get a holiday in a twelve-month.

Lop. Pray, pardon me, if I am a little curious of my destiny, since all my happiness depends on your answer.

Bel. Well, sir, what is it you expect?

Lop. To know whether my love to a lady will be successful.

Bel. 'Tis Aurelia he means. [*Aside.*]—Sir, in one word I answer you, that your mistress loves another; one who is your friend. But comfort yourself; the dragon's tail is between him and home, he never shall enjoy her.

Lop. But what hope for me?

Bel. The stars have partly assured me, you shall be happy, if you acquaint her with your passion, and with the double dealing of your friend, who is false to her.

Lop. You speak like an oracle. But, I have engaged my promise to that friend, to serve him in his passion to my mistress.

Bel. We English seldom make such scruples; women are not comprised in our laws of friendship. They are *feræ naturæ*; our common game, like hare and partridge. Every man has equal right to them, as he has to the sun and elements.

Lop. Must I then betray my friend?

Bel. In that case my friend is a Turk to me, if he will be so barbarous as to retain two women to his private use. I will be factious for all distressed damsels; who would much rather have their cause tried by a full jury, than a single judge.

Lop. Well, sir, I will take your counsel; and if I err, the fault be on love and you. [*Exit* LOP.

Bel. Were it not for love, I would run out of the town, that's the short on't; for I have engaged myself in so many promises, for the sun and moon, and those little minced-meats of them, that I must hide before my day of payment comes. In the meantime I forget Theodosia; but now I defy the devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets AURELIA, *and almost jostles her down. With her* CAMILLA *enters.*

Aur. What rudeness is this?

Bel. Madam Aurelia, is it you?

Aur. Monsieur Bellamy!

Bel. The same, madam.

Aur. My uncle told me he left you here. And, indeed, I came hither to complain of you. For you have treated me so inhumanly, that I have some reason to resent it.

Bel. What occasion can I have given you for a complaint?

Aur. Don Melchor, as I am informed by my uncle, is effectively at Madrid. So that it was not his idea, but himself in person, whom I saw. And since you knew this, why did you conceal it from me?

Bel. When I spoke with you, I knew it not. But I discovered it in the erecting of my figure. Yet if, instead of his idea, I constrained himself to come, in spite of his resolution to remain concealed, I think I have shewn a greater effect of my art than what I promised.

Aur. I render myself to so convincing an argument: But by over-hearing a discourse just now betwixt my cousin Theodosia and her maid, I find

that he has concealed himself upon her account, which has given me jealousy to the last point; for, to avow an incontestible truth, my cousin is furiously handsome.

Bel. Madam, madam, trust not your ears too far; she talked on purpose, that you might hear her. But, I assure you, the true cause of Don Melchor's concealment was not love of her, but jealousy of you. He staid in private to observe your actions. Build upon't, madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he sacrifice my cousin to me?

Bel. 'Tis furiously true, madam.

Aur. O most agreeable assurance!

Cam. Albricias, madam, for my good news! Don Melchor is coming this way; I know him by his voice; but he is in company with another person.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any umbrage, by seeing me with another person; therefore, I will go before; do you stay here, and conduct him to my apartment. Good-night, sir.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I have promised Don Lopez, he shall possess her; and I have promised her, she shall possess Don Melchor. 'Tis a little difficult, I confess, as to the matrimonial part of it. But, if Don Melchor will be civil to her, and she be civil to Don Lopez, my credit is safe without the benefit of my clergy. But all this is nothing to Theodosia. [*Exit* BEL.

Enter Don ALONZO *and Don* MELCHOR.

Cam. Don Melchor, a word in private.

Mel. Your pleasure, lady.—Sir, I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am sent to you from a fair lady, who bears you no ill will. You may guess whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own merits, but by knowing whom you serve. But, I confess, I wonder at her late strange usage, when she fled from me.

Cam. That was only a mistake; but I have now, by her command, been in a thousand places in quest of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

Cam. And where, amongst the rest, do you think I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray, refresh my memory.

Cam. In that same street, by the same shop—you know where, by a good token.

Mel. By what token?

Cam. Just by that shop, where, out of your nobleness, you promised me a new silk gown.

Mel. O, now I understand you.

Cam. Not that I press you to a performance——

Mel. Take this, and please yourself in the choice of it. [*Gives her money.*

Cam. Nay, dear sir, now you make me blush; in faith I——am ashamed——I swear, 'tis only because I would keep something for your sake;—but my lady expects you immediately in her apartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her, if I can possibly. [*Exit* CAM.] But, if I can prevail with Don Alonzo for his daughter, then will I again consider, which of the ladies best deserves me. [*Aside.*]—Sir, I beg your pardon for this rudeness in leaving you. [*To* ALON.

Alon. I cannot possibly resolve with myself to tell him openly he is a thief; but I'll gild the pill for him to swallow. [*Aside.*

Mel. I believe he has discovered our amour: How he surveys me for a son-in-law! [*Aside.*

Alon. Sir, I am sorry for your sake, that true no-

bility is not always accompanied with riches to support it in its lustre.

Mel. You have a just exception against the capriciousness of destiny; yet, if I were owner of any noble qualities, (which I am not) I should not much esteem the goods of fortune.

Alon. But pray conceive me, sir; your father did not leave you flourishing in wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair seat in Andalusia, with all the pleasures imaginable about it: That alone, were my poor deserts according—which, I confess, they are not,—were enough to make a woman happy in it.

Alon. But give me leave to come to the point, I beseech you, sir. I have lost a jewel, which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your possession: But I accuse your wants, not you, for it.

Mel. Your daughter is indeed a jewel; but she were not lost, were she in possession of a man of parts.

Alon. A precious diamond, sir——

Mel. But a man of honour, sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, sir,—that a man of honour is not capable of an unworthy action; and, therefore, I do not accuse you of the theft: I suppose the jewel was only put into your hands.

Mel. By honourable ways, I assure you, sir.

Alon. Sir, sir, will you restore my jewel?

Mel. Will you please, sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy possessor of her? I know how to use her with that respect——

Alon. I know what you would say, sir; but if it belong to our family? otherwise, I assure you, it were at your service.

Mel. As it belongs to your family, I covet it; not that I plead my own deserts, sir.

Alon. Sir, I know your deserts; but, I protest, I cannot part with it: For, I must tell you, this diamond ring was originally my great-grandfather's.

Mel. A diamond ring, sir, do you mean?——

Alon. By your patience, sir; when I have done, you may speak your pleasure. I only lent it to my daughter; but, how she lost it, and how it came upon your finger, I am yet *in tenebris.*

Mel. Sir——

Alon. I know it, sir; but spare yourself the trouble, I'll speak for you; you would say you had it from some other hand; I believe it, sir.

Mel. But, sir——

Alon. I warrant you, sir, I'll bring you off without your speaking;—from another hand you had it; and now, sir, as you say, sir, and as I am saying for you, sir, you are loth to part with it.

Mel. Good sir,——let me——

Alon. I understand you already, sir,—that you have taken a fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I answer, as I did before, that it is a relick of my family. Now, sir, if you can urge aught farther, you have liberty to speak without interruption.

Mel. This diamond you speak of, I confess——

Alon. But what need you confess, sir, before you are accused?

Mel. You promised you would hear me in my turn, sir, but——

Alon. But, as you were saying, it is needless, because I have already spoken for you.

Mel. The truth is, sir, I was too presumptuous to take this pledge from Theodosia without your knowledge; but you will pardon the invincible necessity, when I tell you——

Alon. You need not tell me; I know your neces-

sity was the reason of it, and that place and opportunity have caused your error.

Mel. This is the goodest old man I ever knew! he prevents me in my motion for his daughter. [*Aside.*] Since, sir, you know the cause of my errors, and are pleased to lay part of the blame upon youth and opportunity, I beseech you, favour me so far to accept me, as fair Theodosia already has——

Alon. I conceive you, sir,—that I would accept of your excuse: Why, restore the diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully than I received it: And, with it, I beg the honour to be received by you as your son-in-law.

Alon. My son-in-law! this is the most pleasant proposition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it so; but, I protest, I think not I deserve this honour.

Alon. Nor I, I assure you, sir; marry my daughter—ha, ha, ha!

Mel. But, sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, sir—that there is too much hazard in the profession of a thief, and therefore you would marry my daughter to become rich, without venturing your neck for't. I beseech you, sir, steal on, be apprehended, and, if you please, be hanged, it shall make no breach betwixt us. For my part, I'll keep your counsel, and so, good-night, sir. [*Exit* ALON.

Mel. Is the devil in this old man, first to give me occasion to confess my love, and, when he knew it, to promise he would keep my counsel?—But who are these? I'll not be seen; but to my old appointment with Theodosia, and desire her to unriddle it. [*Exit* MEL.

SCENE III.

Enter MASKALL, JACINTHA, *and* BEATRIX.

Mask. But, madam, do you take me for a man of honour?

Jac. No.

Mask. Why there's it! if you had, I would have sworn that my master has neither done nor intended you any injury. I suppose you'll grant he knew you in your disguise?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and use her so, is an aggravation of his crime.

Mask. Unconscionable Beatrix! would you two have all the carnival to yourselves? He knew you, madam, and was resolved to countermine you in all your plots. But when he saw you so much piqued, he was too good-natured to let you sleep in wrath, and sent me to you to disabuse you; for, if the business had gone on till to-morrow, when Lent begins, you would have grown so peevish (as all good Catholics are with fasting) that the quarrel would never have been ended.

Jac. Well; this mollifies a little. I am content he shall see me.

Mask. But that you may be sure he knew you, he will bring the certificate of the purse along with him.

Jac. I shall be glad to find him innocent.

Enter WILDBLOOD, *at the other end of the stage.*

Wild. No mortal man ever threw out so often. It could not be me, it must be the devil that did it. He took all the chances, and changed them after I had thrown them. But, I'll be even with him; for, I'll never throw one of his dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my master; and he is so zealous to make his peace, that he could not stay till I called him to you.——Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more manners than to leave me another time. You rogue, you have lost me two hundred pistoles, you and the devil your accomplice; you, by leaving me to myself; and he, by tempting me to play it off.

Mask. Is the wind in that door? Here's like to be fine doings.

Wild. O mischief! am I fallen into her ambush? I must face it out with another quarrel. [*Aside.*

Jac. Your man has been treating your accommodation; 'tis half made already.

Wild. Ay, on your part it may be.

Jac. He says you knew me.

Wild. Yes; I do know you so well, that my poor heart aches for't. I was going to bed without telling you my mind; but, upon consideration, I am come——

Jac. To bring the money with you.

Wild. To declare my grievances, which are great and many.

Mask. Well, for impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As, in the first place——

Jac. I'll hear no grievances; where's the money?

Beat. Ay, keep to that, madam.

Wild. Do you think me a person to be so used?

Jac. We will not quarrel; where's the money?

Wild. By your favour we will quarrel.

Beat. Money, money!——

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Money, money, money, money!

Wild. Do you think it a reasonable thing to put on two disguises in a night, to tempt a man? (Help me, Maskall, for I want arguments abominably.) I thank Heaven I was never so barbarously used in all my life.

Jac. He begins to anger me in good earnest.

Mask. A thing so much against the rules of modesty! So indecent a thing!

Wild. Ay, so indecent a thing. Nay, now I do not wonder at myself for being angry. And then to wonder I should love her in those disguises! To quarrel at the natural desires of human kind, assaulted by powerful temptations; I am enraged at that.

Jac. Heyday! you had best quarrel too for my bringing you the money.

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't. (Maskall, the money, Maskall! now help, or we are gone.)

Mask. Would she offer to bring money to you? first, to affront your poverty——

Wild. Ay, to affront my poverty. But that's no great matter; and then——

Mask. And then to bring you money, sir. (I stick fast, sir.)

Wild. (Forward, you dog, and invent, or I'll cut your throat.) And then, as I was saying, to bring me money——

Mask. Which is the greatest and most sweet of all temptations; and to think you could resist it. Being also aggravated by her handsomeness, who brought it.

Wild. Resist it? No; I would she would understand it; I know better what belongs to flesh and blood than so.

Beat. to *Jac.* This is plain confederacy. I smoke it; he came on purpose to quarrel with you; break first with him, and prevent it.

Jac. If it be come to that once, the devil take the hindmost! I'll not be last in love, for that will be a dishonour to my sex.

Wild. And then——

Jac. Hold, sir, there needs no more; you shall fall out, and I'll gratify you with a new occasion.

I only tried you, in hope you would be false; and, rather than fail of my design, brought gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As people, when they have an ill bargain, are content to lose by it, that they may get it off their hands.

Mask. Beatrix, while our principals are engaged, I hold it not for our honour to stand idle.

Beat. With all my heart. Please you let us draw off to some other ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any spot, but one.

Wild. I think we shall do well to put it to an issue. This is the last time you shall ever be troubled with my addresses.

Jac. The favour had been greater to have spared this too.

Mask. Beatrix, let us dispatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as fast as thou wilt; I am as brittle as thou art, for thy heart.

Wild. Because I will absolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you; therefore, take back your picture, and your handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal promises. Take them in imagination.

Wild. Not to be behindhand with you in your frumps, I give you back your purse of gold. Take you that—in imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your oaths and protestations; they are never the worse for the wearing, I assure you. Therefore take them, spick and span new, for the use of your next mistress.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your leader; here's the sixpenny whittle you gave me, with the mutton haft. I can spare it, for knives are of little use in Spain.

Beat. There's your scissars with the stinking brass-chain to them: 'Tis well there was no love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the dandriff-comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your ferret-ribbanding for garters.

Mask. I would never have come so near as to have taken them from you.

Beat. For your letter, I have it not about me; but upon reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting employment.—Courage, sir; how goes the battle on your wing?

Wild. Just drawing off on both sides. Adieu, Spain.

Jac. Farewell, old England.

Beat. Come away in triumph; the day's your own, madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my shoulders, sir; we have broke their hearts.

Wild. Let her go first then; I'll stay, and keep the honour of the field.

Jac. I'll not retreat, if you stay till midnight.

Wild. Are you sure then we have done loving?

Jac. Yes, very sure; I think so.

Wild. 'Tis well you are so; for otherwise I feel my stomach a little maukish. I should have doubted another fit of love were coming up.

Jac. No, no; your inconstancy secures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning: Nothing vexes me, but that you should part with me so slightly, as though I were not worth your keeping. Well, 'tis a sign you never loved me.

Jac. 'Tis the least of your care whether I did or did not: It may be it had been more for the quiet

of myself, if I——but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that satisfaction.

Wild. But what's the reason you will not give it me?

Jac. For the reason that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why, are we quite, quite broke off?

Jac. Why, are we not?

Wild. Well, since 'tis past, 'tis past; but a pox of all foolish quarrelling, for my part.

Jac. And a mischief of all foolish disguisements, for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another mistress, I would even plainly confess I had lost my money.

Jac. And if I had to deal with another servant, I would learn more wit than to tempt him in disguises; for that's to throw a Venice-glass to the ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to please you, I see no necessity of our parting.

Jac. I protest, I do it only out of complaisance to you.

Wild. But if I should play the fool, and ask your pardon, you would refuse it?

Jac. No, never submit; for I should spoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, Beatrix! They are just upon the point of accommodation; we must make haste, or they'll make a peace by themselves, and exclude us from the treaty.

Beat. Declare yourself the aggressor then, and I'll take you into mercy.

Wild. The worst that you can say of me is, that I have loved you thrice over.

Jac. The prime articles between Spain and England are sealed; for the rest, concerning a more

strict alliance, if you please, we'll dispute them in the garden.

Wild. But, in the first place, let us agree on the article of navigation, I beseech you.

Beat. These leagues, offensive and defensive, will be too strict for us, Maskall: A treaty of commerce will serve our turn.

Mask. With all my heart; and when our loves are veering,
We'll make no words, but fall to privateering.

[*Exeunt, the Men leading the Women.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LOPEZ, AURELIA, *and* CAMILLA.

Lop. 'Tis true, if he had continued constant to you, I should have thought myself obliged in honour to be his friend; but I could no longer suffer him to abuse a person of your worth and beauty, with a feigned affection.

Aur. But is it possible Don Melchor should be false to love? I'll be sworn I did not imagine such a treachery could have been in nature; especially to a lady who had so obliged him.

Lop. 'Twas this, madam, which gave me the confidence to wait upon you at an hour, which would be otherwise unseasonable.

Aur. You are the most obliging person in the world.

Lop. But to clear it to you that he is false, he is, at this very minute, at an assignation with your cousin in the garden; I am sure he was endeavouring it not an hour ago.

Aur. I swear this evening's air begins to incommode me extremely with a cold; but yet, in hope

of detecting this perjured man, I am content to stay abroad.

Lop. But withal, you must permit me to tell you, madam, that it is but just I should have some share in a heart, which I endeavour to redeem: In the law of arms, you know that they, who pay the ransom, have right to dispose of the prisoner.

Aur. The prize is so very inconsiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the boon were small, I would not importune my princess with the asking it: But since my life depends upon the grant——

Cam. Ma'am, I must needs tell your la'ship, that Don Lopez has deserved you, for he has acted all along like a cavalier, and more for your interest than his own. Besides, ma'am, Don Melchor is as poor as he is false: For my part, I shall never endure to call him master.

Aur. Don Lopez, go along with me. I can promise nothing, but I swear I will do my best to disengage my heart from this furious tender, which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a man, I could never have forsaken you: Ah those languishing casts, ma'am; and that pouting lip of your la'ship, like a cherry-bough, weighed down with the weight of fruit!

Aur. And that sigh too, I think, is not altogether disagreeable; but something *charmante* and *mignonne.*

Cam. Well, Don Lopez, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once possessor——

Enter BELLAMY *and* THEODOSIA.

Theo. O, we are surprised.

Bel. Fear nothing, madam; I think, I know them.—Don Lopez?

Lop. Our famous astrologer, how come you here?

Bel. I am infinitely happy to have met you with

Donna Aurelia, that you may do me the favour to satisfy this lady of a truth, which I can scarce persuade her to believe.

Lop. I am glad our concernments are so equal; for I have the like favour to ask from Donna Theodosia.

Theo. Don Lopez is too noble to be refused any thing within my power; and I am ready to do him any service, after I have asked my cousin, if ever Don Melchor pretended to her?

Aur. 'Tis the very question which I was furiously resolved to have asked of you.

Theo. I must confess he has made some professions to me. And withal, I will acknowledge my own weakness so far as to tell you, I have given way he should often visit me, when the world believed him absent.

Aur. O, cavalier Astrologer, how have you betrayed me! Did you not assure me, that Don Melchor's tender and inclination was for me only?

Bel. I had it from his star, madam, I do assure you; and if that twinkled false, I cannot help it. The truth is, there's no trusting the planet of an inconstant man; he was moving to you when I looked on it, and if since it has changed the course, I am not to be blamed for it.

Lop. Now, madam, the truth is evident. And for this cavalier, he might easily be deceived in Melchor; for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was most inclined: For he visited one, and writ letters to the other.

Bel. to *Theo.* Then, madam, I must claim your promise, (since I have discovered to you that Don Melchor is unworthy of your favours) that you would make me happy, who, amongst my many imperfections, can never be guilty of such a falsehood.

Theo. If I have been deceived in Melchor, whom

I have known so long, you cannot reasonably expect, I should trust you at a day's acquaintance.

Bel. For that, madam, you may know as much of me in a day, as you can in all your life. All my humours circulate like my blood, at farthest within twenty-four hours. I am plain and true, like all my countrymen; you see to the bottom of me as easily, as you do to the gravel of a clear stream in autumn.

Lop. You plead so well, sir, that I desire you would speak for me too. My cause is the same with yours, only it has not so good an advocate.

Aur. Since I cannot make myself happy, I will have the glory to felicitate another; and, therefore, I declare, I will reward the fidelity of Don Lopez.

Theo. All that I can say at present is, that I will never be Don Melchor's: The rest, time and your service must make out.

Bel. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldest servant; as preferment falls, I hope you will remember my seniority.

Cam. Ma'am, Don Melchor.

Aur. Cavaliers, retire a little; we shall see to which of us he will make his court.

[*The men withdraw.*

Enter Don Melchor.

Don Melchor, I thought you had been a-bed before this time.

Mel. Fair Aurelia, this is a blessing beyond expectation, to see you again so soon.

Aur. What important business brought you hither?

Mel. Only to make my peace with you before I slept. You know you are the saint to whom I pay my devotions.

Aur. And yet it was beyond your expectances to meet me? This is furiously incongruous.

Theo. [*Advancing.*] Don Melchor, whither were you bound so late?

Mel. What shall I say? I am so confounded, that I know not to which of them I should excuse myself. [*Aside.*

Theo. Pray answer me truly to one question: Did you ever make any addresses to my cousin?

Mel. Fie, fie, madam, there's a question indeed.

Aur. How, monster of ingratitude! can you deny the declaration of your passion to me?

Mel. I say nothing, madam.

Theo. Which of us is it, for whom you are concerned?

Mel. For that, madam, you must excuse me; I have more discretion than to boast a lady's favour.

Aur. Did you counterfeit an address to me?

Mel. Still I say nothing, madam; but I will satisfy either of you in private; for these matters are too tender for public discourse.

Enter LOPEZ *and* BELLAMY *hastily, with their swords drawn.*

Bellamy and Lopez! This is strange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have disturbed you, but as we were walking to the garden door, it opened suddenly against us, and we confusedly saw, by moon-light, some persons entering, but who they were we know not.

Bel. You had best retire into the garden-house, and leave us to take our fortunes, without prejudice to your reputations.

Enter WILDBLOOD, MASKALL, JACINTHA, *and* BEATRIX.

Wild. [*To Jacintha entering.*] Do not fear, madam, I think I heard my friend's voice.

Bel. Marry hang you, is it you that have given us this hot alarm?

Wild. There's more in it than you imagine; the whole house is up: For seeing you two, and not knowing you, after I had entered the garden-door, I made too much haste to get out again, and have left the key broken in it. With the noise, one of the servants came running in, whom I forced back; and, doubtless, he is gone for company, for you may see lights running through every chamber.

Theo. Jac. What will become of us?

Bel. We must have recourse to our former resolution. Let the ladies retire into the garden-house. And, now I think on it, you gentlemen shall go in with them, and leave me and Maskall to bear the brunt of it.

Mask. Me, sir! I beseech you let me go in with the ladies too.—Dear Beatrix, speak a good word for me! I protest 'tis more out of love to thy company than for any fear I have.

Bel. You dog, I have need of your wit and counsel. We have no time to deliberate. Will you stay, sir? [*To* MASKALL.

Mask. No, sir, 'tis not for my safety.

Bel. Will you in, sir? [*To* MELCHOR.

Mel. No, sir, 'tis not for my honour, to be assisting to you: I'll to Don Alonzo, and help to revenge the injury you are doing him.

Bel. Then we are lost, I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, an you talk of honour, by your leave, sir. I hate your Spanish honour, ever since it spoiled our English plays, with faces about and t'other side.

[*Falls upon him and throws him down.*

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Must valour be oppressed by multitudes?

Wild. Come yarely, my mates, every man to his share of the burden. Come, yarely, hay!

[*The four Men take him each by a limb, and carry him out, he crying Murder.*

Theo. If this Englishman save us now, I shall admire his wit.

Beat. Good wits never think themselves admired till they are well rewarded: You must pay him in specie, madam; give him love for his wit.

Enter the Men again.

Bel. Ladies, fear nothing, but enter into the garden-house with these cavaliers.

Mask. O that I were a cavalier too!

[*Is going with them.*

Bel. Come you back, sirrah. [*Stops him.*] Think yourselves as safe as in a sanctuary; only keep quiet, whatever happens.

Jac. Come away then, they are upon us.

[*Exeunt all but* BEL. *and* MASK.

Mask. Hark, I hear the foe coming: Methinks they threaten too, sir; pray let me go in, for a guard to the ladies and poor Beatrix. I can fight much better, when there is a wall betwixt me and danger.

Bel. Peace, I have occasion for your wit to help me to lie.

Mask. Sir, upon the faith of a sinner, you have had my last lie already; I have not one more to do me credit, as I hope to be saved, sir.

Bel. *Victoire, Victoire!* knock under, you rogue, and confess me conqueror, and you shall see I'll bring all off.

Enter Don ALONZO, *and six Servants; with lights, and swords drawn.*

Alon. Search about there.

Bel. Fear nothing; do but vouch what I shall say.

Mask. For a passive lie I can yet do something.

Alon. Stand! who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Alon. Friends! Who are you?

Bel. Noble Don Alonzo, such as are watching for your good.

Alon. Is it you, Senor Inglis? Why all this noise and tumult? Where are my daughters and my niece? But, in the first place, though last named, how came you hither, sir?

Bel. I came hither—by astrology, sir.

Mask. My master's in; heavens send him good shipping with his lie, and all kind devils stand his friends!

Alon. How! by astrology, sir? Meaning, you came hither by art magic.

Bel. I say by pure astrology, sir; I foresaw by my art, a little after I had left you, that your niece and daughters would this night run a risk of being carried away from this very garden.

Alon. O the wonders of this speculation!

Bel. Thereupon I called immediately for my sword, and came in all haste to advertise you; but I see there's no resisting destiny; for just as I was entering the garden-door, I met the women with their gallants all under sail, and outward bound.

Mask. Thereupon what does me he, but draws, by my advice——

Bel. How now, Mr Rascal? Are you itching to be in? [*Aside.*

Mask. Pray, sir, let me go snip with you in this lie, and be not too covetous of honour. You know I never stood with you; now my courage is come to me, I cannot resist the temptation. [*Aside.*

Bel. Content; tell on.

Mask. So, in short, sir, we drew, first I, and then my master; but, being overpowered, they have escaped us, so that I think you may go to bed, and trouble yourself no further, for gone they are.

Bel. You tell a lie! you have curtailed my invention. You are not fit to invent a lie for a bawd, when she would wheedle a young squire. [*Aside.*

Alon. Call up the officers of justice, I'll have the town searched immediately.

Bel. 'Tis in vain, sir; I know, by my art, you'll never recover them. Besides, 'tis an affront to my friends, the stars, who have otherwise disposed of them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the key is broken in the garden-door, and the door locked, so that of necessity they must be in the garden yet.

Alon. Disperse yourselves, some into the wilderness, some into the alleys, and some into the parterre.—You, Diego, go try to get out the key, and run to the corrigidor for his assistance. In the mean time, I'll search the garden-house myself.

[*Exeunt all the Servants but one.*

Mask. I'll be unbetted again, if you please, sir, and leave you all the honour of it.

[*To* BELLAMY *aside.*

Alon. Come, cavalier, let us in together.

Bel. [*Holding him.*] Hold, sir, for the love of heaven! you are not mad?

Alon. We must leave no place unsearched.—A light there!

Bel. Hold, I say; do you know what you are undertaking; and have you armed yourself with resolution for such an adventure?

Alon. What adventure?

Bel. A word in private—The place you would go

into is full of enchantments; there are at this time, for aught I know, a legion of spirits in it.

Alon. You confound me with wonder, sir!

Bel. I have been making there my magical operations, to know the event of your daughters' flight; and, to perform it rightly, have been forced to call up spirits of several orders. And there they are humming like a swarm of bees, some stalking about upon the ground, some flying, and some sticking upon the walls like rear-mice.

Mask. The devil's in him, he's got off again!

Alon. Now, sir, I shall try the truth of your friendship to me. To confess the secret of my soul to you, I have all my life been curious to see a devil; and to that purpose have conned Agrippa through and through, and made experiment of all his rules, *Pari die et incremento Lunæ*, and yet could never compass the sight of one of these *dæmoniums:* If you will ever oblige me, let it be on this occasion.

Mask. There's another storm arising.

Bel. You shall pardon me, sir; I'll not expose you to that peril for the world, without due preparations of ceremony.

Alon. For that, sir, I always carry a talisman about me, that will secure me. And therefore I will venture in, a God's name, and defy them all at once. [*Going in.*

Mask. How the pox will he get off from this?

Bel. Well, sir, since you are so resolved, send off your servant, that there may be no noise made on't, and we'll take our venture.

Alon. Pedro, leave your light, and help the fellows to search the garden. [*Exit Servant.*

Mask. What does my incomprehensible master mean?

Bel. Now, I must tell you, sir, you will see that, which will very much astonish you, if my art fail me not. [*Goes to the door.*] You spirits and intelligences, that are within there, stand close, and silent, at your peril, and fear nothing, but appear in your own shapes, boldly.—Maskall, open the door.

[MASKALL *goes to one side of the scene, which draws, and discovers* THEO. JAC. AUR. BEAT. CAM. LOP. WILD. *standing all without motion in a rank.*

Now, sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here. We need search no farther. Ah, you ungracious baggages! [*Going toward them.*

Bel. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces. These are the very shapes I conjured up, and truly represent to you in what company your niece and daughters are, this very moment.

Alon. Why, are they not they? I durst have sworn that some of them had been my own flesh and blood.—Look; one of them is just like that rogue, your comrade.

[WILD. *shakes his head, and frowns at him.*

Bel. Do you see how you have provoked that English devil? Take heed of him; if he gets you once into his clutches—— [WILD. *embracing* JAC.

Alon. He seems to have got possession of the spirit of my Jacintha, by his hugging her.

Bel. Nay, I imagined as much. Do but look upon his physiognomy—you have read Baptista Porta? Has he not the leer of a very lewd, debauched spirit?

Alon. He has indeed. Then there's my niece Aurelia, with the spirit of Don Lopez; but that's well enough; and my daughter Theodosia all alone; pray how comes that about?

Bel. She's provided for with a familiar too: One that is in this very room with you, and by your elbow; but I'll shew you him some other time.

Alon. And that baggage Beatrix, how I would swinge her, if I had her here: I'll lay my life she was in the plot for the flight of her mistresses.

[BEAT. *claps her hands at him.*

Bel. Sir, you do ill to provoke her; for, being the spirit of a woman, she is naturally mischievous: You see she can scarce hold her hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your quarrel upon Beatrix: If e'er she come to light, I'll take a course with her, I warrant you, sir.

Bel. Now come away, sir, you have seen enough; the spirits are in pain whilst we are here: We keep them too long condensed in bodies; if we were gone, they would rarify into air immediately.—Maskall, shut the door.

[MASK. *goes to the scene, and it closes.*

Alon. *Monstrum hominis!* O prodigy of science!

Enter two Servants with Don MELCHOR.

Bel. Now help me with a lie, Maskall, or we are lost.

Mask. Sir, I could never lie with man or woman in a fright.

Serv. Sir, we found this gentleman bound and gagged, and he desired us to bring him to you with all haste imaginable.

Mel. O, sir, sir! your two daughters and your niece——

Bel. They are gone; he knows it:—But are you mad, sir, to set this pernicious wretch at liberty?

Mel. I endeavoured all that I was able——

Mask. Now, sir, I have it for you. [*Aside to his master.*]—He was endeavouring, indeed, to have

got away with them; for your daughter Theodosia was his prize. But we prevented him, and left him in the condition in which you see him.

Alon. I thought somewhat was the matter, that Theodosia had not a spirit by her, as her sister had.

Bel. This was he I meant to shew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, sir?

Bel. No, no, believe *him*, sir: You know his truth, ever since he stole your daughter's diamond.

Mel. I swear to you, by my honour——

Alon. Nay, a thief I knew him; and yet, after that, he had the impudence to ask me for my daughter.

Bel. Was he so impudent? The case is plain, sir; put him quickly into custody.

Mel. Hear me but one word, sir, and I'll discover all to you.

Bel. Hear him not, sir; for my art assures me, if he speaks one syllable more, he will cause great mischief.

Alon. Will he so? I'll stop my ears; away with him.

Mel. Your daughters are yet in the garden, hidden by this fellow and his accomplices.

Alon. [*At the same time, drowning him.*] I'll stop my ears, I'll stop my ears.

Bel. Mask. [*At the same time also.*] A thief, a thief! away with him.

[*Servants carry* MELCHOR *off, struggling.*

Alon. He thought to have borne us down with his confidence.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, with much ado we have got out the key, and opened the door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the corrigidor, and desire him to come hither in person

to examine a malefactor. [WILDBLOOD *sneezes within.*] Hark! what noise is that within? I think one sneezes.

Bel. One of the devils, I warrant you, has got a cold, with being so long out of the fire.

Alon. Bless his devilship, as I may say.

[WILDBLOOD *sneezes again.*

Serv. [*To Don* ALONZO.] This is a man's voice; do not suffer yourself to be deceived so grossly, sir.

Mask. A man's voice! that's a good one indeed, that you should live to these years, and yet be so silly as not to know a man from a devil.

Alon. There's more in't than I imagined; Hold up your torch, and go in first, Pedro, and I'll follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the honour to be your usher. [*Takes the torch and goes in.*

Mask. [*Within.*] Help, help, help!

Alon. What's the matter?

Bel. Stir not upon your life, sir.

Enter MASKALL *again, without the torch.*

Mask. I was no sooner entered, but a huge giant seized my torch, and felled me along, with the very whiff of his breath, as he passed by me.

Alon. Bless us!

Bel. [*At the door to them within.*] Pass out now, while you have time, in the dark; The officers of justice will be here immediately; the garden-door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, sir?

Bel. Only dismissing these spirits of darkness, that they may trouble you no further.—Go out, I say.

[*They all come out upon the stage, groping their way.* WILDBLOOD *falls into* ALONZO'S *hands.*

Alon. I have caught somebody: Are these your spirits? Another light quickly, Pedro.

Mask. [*Slipping between* ALON. *and* WILD.] 'Tis Maskall you have caught, sir; do you mean to strangle me, that you press me so hard between your arms?

Alon. [*Letting* WILD. *go.*] Is it thee, Maskall? I durst have sworn it had been another.

Bel. Make haste now, before the candle comes.

[AURELIA *falls into* ALONZO'S *arms.*

Alon. Now I have another.

Aur. 'Tis Maskall you have caught, sir.

Alon. No, I thank you, niece, this artifice is too gross. I know your voice a little better. What ho, bring lights there!

Bel. Her impertinence has ruined all.

Enter Servants with lights, and swords drawn.

Serv. Sir, the corrigidor is coming, according to your desire. In the mean time, we have secured the garden doors.

Alon. I'm glad on't. I'll make some of them severe examples.

Wild. Nay, then, as we have lived merrily, so let us die together. But we'll shew the Don some sport first.

Theo. What will become of us!

Jac. We'll die for company. Nothing vexes me, but that I am not a man, to have one thrust at that malicious old father of mine before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the corrigidor's band.

Jac. A match, i'faith. We'll venture our bodies with you. You shall put the baggage in the middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I say no more, but I shall be somewhat angry with him.—[*To* ALON.] In the mean time, I arrest you, sir, in the behalf of

this good company. As the corrigidor uses us, so we'll use you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bel. You murder yourself, if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a razor there, that I may scrape his weezon, that the bristles may not hinder me, when I come to cut it.

Bel. What need you bring matters to that extremity? You have your ransom in your hand. Here are three men, and there are three women; you understand me.

Jac. If not, here's a sword, and there's a throat; you understand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Theo. The propositions are good, and marriage is as honourable as it used to be.

Beat. You had best let your daughters live branded with the name of strumpets; for whatever befals the men, that will be sure to be their share.

Alon. I can put them into a nunnery.

All the Women. A nunnery!

Jac. I would have thee to know, thou graceless old man, that I defy a nunnery. Name a nunnery once more, and I disown thee for my father.

Lop. You know the custom of the country, in this case, sir. 'Tis either death or marriage. The business will certainly be public; and if they die, they have sworn you shall bear them company.

Alon. Since it must be so, run, Pedro, and stop the corrigidor. Tell him it was only a carnival merriment, which I mistook for a rape and robbery.

Jac. Why now you are a dutiful father again, and I receive you into grace.

Bel. Among the rest of your mistakes, sir, I must desire you to let my astrology pass for one. My mathematics, and art magic, were only a carni-

val device; and now that's ending, I have more mind to deal with the flesh, than with the devil.

Alon. No astrologer! 'tis impossible!

Mask. I have known him, sir, these seven years, and dare take my oath he has been always an utter stranger to the stars; and indeed to any thing that belongs to heaven.

Lop. Then I have been cozened among the rest.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, madam, who have been the cause on't; but what he wants in astrology, he shall make up to you some other way, I'll pass my word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both gentlemen?

Bel. As good as the Cid himself, sir.

Alon. And for your religion, right Romans——

Wild. As ever was Mark Anthony.

Alon. For your fortunes and courages——

Mask. They are both desperate, sir; especially their fortunes.

Theo. [*To* BEL.] You should not have had my consent so soon, but only to revenge myself upon the falseness of Don Melchor.

Aur. I must avow, that gratitude for Don Lopez is as prevalent with me, as revenge against Don Melchor.

Alon. Lent, you know, begins to-morrow; when that's over, marriage will be proper.

Jac. If I stay till after Lent, I shall be to marry when I have no love left. I'll not bate you an ace of to-night, father; I mean to bury this man ere Lent be done, and get me another before Easter.

Alon. Well, make a night on't then.

[*Giving his daughters.*

Wild. Jacintha Wildblood, welcome to me. Since our stars have doomed it so, we cannot help it; but 'twas a mere trick of fate, to catch us thus at un-

awares; to draw us in, with a what do you lack, as we passed by. Had we once separated to-night, we should have had more wit, than ever to have met again to-morrow.

Jac. 'Tis true, we shot each other flying. We were both upon the wing, I find; and, had we passed this critical minute, I should have gone for the Indies, and you for Greenland, ere we had met in a bed upon consideration.

Mask. You have quarrelled twice to-night without bloodshed; beware the third time.

Jac. *Apropos!* I have been retrieving an old song, of a lover that was ever quarrelling with his mistress. I think it will fit our amour so well, that, if you please, I'll give it you for an epithalamium; and you shall sing it. [*Gives him a paper.*

Wild. I never sung in all my life; nor ever durst try, when I was alone, for fear of braying.

Jac. Just me, up and down; but for a frolic, let's sing together; for I am sure, if we cannot sing now, we shall never have cause when we are married.

Wild. Begin then, give me my key, and I'll set my voice to't.

Jac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fala, fala, fala. Is this your best, upon the faith of a virgin?

Jac. Ay, by the muses, I am at my pitch.

Wild. Then do your worst; and let the company be judge who sings worst.

Jac. Upon condition the best singer shall wear the breeches. Prepare to strip, sir; I shall put you into your drawers presently.

Wild. I shall be revenged, with putting you into your smock anon; St George for me.

Jac. St James for me. Come start, sir.

SONG.

Damon. *Celimena, of my heart*
None shall e'er bereave you:
If, with your good leave, I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

Celimena. *Passion's but an empty name,*
Where respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your aim;
Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon. *Love as dull and muddy is,*
As decaying liquor:
Anger sets it on the lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works the quicker.

Celimena. *Love by quarrels to beget*
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave physician's wit,
Who, to cure an ague fit,
Put me in a fever,

Damon. *Anger rouses love to fight,*
And his only bait is,
'Tis the spur to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

Celimena. *If such drops of heat can fall*
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat can fall,
We shall have the devil and all
When we come together.

Wild. Your judgment, gentlemen; a man, or a maid?

Bel. An you make no better harmony after you are married, than you have before, you are the miserablest couple in Christendom.

Wild. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good voice, she would have spoiled it before to-morrow.

Bel. When Maskall has married Beatrix, you may learn of her.

Mask. You shall put her life into a lease, then.

Wild. Upon condition, that when I drop into your house from hunting, I may set my slippers at your door, as a Turk does at a Jew's, that you may not enter.

Theo. And while you refresh yourself within, he shall wind the horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my lease first.

Bel. Why, thou wouldst not be so impudent, to marry Beatrix for thyself only?

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll pass my word, he shall degenerate into as tame and peaceable a husband, as a civil woman would wish to have.

Enter Don MELCHOR, *with a Servant.*

Mel. Sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, but your discovery comes too late now.

Mel. Why, the ladies are found.

Aur. But their inclinations are lost, I can assure you.

Jac. Look you, sir, there goes the game. Your Plate fleet is divided; half for Spain, and half for England.

Theo. You are justly punish'd for loving two.

Mel. Yet I have the comfort of a cast lover: I will think well of myself, and despise my mistresses.
[*Exit.*

DANCE.

Bel. Enough, enough; let's end the carnival abed.

Wild. And for these gentlemen, whene'er they try,
May they all speed as soon, and well as I,
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

My part being small, I have had time to-day,
To mark your various censures of our play.
First, looking for a judgment or a wit,
Like Jews, I saw them scatter'd through the pit;
And where a knot of smilers lent an ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the foe was there.
The club of jests went round; he, who had none,
Borrow'd o'the next, and told it for his own.
Among the rest, they kept a fearful stir,
In whispering that he stole the Astrologer;
And said, betwixt a French and English plot,
He eased his half-tired muse, on pace and trot.
Up starts a Monsieur, new come o'er, and warm
In the French stoop, and the pull-back o'the arm;
Morbleu, dit il, and cocks, I am a rogue,
But he has quite spoil'd the feign'd *Astrologue.*
'Pox, says another, here's so great a stir
With a son of a whore farce that's regular,
A rule, where nothing must decorum shock!
Damme, 'tis as dull, as dining by the clock.
An evening! Why the devil should we be vext,
Whether he gets the wench this night or next?—
When I heard this, I to the poet went,
Told him the house was full of discontent,
And ask'd him what excuse he could invent.
He neither swore or storm d, as poets do,
But, most unlike an author, vow'd 'twas true;
Yet said, he used the French like enemies,
And did not steal their plots, but made them prize.
But should he all the pains and charges count
Of taking them, the bill so high would mount,
That, like prize-goods, which through the office come,
He could have had them much more cheap at home.
He still must write; and, banquier-like, each day
Accept new bills, and he must break, or pay.
When through his hands such sums must yearly run,
You cannot think the stock is all his own.
His haste his other errors might excuse,
But there's no mercy for a guilty muse;
For, like a mistress, she must stand or fall,
And please you to a height, or not at all.

TYRANNIC LOVE;

OR, THE

ROYAL MARTYR.

A

TRAGEDY.

TYRANNIC LOVE.

The "Royal Martyr" is one of Dryden's most characteristic productions. The character of Maximin, in particular, is drawn on his boldest plan, and only equalled by that of Almanzor, in the "Conquest of Granada." Indeed, although, in action, the latter exhibits a larger proportion of that extravagant achievement peculiar to the heroic drama, it may be questioned, whether the language of Maximin does not abound more with the flights of fancy, which hover betwixt the confines of the grand and the bombastic, and which our author himself has aptly termed the Dalilahs of the theatre. Certainly in some of those rants which occasionally burst from the emperor, our poet appears shorn of his locks; as for example,

> Look to it, Gods; for you the aggressors are:
> Keep you your rain and sunshine in your skies,
> And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice;
> Your trade of heaven will soon be at a stand,
> And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

Indeed, Dryden himself acknowledged, in the Dedication to the "Spanish Friar," that some verses of Maximin and Almanzor cry vengeance upon him for their extravagance, and heartily wishes them in the same fire with Statius and Chapman. But he pleads in apology, that he knew they were bad enough to please, even when he wrote them, although he is now resolved no longer to seek credit from the approbation of fools. Johnson has doubted, with apparent reason, whether this confession be sufficiently ample; and whether the poet did not really give his love to those enticing seducers of his imagination, although he contemned them in his more sober judgment. In the Prologue, he has boldly stated and justified his determination to rush forward, and hazard the disgrace of a fall, rather than the loss of the race. Certainly a genius, which dared so greatly as that of Dryden, cannot always be expected to check its flight upon the verge of propriety; and we are often hurried along with it into the extravagant and bombastic, when we can seldom discover the error till a second

reading of the passage. Take, for example, the often quoted account of the death of Charinus:

> With a fierce haste he led our troops the way;
> While fiery showers of sulphur on him rain'd;
> Nor left he, till the battlements be gain'd:
> There with a forest of their darts he strove,
> And stood, like Capaneus defying Jove.
> With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
> While fate grew pale, lest he should win the town,
> And turn'd the iron leaves of its dark book,
> To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook.
> Till sought by many deaths, he sunk, though late,
> And by his fall asserted doubtful fate.

Although this passage, upon examination, will be found to contain much tumid bombast, yet, like others in the same tone, it conveys, at first, a dark impression of grandeur and sublimity, which only vanishes on a critical examination. Such passages, pronounced with due emphasis on the stage, will always meet with popular applause. They are like the fanciful shapes into which a mist is often wreathed; it requires a near approach, and an attentive consideration, to discover their emptiness and vanity. On the other hand, we meet with many passages in Maximin, where the impression of sublimity becomes more deep, in proportion to the attention we bestow on them. Such is the speech of St Catharine to her mother:

> Could we live always, life were worth our cost;
> But now we keep with care what must be lost.
> Here we stand shivering on the bank, and cry,
> When we should plunge into eternity.
> One moment ends our pain;
> And yet the shock of death we dare not stand,
> By thought scarce measured, and too swift for sand.
> 'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,
> They fear to prove it, as a thing that's new.
> Let me the experiment before you try,
> I'll shew you first how easy 'tis to die.

In the same scene occurs an instance of a different kind of beauty, less commonly found in Dryden. The tender description given by Felicia of her attachment to her child in infancy, is exquisitely beautiful.

The introduction of magic, and of the astral spirits, who have little to do with the catastrophe, was perhaps contrived for the sake of music and scenery. The supernatural has, however, been fashionable at all periods; and we learn, from a passage in the de-

dication to "Prince Arthur," that the Duchess of Monmouth, whom Dryden calls his first and best patroness, was pleased with the parts of airy and earthy spirits, and with that fairy kind of writing, which depends upon the force of imagination. It is probable, therefore, that, in a play inscribed to her husband, that style of composition was judiciously intermingled, to which our poet knew the Duchess was partial. There is much fine description in the first account of the wizard; but the lyrical dialogue of the spirits is rather puerile, and is ridiculed, with great severity, in the "Rehearsal."

Mr Malone has fixed the first acting of this play to the end of 1668, or beginning of 1669. It was printed in 1670, and a revised edition came forth in 1672.

TO THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

JAMES,

DUKE OF MONMOUTH AND BUCCLEUGH,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S

MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY-COUNCIL; AND KNIGHT OF

THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.*

SIR,

THE favourable reception which your excellent lady afforded to one of my former plays,† has encouraged me to double my presumption, in addressing this to your grace's patronage. So dangerous a thing it is to admit a poet into your family, that you can never afterwards be free from the chiming of ill verses, perpetually sounding in your ears, and

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* For some account of the Duke of Monmouth, we refer our readers to the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, in which Dryden has described that unfortunate young nobleman under the character of Absalom.

† See the Dedication to the "Indian Emperor."

more troublesome than the neighbourhood of steeples. I have been favourable to myself in this expression; a zealous fanatic would have gone farther, and have called me the serpent, who first presented the fruit of my poetry to the wife, and so gained the opportunity to seduce the husband. Yet, I am ready to avow a crime so advantageous to me; but the world, which will condemn my boldness, I am sure will justify and applaud my choice. All men will join with me in the adoration which I pay you; they would wish only I had brought you a more noble sacrifice. Instead of an heroic play, you might justly expect an heroic poem, filled with the past glories of your ancestors, and the future certainties of your own. Heaven has already taken care to form you for an hero. You have all the advantages of mind and body, and an illustrious birth, conspiring to render you an extraordinary person. The Achilles and the Rinaldo are present in you, even above their originals; you only want a Homer, or a Tasso, to make you equal to them. Youth, beauty, and courage, (all which you possess in the height of their perfection) are the most desirable gifts of heaven: and heaven is never prodigal of such treasures, but to some uncommon purpose. So goodly a fabric was never framed by an Almighty architect for a vulgar guest. He shewed the value which he set upon your mind, when he took care to have it so nobly, and so beautifully lodged. To a graceful fashion and deportment of body, you have joined a winning conversation, and an easy greatness, derived to you from the best, and best-beloved of princes. And with a great power of obliging, the world has observed in you a desire to oblige, even beyond your power. This, and all that I can say on so excel-

lent and large a subject, is only history, in which fiction has no part; I can employ nothing of poetry in it, any more than I do in that humble protestation which I make, to continue ever

Your Grace's most obedient

And most devoted servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

I WAS moved to write this play by many reasons: Amongst others, the commands of some persons of honour, for whom I have a most particular respect, were daily sounding in my ears, that it would be of good example to undertake a poem of this nature. Neither were my own inclinations wanting to second their desires. I considered that pleasure was not the only end of poesy; and that even the instructions of morality were not so wholly the business of a poet, as that the precepts and examples of piety were to be omitted. For, to leave that employment altogether to the clergy, were to forget that religion was first taught in verse, which the laziness, or dulness, of succeeding priesthood, turned afterwards into prose; and it were also to grant (which I never shall) that representations of this kind may not as well be conducing to holiness, as to good manners. Yet far be it from me to compare the use of dramatic poesy with that of divinity: I only maintain, against the enemies of the stage, that patterns of piety, decently represented, and equally removed from the extremes of superstition and profaneness, may be of excellent use to second the precepts of our religion. By the har-

mony of words [illegible] a sense of devotion, as our [illegible]ie, which is inarticulate poesy, does in chur[illegible] [illegible]d by the lively images of piety, adorned by [illegible] through the senses allure the soul: wl[illegible]h, [illegible] it is charmed in a silent joy of what it sees [illegible] is struck, at the same time, with a secret v[illegible] [illegible]on of things celestial: and is wound up inser[illegible] into the practice of that which it admires. Now [illegible] instead of this, we sometimes see on our t[illegible]res [illegible]he examples of vice rewarded, or, at least, un[illegible]shed: yet it ought not to be an argument a[illegible] [illegible]the art, any more than the extravagances and im[illegible]ties of the pulpit, in the late times of rebellion, c[illegible]e against the office and dignity of the clergy.

But many times it happens, that poets are wrongfully accused; as it is my own case in this very play; where I am charged by some ignorant or malicious persons, with no less crimes than profaneness and irreligion.

The part of *Maximin*, against which these holy critics so much declaim, was designed by me to set off the character of *St Catharine*. And those, who have read the Roman history, may easily remember, that Maximin was not only a bloody tyrant, *vastus corpore, animo ferus*, as Herodian describes him; but also a persecutor of the church, against which he raised the Sixth Persecution. So that whatsoever he speaks or acts in this tragedy, is no more than a record of his life and manners; a picture, as near as I could take it, from the original. If, with much pains, and some success, I have drawn a deformed piece, there is as much of art, and as near an imitation of nature, in a lazar, as in a Venus. Maximin was an heathen, and what he speaks against religion, is in contempt of that which he professed. He defies the gods of Rome, which is no more than

St Catharine might with decency have done. If it be urged, that a person of such principles, who scoffs at any religion, ought not to be presented on the stage; why then are the lives and sayings of so many wicked and profane persons, recorded in the Holy Scriptures? I know it will be answered, That a due use may be made of them; that they are remembered with a brand of infamy fixed upon them; and set as sea-marks for those who behold them to avoid. And what other use have I made of Maximin? have I proposed him as a pattern to be imitated, whom, even for his impiety to his false gods, I have so severely punished? Nay, as if I had foreseen this objection, I purposely removed the scene of the play, which ought to have been at Alexandria in Egypt, where St Catharine suffered, and laid it under the walls of Aquileia in Italy, where Maximin was slain; that the punishment of his crime might immediately succeed its execution.

This, reader, is what I owed to my just defence, and the due reverence of that religion which I profess, to which all men, who desire to be esteemed good, or honest, are obliged. I have neither leisure nor occasion to write more largely on this subject, because I am already justified by the sentence of the best and most discerning prince in the world, by the suffrage of all unbiassed judges, and above all, by the witness of my own conscience, which abhors the thought of such a crime; to which I ask leave to add my outward conversation, which shall never be justly taxed with the note of atheism or profaneness.

In what else concerns the play, I shall be brief. For the faults of the writing and contrivance, I leave them to the mercy of the reader. For I am as little apt to defend my own errors, as to find those of other poets. Only, I observe, that the

great censors of wit and poetry, either produce nothing of their own, or what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Much of ill nature, and a very little judgment, go far in finding the mistakes of writers.

I pretend not that any thing of mine can be correct. This poem, especially, which was contrived, and written in seven weeks, though afterwards hindered by many accidents from a speedy representation, which would have been its just excuse.

Yet the scenes are every where unbroken, and the unities of place and time more exactly kept, than perhaps is requisite in a tragedy; or, at least, than I have since preserved them in the "Conquest of Granada."

I have not everywhere observed the equality of numbers, in my verse; partly by reason of my haste; but more especially, because I would not have my sense a slave to syllables.

It is easy to discover, that I have been very bold in my alteration of the story, which of itself was too barren for a play; and that I have taken from the church two martyrs, in the persons of Porphyrius, and the empress, who suffered for the Christian faith, under the tyranny of Maximin.

I have seen a French play, called the "Martyrdom of St Catharine." But those, who have read it, will soon clear me from stealing out of so dull an author. I have only borrowed a mistake from him, of one Maximin for another; for finding him in the French poet, called the son of a Thracian herdsman, and an Alane woman, I too easily believed him to have been the same Maximin mentioned in Herodian. Till afterwards, consulting Eusebius and Metaphrastes, I found the Frenchman had betrayed me into an error, when it was too late to alter it, by mistaking that first Maximin for a se-

cond, the contemporary of Constantine the Great, and one of the usurpers of the eastern empire.

But neither was the other name of my play more fortunate; for, as some, who had heard of a tragedy of St Catharine, imagined I had taken my plot from thence; so others, who had heard of another play, called "L'Amour Tyrannique," with the same ignorance, accused me to have borrowed my design from it, because I have accidentally given my play the same title; not having to this day seen it, and knowing only by report that such a comedy is extant in French, under the name of "Monsieur Scudery."

As for what I have said of astral or aërial spirits, it is no invention of mine, but taken from those who have written on that subject. Whether there are such beings or not, it concerns not me; it is sufficient for my purpose, that many have believed the affirmative; and that these heroic representations, which are of the same nature with the epic, are not limited, but with the extremest bounds of what is credible.

For the little critics, who pleased themselves with thinking they have found a flaw in that line of the prologue,

> And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
> Is safe, &c.*

as if I patronized my own nonsense, I may reasonably suppose they have never read Horace. *Serpit humi tutus*, &c. are his words: He, who creeps after plain, dull, common sense, is safe from committing absurdities; but can never reach any height, or excellence of wit; and sure I could not mean, that

* See the prologue to this play.

any excellence were to be found in nonsense. With the same ignorance, or malice, they would accuse me for using—*empty arms*, when I write of a ghost or shadow; which has only the appearance of a body or limbs, and is empty, or void, of flesh and blood; and *vacuis amplectitur ulnis*, was an expression of Ovid's on the same subject. Some fool before them had charged me in "The Indian Emperor" with nonsense in these words,

And follow fate, which does too fast pursue;

which was borrowed from Virgil, in the eleventh of his Æneids,

*Eludit gyro interior, sequiturque sequentem.**

I quote not these to prove, that I never writ nonsense; but only to shew, that they are so unfortunate as not to have found it.

VALE.

* We may be allowed to suspect that this resemblance was discovered *ex post facto*.

PROLOGUE.

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
And malice, in all critics, reigns so high,
That for small errors, they whole plays decry;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but madmen judge or write.
Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
T' impose upon you what he writes for wit;
So hopes, that, leaving you your censure free,
You equal judges of the whole should be:
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care;
And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
Hence 'tis, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loosed the reins, and bid his muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full career,
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To chuse the ground might be to lose the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but those faults, which they want wit to make.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAXIMIN, *Tyrant of Rome.*
PORPHYRIUS, *Captain of the Prætorian Bands.*
CHARINUS, *the Emperor's son.*
PLACIDIUS, *a great officer.*
VALERIUS, ALBINUS, } *Tribunes of the army.*
NIGRINUS, *a Tribune and conjurer.*
AMARIEL, *guardian-angel to St* CATHARINE.
APPOLLONIUS, *a Heathen philosopher.*

BERENICE, *wife to* MAXIMIN.
VALERIA, *daughter to* MAXIMIN.
St CATHARINE, *Princess of Alexandria.*
FELICIA, *her mother.*
EROTION, CYDNON, } *Attendants.*

SCENE—*The Camp of Maximin, under the walls of Aquileia.*

TYRANNIC LOVE;

OR, THE

ROYAL MARTYR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Camp, or Pavilion Royal.*

Enter MAXIMIN, CHARINUS, PLACIDIUS, ALBINUS, VALERIUS, APOLLONIUS, *and Guards.*

Max. Thus far my arms have with success been crown'd,
And found no stop, or vanquish'd what they found.
The German lakes my legions have o'erpast,
With all the bars which art or nature cast:
My foes, in watery fastnesses inclosed,
I fought alone, to their whole war exposed;
Did first the depth of trembling marshes sound,
And fix'd my eagles in unfaithful ground;
By force submitted to the Roman sway
Fierce nations, and unknowing to obey;
And now, for my reward, ungrateful Rome,
For which I fought abroad, rebels at home.
Alb. Yet 'tis their fear which does this war maintain;
They cannot brook a martial monarch's reign.

Your valour would their sloth too much accuse;
And therefore, like themselves they princes chuse.
Plac. Two tame gown'd princes, who at ease debate,
In lazy chairs, the business of the state;
Who reign but while the people they can please,
And only know the little arts of peace.
Char. In fields they dare not fight, where honour calls;
But breathe a faint defiance from their walls.
The very noise of war their souls does wound;
They quake, but hearing their own trumpets sound.
Val. An easy summons but for form they wait,
And to your fame will open wide the gate.
Plac. I wish our fame that swift success may find;
But conquests, sir, are easily design'd.
However soft within themselves they are,
To you they will be valiant by despair:
For, having once been guilty, well they know,
To a revengeful prince they still are so.
Alb. 'Tis true, that, since the senate's succours came,
They grow more bold.
Max. That senate's but a name:
Or they are pageant princes which they make;
That power they give away, they would partake.
Two equal powers two different ways will draw,
While each may check, and give the other law.
True, they secure propriety and peace;
But are not fit an empire to increase.
When they should aid their prince, the slaves dispute;
And fear success should make him absolute.
They let foes conquer, to secure the state,
And lend a sword, whose edge themselves rebate.
Char. When to increase the gods you late are gone,

I'll swiftly chuse to die, or reign alone:
But these half kings our courage cannot fright;
The thrifty state will bargain ere they fight:
Give just so much for every victory,
And rather lose a fight than overbuy.

Max. Since all delays are dangerous in war,
Your men, Albinus, for assault prepare;
Crispinus and Meniphilis, I hear,
Two consulars, these Aquileians cheer;
By whom they may, if we protract the time,
Be taught the courage to defend their crime.

Plac. Put off the assault but only for this day:
No loss can come by such a small delay.

Char. We are not sure to-morrow will be ours:
Wars have, like love, their favourable hours.
Let us use all; for, if we lose one day,
That white one in the crowd may slip away.

Max. Fate's dark recesses we can never find;
But fortune, at some hours, to all is kind:
The lucky have whole days, which still they chuse;
The unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.

Plac. I have consulted one, who reads heaven's doom,
And sees, as present, things which are to come.
'Tis that Nigrinus, made by your command
A tribune in the new Pannonian band.
Him have I seen (on Ister's banks he stood,
Where last we winter'd,) bind the headlong flood
In sudden ice; and, where most swift it flows,
In crystal nets the wond'ring fishes close;
Then, with a moment's thaw, the streams enlarge,
And from the mesh the twinkling guests discharge.
In a deep vale, or near some ruin'd wall,
He would the ghosts of slaughter'd soldiers call;
Who slow to wounded bodies did repair,
And, loth to enter, shiver'd in the air;

These his dread wand did to short life compel,
And forced the fates of battles to foretel.

Max. 'Tis wonderous strange! But, good Placidius, say,
What prophecies Nigrinus of this day?

Plac. In a lone tent, all hung with black, I saw,
Where in a square he did a circle draw;
Four angles, made by that circumference,
Bore holy words inscribed, of mystic sense.
When first a hollow wind began to blow,
The sky grew black, and bellied down more low;
Around the fields did nimble lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the day.
'Midst this was heard the shrill and tender cry
Of well-pleased ghosts, which in the storm did fly;
Danced to and fro, and skimm'd along the ground,
Till to the magic circle they were bound.
They coursing it, while we were fenced within,
We saw this dreadful scene of fate begin.

Char. Speak without fear; what did the vision shew?

Plac. A curtain, drawn, presented to our view
A town besieged; and on the neighbouring plain
Lay heaps of visionary soldiers slain.
A rising mist obscured the gloomy head
Of one, who, in imperial robes, lay dead.
Near this, in fetters, stood a virgin crown'd,
Whom many Cupids strove in vain to wound.
A voice,—*To-morrow*, still *To-morrow* rung;
Another,—*Io, Io Pæan* sung.

Char. Visions and oracles still doubtful are,
And ne'er expounded till the event of war,
The gods' foreknowledge on our swords will wait.
If we fight well, they must foreshow good fate.

To them a Centurion.

Cent. A rising dust, which troubles all the air,
And this way travels, shews some army near.
Char. I hear the sound of trumpets from afar.
[*Exit* ALBINUS.
Max. It seems the voice of triumph, not of war.

To them ALBINUS *again.*

Alb. Health and success our emperor attends.
The forces, marching on the plain, are friends.
Porphyrius, whom you Egypt's prætor made,
Is come from Alexandria to your aid.
Max. It well becomes the conduct and the care
Of one so famed and fortunate in war.
You must resign, Placidius, your command;
To him I promised the prætorian band.
Your duty in your swift compliance show;
I will provide some other charge for you.
Plac. May Cæsar's pleasure ever be obey'd,
With that submission, which by me is paid.—
Now all the curses envy ever knew,
Or could invent, Porphyrius pursue! [*Aside.*
Alb. Placidius does too tamely bear his loss;
[*To* CHARINUS.
This new pretender will all power engross.
All things must now by his direction move,
And you, sir, must resign your father's love.
Char. Yes; every name to his repute must bow;
There grow no bays for any other brow.
He blasts my early honour in the bud,
Like some tall tree, the monster of the wood;
O'ershadowing all which under him would grow,
He sheds his venom on the plants below.
Alb. You must some noble action undertake,
Equal with his your own renown to make.

Char. I am not for a slothful envy born;
I'll do't this day, in the dire vision's scorn.
He comes. We two like the twin stars appear;
Never to shine together in one sphere.
[*Exeunt* CHAR. *and* ALBINUS.

Enter PORPHYRIUS *attended.*

Max. Porphyrius, welcome; welcome as the light
To cheerful birds, or as to lovers night;
Welcome as what thou bring'st me, victory!
Por. That waits, sir, on your arms, and not on me.
You left a conquest more than half achieved,
And for whose easiness I almost grieved.
Yours only the Egyptian laurels are;
I bring you but the relics of your war.
The Christian princess, to receive your doom,
Is from her conquer'd Alexandria come;
Her mother, in another vessel sent,
A storm surprised, nor know I the event.
Both from your bounty must receive their state,
Or must on your triumphant chariot wait.
Max. From me they can expect no grace, whose minds
An execrable superstition blinds.
Apol. The gods, who raised you to the world's command,
Require these victims from your grateful hand.
Por. To minds resolved, the threats of death are vain;
They run to fires, and there enjoy their pain;
Not Mucius made more haste his hand to expose
To greedy flames, than their whole bodies those.
Max. How to their own destruction they are blind!
Zeal is the pious madness of the mind.
Por. They all our famed philosophers defy,
And would our faith by force of reason try.

Apol. I beg it, sir, by all the powers divine,
That in their right this combat may be mine.
Max. It shall; and fifty doctors of our laws
Be added to you, to maintain the cause.

Enter BERENICE, *the Empress;* VALERIA, *daughter to the Emperor, and* EROTION.

Plac. The empress and your daughter, sir, are here.
Por. What dangers in those charming eyes appear!
[*Looking on the Empress.*
How my old wounds are open'd at this view,
And in my murderer's presence bleed anew!
Max. I did expect your coming, to partake
[*To the Ladies.*
The general gladness which my triumphs make.
You did Porphyrius as a courtier know;
But as a conqueror behold him now.
Ber. You know (I read it in your blushing face),
[*To* POR.
To merit, better than receive a grace.
And I know better, silently to own,
Than with vain words to pay your service done.
Por. Princes, like gods, reward ere we deserve;
[*Kneeling to kiss her hand.*
And pay us, in permitting us to serve.
O might I still grow here, and never move! [*Lower.*
Ber. How dangerous are these ecstacies of love!
He shews his passion to a thousand eyes;
He cannot stir, nor can I bid him rise.
That word my heart refuses to my tongue! [*Aside.*
Max. Madam, you let the General kneel too long.
Por. Too long! as if eternity were so. [*Aside.*
Ber. Rise, good Porphyrius—since it must be so.
[*Aside.*
Por. Like hermits from a vision I retire, [*Rising.*
With eyes too weak to see what I admire. [*Aside.*

Val. The empress knows your worth; but, sir, there be
[*To* PORPHYRIUS, *who kisses her hand.*
Those who can value it as high as she.
And 'tis but just (since in my father's cause
You fought) your valour should have my applause.
Plac. O jealousy, how art thou eagle-eyed!
She loves; and would her love in praises hide.
How am I bound this rival to pursue,
Who ravishes my love and fortune too! [*Aside.*
[*A dead march within, and trumpets.*
Max. Somewhat of mournful, sure, my ears does wound;
Like the hoarse murmurs of a trumpet's sound,
And drums unbraced, with soldiers' broken cries.

Enter ALBINUS.

Albinus, whence proceeds this dismal noise?
Alb. Too soon you'll know what I want words to tell.
Max. How fares my son? Is my Charinus well?
Not answer me! Oh my prophetic fear!
Alb. How can I speak, or how, sir, can you hear?
Imagine that which you would most deplore,
And that, which I would speak, is it, or more.
Max. Thy mournful message in thy looks I read.
Is he (oh that I live to ask it!) dead?
Alb. Sir——
Max. Stay; if thou speak'st that word, thou speak'st thy last.
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's past.
Say but he's dead, that God shall mortal be.
Alb. Then, what I dare not speak, look back and see. [CHARINUS *borne in dead by soldiers.*
Max. See nothing, eyes, henceforth, but death and woe;

You've done me the worst office you can do.
You've shewn me destiny's preposterous crime;
An unripe fate, disclosed ere nature's time.
Plac. Assuage, great prince, your passion, lest you shew
There's somewhat in your soul which fate can bow.
Por. Fortune should by your greatness be controul'd:
Arm your great mind, and let her take no hold.
Max. To tame philosophers teach constancy;
There is no farther use of it in me.
Gods!—but why name I you!
All that was worth a prayer to you is gone;—
I ask not back my virtue, but my son.
Alb. His too great thirst of fame his ruin brought;
Though, sir, beyond all human force he fought.
Plac. This was my vision of this fatal day!
Alb. With a fierce haste he led our troops the way,
While fiery showers of sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he, till the battlements he gain'd:
There with a forest of their darts he strove,
And stood, like Capaneus defying Jove;
With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
While fate grew pale, lest he should win the town;
And turn'd the iron leaves of its dark book
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook;
Till, sought by many deaths, he sunk, though late,
And by his fall asserted doubtful fate.
Val. Oh, my dear brother! whom heaven let us see,
And would not longer suffer him to be!
Max. And didst thou not a death with honour chuse, [*To* ALB.
But impudently liv'st to bring this news?
After his loss how did'st thou dare to breathe?
But thy base ghost shall follow him in death.

A decimation I will strictly make
Of all, who my Charinus did forsake;
And of each legion, each centurion
Shall die:——Placidius, see my pleasure done.
Por. Sir, you will lose by this severity,
Your soldiers' hearts.
Max. Why, they take pay to die.
Por. Then spare Albinus only.
Max. I consent
To leave his life to be his punishment.
Discharged from trust, branded with infamy,
Let him live on, till he ask leave to die.
Ber. Let me petition for him.
Max. I have said;
And will not be entreated, but obey'd.
But, empress, whence does your compassion grow?
Ber. You need not ask it, since my birth you know.
The race of Antonines was named the Good:
I draw my pity from my royal blood.
Max. Still must I be upbraided with your line?
I know you speak it in contempt of mine.
But your late brother did not prize me less,
Because I could not boast of images;
And the Gods own me more, when they decreed,
A Thracian shepherd should your line succeed.
Ber. The Gods! O do not name the powers divine,
They never mingled their decrees with thine.
My brother gave me to thee for a wife,
And for my dowry thou didst take his life.
Max. The Gods by many victories have shewn,
That they my merits and his death did own.
Ber. Yes, they have own'd it; witness this just day,
When they begin thy mischiefs to repay.
See the reward of all thy wicked care

Before thee; thy succession ended there.
Yet, but in part my brother's ghost is pleased;
Restless till all the groaning world be eased.
For me, no other happiness I own,
Than to have borne no issue to thy throne.

Max. Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
Revenged at once upon the gods and thee.

Por. What horrid tortures seize my labouring mind,
O, only excellent of all thy kind,
To hear thee threatened, while I idle stand!
Heaven! was I born to fear a tyrant's hand? [*Aside.*

Max. to *Ber.* Hence from my sight!—thy blood,
If thou dost stay——

Ber. Tyrant! too well to that thou know'st the way. [*Going.*

Por. Let baser souls from falling fortunes fly:
I'll pay my duty to her, though I die.
[*Exit, leading her.*

Max. What made Porphyrius so officious be?
The action looked as done in scorn of me.

Val. It did, indeed, some little freedom show;
But somewhat to his services you owe.

Max. Yet if I thought it his presumption were—

Plac. Perhaps he did not your displeasure hear.

Max. My anger was too loud, not to be heard.

Plac. I'm loth to think he did it not regard.

Max. How, not regard!

Val. Placidius, you foment,
On too light grounds, my father's discontent.
But when an action does two faces wear,
'Tis justice to believe what is most fair.
I think, that, knowing what respect there rests
For her late brother in the soldiers' breasts,
He went to serve the emperor; and design'd
Only to calm the tempest in her mind,
Lest some sedition in the camp should rise.

Max. I ever thought him loyal as he's wise.
Since therefore all the Gods their spite have shown
To rob my age of a successive throne;
And you who now remain,
The only issue of my former bed,
In empire cannot, by your sex, succeed;
To bind Porphyrius firmly to the state,
I will this day my Cæsar him create;
And, daughter, I will give him you for wife.
Val. O day, the best and happiest of my life!
Plac. O day, the most accurst I ever knew!
[*Aside.*
Max. See to my son perform'd each funeral due.
Then to the toils of war we will return,
And make our enemies our losses mourn. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE II.—*The Royal Camp.*

Enter BERENICE *and* PORPHYRIUS.

Ber. Porphyrius, you too far did tempt your fate,
In owning her the emperor does hate.
'Tis true, your duty to me it became;
But, praising that, I must your conduct blame.
Por. Not to have own'd my zeal at such a time,
Were to sin higher than your tyrant's crime.
Ber. 'Twas too much, my disgrace to accompany;
A silent wish had been enough for me.
Por. Wishes are aids faint servants may supply,
Who ask heaven for you what themselves deny.
Could I do less than my respect to pay,
Where I before had given my heart away?
Ber. You fail in that respect you seem to bear,
When you speak words unfit for me to hear.

Por. Yet you did once accept those vows I paid.
Ber. Those vows were then to Berenice made;
But cannot now be heard without a sin,
When offer'd to the wife of Maximin.
Por. Has, then, the change of fortune changed your will?
Ah! why are you not Berenice still?
To Maximin you once declared your hate;
Your marriage was a sacrifice to th' state:
Your brother made it to secure his throne,
Which this man made a step to mount it on.
Ber. Whatever Maximin has been, or is,
I am to bear, since heaven has made me his;
For wives, who must themselves of power divest,
When they love blindly, for their peace love best.
Por. If mutual love be vow'd when faith you plight,
Then he, who forfeits first, has lost his right.
Ber. Husbands a forfeiture of love may make;
But what avails the forfeit none can take?
As, in a general wreck,
The pirate sinks with his ill-gotten gains,
And nothing to another's use remains,
So, by his loss, no gain to you can fall:
The sea and vast destruction swallows all.
Por. Yet he, who from the shore the wreck descries,
May lawfully enrich him with the prize.
Ber. Who sees the wreck, can yet no title plead,
Till he be sure the owner first is dead.
Por. If that be all the claim I want to love,
This pirate of your heart I'll soon remove,
And, at one stroke, the world and you set free.
Ber. Leave to the care of heaven that world and me.
Por. Heaven as its instrument my courage sends.

Ber. Heaven ne'er sent those who fight for private ends.
We both are bound by trust, and must be true;
I to his bed, and to his empire you.
For he who to the bad betrays his trust,
Though he does good, becomes himself unjust.
Por. When Brutus did from Cæsar Rome redeem,
The act was good.
Ber. But was not good in him.
You see the Gods adjudged it parricide,
By dooming the event on Cæsar's side.
'Tis virtue not to be obliged at all;
Or not conspire our benefactor's fall.
Por. You doom me then to suffer all this ill,
And yet I doom myself to love you still.
Ber. Dare not Porphyrius suffer then with me,
Since what for him, I for myself decree?
Por. How can I bear those griefs you disapprove?
Ber. To ease them, I'll permit you still to love.
Por. That will but haste my death, if you think fit
Not to reward, but barely to permit.
Love without hope does like a torture wound,
Which makes me reach in pain, to touch the ground.
Ber. If hope, then, to your life so needful be,
Hope still.
Por. Blest news!
Ber. But hope in heaven, not me.
Por. Love is too noble such deceits to use:
Referring me to heaven, your gift I lose.
So princes cheaply may our wants supply,
When they give that, their treasurers deny.
Ber. Love blinds my virtue:—If I longer stay
It will grow dark, and I shall lose my way.
Por. One kiss from this fair hand can be no sin;—
I ask not that you gave to Maximin.

In full reward of all the pains I've past,
Give me but one.
Ber. Then let it be your last.
Por. 'Tis gone!
Like soldiers prodigal of their arrears,
One minute spends the pay of many years.
Let but one more be added to the sum,
And pay at once for all my pains to come.
Ber. Unthrifts will starve, if we before-hand give: [*Pulling back her hand.*
I'll see you shall have just enough to live.

Enter EROTION.

Ero. Madam, the emperor is drawing near;
And comes, they say, to seek Porphyrius here.
Ber. Alas!
Por. I will not ask what he intends:
My life, or death, alone on you depends.
Ber. I must withdraw; but must not let him know [*Aside.*
How hard the precepts of my virtue grow!
But whate'er fortune is for me design'd,
Sweet heaven, be still to brave Porphyrius kind!
[*Exit with* EROTION.
Por. She's gone unkindly, and refused to cast
One glance to feed me for so long a fast.

Enter MAXIMIN, PLACIDIUS, *and Guards.*

Max. Porphyrius, since the Gods have ravish'd one,
I come in you to seek another son.
Succeed him then in my imperial state;
Succeed in all, but his untimely fate.
If I adopt you with no better grace,
Pardon a father's tears upon my face,
And give them to Charinus' memory:
May they not prove as ominous to thee!

Por. With what misfortunes heaven torments me still!
Why must I be obliged to one so ill? [*Aside.*
Max. Those offers which I made you, sir, were such,
No private man should need to balance much.
Por. Who durst his thoughts to such ambition lift? [*Kneeling.*
The greatness of it made me doubt the gift.
The distance was so vast, that to my view
It made the object seem at first untrue;
And now 'tis near, the sudden excellence
Strikes through, and flashes on my tender sense.
Max. Yet heaven and earth, which so remote appear, [*Raising him.*
Are by the air, which flows betwixt them, near;
And 'twixt us two my daughter be the chain,
One end with me, and one with you remain.
Por. You press me down with such a glorious fate, [*Kneeling again.*
I cannot rise against the mighty weight.
Permit I may retire some little space,
And gather strength to bear so great a grace.
[*Exit bowing.*
Plac. How love and fortune lavishly contend,
Which should Porphyrius' wishes most befriend!
The mid-stream's his; I, creeping by the side,
Am shoulder'd off by his impetuous tide. [*Aside.*

Enter VALERIUS *hastily.*

Val. I hope my business may my haste excuse;
For, sir, I bring you most surprising news.
The Christian princess in her tent confers
With fifty of our learn'd philosophers;
Whom with such eloquence she does persuade,
That they are captives to her reasons made.

I left them yielding up their vanquish'd cause,
And all the soldiers shouting her applause;
Even Apollonius does but faintly speak,
Whose voice the murmurs of the assistants break.

Max. Conduct this captive Christian to my tent;
She shall be brought to speedy punishment.
I must in time some remedy provide, [*Exit* VAL.
Lest this contagious error spread too wide.

Plac. To infected zeal you must no mercy shew;
For, from religion all rebellions grow.

Max. The silly crowd, by factious teachers brought
To think that faith untrue, their youth was taught,
Run on in new opinions, blindly bold,
Neglect, contemn, and then assault the old.
The infectious madness seizes every part,
And from the head distils upon the heart.
And first they think their prince's faith not true,
And then proceed to offer him a new;
Which if refused, all duty from them cast,
To their new faith they make new kings at last.

Plac. Those ills by mal-contents are often wrought,
That by their prince their duty may be bought.
They head those holy factions which they hate,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate.
But, sir, the tribune is already here,
With your fair captive.

Max. Bid them both appear

Enter St CATHARINE, VALERIUS, APOLLONIUS, *and Guards.*

See where she comes, with that high air and mien,
Which marks, in bonds, the greatness of a queen.
What pity 'tis!—but I no charms must see
In her, who to our gods is enemy.——
Fair foe of heaven, whence comes this haughty pride, [*To her.*

Or, is it phrenzy does your mind misguide
To scorn our worship, and new gods to find?
S. Cath. Nor pride, nor phrenzy, but a settled mind,
Enlighten'd from above, my way does mark.
Max. Though heaven be clear, the way to it is dark.
S. Cath. But where our reason with our faith does go,
We're both above enlighten'd, and below.
But reason with your fond religion fights,
For many gods are many infinites:
This to the first philosophers was known,
Who, under various names, adored but one;
Though your vain poets, after, did mistake,
Who every attribute a god did make;
And so obscene their ceremonies be,
As good men loath, and Cato blush'd to see.
Max. War is my province!—Priest, why stand you mute?
You gain by heaven, and, therefore, should dispute.
Apol. In all religions, as in ours, there are
Some solid truths, and some things popular.
The popular in pleasing fables lie;
The truths, in precepts of morality.
And these to human life are of that use,
That no religion can such rules produce.
S. Cath. Then let the whole dispute concluded be
Betwixt these rules, and Christianity.
Apol. And what more noble can your doctrine preach,
Than virtue, which philosophy does teach?
To keep the passions in severest awe,
To live to reason, nature's greatest law;
To follow virtue, as its own reward;
And good and ill, as things without regard.

S. Cath. Yet few could follow those strict rules they gave:
For human life will human frailties have;
And love of virtue is but barren praise,
Airy as fame; nor strong enough to raise
The actions of the soul above the sense.
Virtue grows cold without a recompence.
We virtuous acts as duty do regard;
Yet are permitted to expect reward.
Apol. By how much more your faith reward assures,
So much more frank our virtue is than yours.
S. Cath. Blind men! you seek e'en those rewards you blame:
But ours are solid; yours an empty name.
Either to open praise your acts you guide,
Or else reward yourselves with secret pride.
Apol. Yet still our moral virtues you obey;
Ours are the precepts, though applied your way.
S. Cath. 'Tis true, your virtues are the same we teach;
But in our practice they much higher reach.
You but forbid to take another's due,
But we forbid even to desire it too.
Revenge of injuries you virtue call;
But we forgiveness of our wrongs extol:
Immodest deeds you hinder to be wrought,
But we prescribe the least immodest thought.
So much your virtues are in ours refined,
That yours but reach the action, ours the mind.
Max. Answer, in short, to what you heard her speak. [*To* APOL.
Apol. Where truth prevails, all arguments are weak.
To that convincing power I must give place;
And with that truth that faith I will embrace.

Max. O traitor to our gods—but more to me!
Dar'st thou of any faith but of thy prince's be?
But sure thou rav'st; thy foolish error find:
Cast up the poison that infects thy mind,
And shun the torments thou art sure to feel.

Apol. Nor fire, nor torture, nor revenging steel
Can on my soul the least impression make.
How gladly, truth, I suffer for thy sake!
Once I was ignorant of what was so;
But never can abandon truth I know.
My martyrdom I to thy crown prefer;
Truth is a cause for a philosopher.

S. Cath. Lose not that courage which heaven does inspire; [*To* APOL.
But fearless go to be baptised in fire.
Think 'tis a triumph, not a danger near;
Give him your blood; but give him not a tear.
Go, and prepare my seat; and hovering be
Near that bright space, which is reserved for me.

Max. Hence with the traitor; bear him to his fate.

Apol. Tyrant, I fear thy pity, not thy hate:
A life eternal I by death obtain.

Max. Go, carry him where he that life may gain.
[*Exeunt* APOL. VAL. *and Guards.*

Plac. From this enchantress all these ills are come.
You are not safe till you pronounce her doom.
Each hour she lives a legion sweeps away;
She'll make your army martyrs in a day.

Max. 'Tis just. This Christian sorceress shall die.
Would I had never proved her sorcery!
Not that her charming tongue this change has bred;
I fear 'tis something that her eyes have said.
I love; and am ashamed it should be seen. [*Aside.*

Plac. Sir, shall she die?

Max. Consider, she's a queen.

Plac. Those claims in Cleopatra ended were.
Max. How many Cleopatras live in her! [*Aside.*
Plac. When you condemn'd her, sir, she was a queen.
Max. No, slave! she only was a captive then.
S. Cath. My joyful sentence you defer too long.
Max. I never knew that life was such a wrong.
But if you needs will die,—it shall be so.
—Yet think it does from your perverseness flow.
Men say, indeed, that I in blood delight;
But you shall find—haste, take her from my sight!
—For Maximin I have too much confest;
And, for a lover, not enough exprest.
Absent, I may her martyrdom decree;
But one look more will make that martyr me.
[*Exit St.* CATHARINE, *guarded.*
Plac. What is it, sir, that shakes your mighty mind?
Max. Somewhat I am ashamed that thou shouldst find.
Plac. If it be love, which does your soul possess——
Max. Are you my rival, that so soon you guess?
Plac. Far, mighty prince, be such a crime from me; [*Kneeling.*
Which, with the pride, includes impiety.
Could you forgive it, yet the gods above
Would never pardon me a Christian love.
Max. Thou liest.—There's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all heaven forswear.
Even Jove would try more shapes her love to win,
And in new birds, and unknown beasts, would sin.
At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.
Plac. A captive, sir, who would a martyr die?
Max. She courts not death, but shuns captivity.

Great gifts, and greater promises I'll make:
And what religion is't, but they can shake?
She shall live high;—Devotion in distress
Is born, but vanishes in happiness. [*Exit* MAX.

PLAC. [*Solus.*] His son forgot, his empress unappeased—
How soon the tyrant with new love is seized!
Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs, in gentle natures, gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade;
A fire, which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
But I accursed, who servilely must move,
And sooth his passion, for his daughter's love!
Small hope, 'tis true, attends my mighty care;
But of all passions love does last despair. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Pavilion.*

Enter MAXIMIN, PLACIDIUS, *Guards, and Attendants.*

Max. This love, that never could my youth engage,
Peeps out his coward head to dare my age.
Where hast thou been thus long, thou sleeping form,
That wak'st, like drowsy seamen, in a storm?
A sullen hour thou chusest for thy birth.
My love shoots up in tempests, as the earth
Is stirr'd and loosen'd in a blust'ring wind,
Whose blasts to waiting flowers her womb unbind.

Plac. Forgive me, if I say your passions are
So rough, as if in love you would make war.

But love is soft——
And with soft beauty tenderly complies;
In lips it laughs, and languishes in eyes.
Max. There, let it laugh; or, like an infant, weep:
I cannot such a supple passion keep.
Mine, stiff with age, and stubborn as my arms,
Walks upright; stoops not to, but meets her charms.
Plac. Yet fierceness suits not with her gentle kind;
They brave assaults, but may be undermined.
Max. Till I in those mean arts am better read,
Court thou, and fawn, and flatter in my stead.

Enter St CATHARINE.

She comes; and now, methinks, I could obey;
Her form glides through me, and my heart gives way:
This iron heart, which no impression took
From wars, melts down, and runs, if she but look.
[*Exit* MAXIMIN.
Plac. Madam, I from the emperor am come,
To applaud your virtue, and reverse your doom.
He thinks, whatever your religion be,
This palm is owing to your constancy.
S. Cath. My constancy from him seeks no renown;
Heaven, that proposed the course, will give the crown.
Plac. But monarchs are the gods' vicegerents here;
Heaven gives rewards; but what it gives they bear:
From heaven to you the Egyptian crown is sent,
Yet 'tis a prince who does the gift present.
S. Cath. The deity I serve, had he thought fit,
Could have preserved my crown unconquer'd yet:

But when his secret Providence design'd
To level that, he levell'd too my mind;
Which, by contracting its desires, is taught
The humble quiet of possessing nought.

Plac. To stoics leave a happiness so mean:
Your virtue does deserve a nobler scene.
You are not for obscurity design'd,
But, like the sun, must cheer all human kind.

S. Cath. No happiness can be, where is no rest:
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man is only blest.
He, as in some safe cliff, his cell does keep,
From whence he views the labours of the deep.
The gold-fraught vessel, which mad tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his retreat;
And when, from far, the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent joy, that he's not there.

Plac. You have a pilot who your ship secures;
The monarch both of earth and seas is yours;
He, who so freely gives a crown away,
Yet asks no tribute but what you may pay.
One smile on him a greater wealth bestows,
Than Egypt yields, when Nilus overflows.

S. Cath. I cannot wholly innocent appear,
Since I have lived such words as these to hear.
O heaven, which does of chastity take care——

Plac. Why do you lose an unregarded prayer?
If happiness, as you believe, be rest,
That quiet sure is by the gods possest.
'Tis greatness to neglect, or not to know,
The little business of the world below.

S. Cath. This doctrine well befitted him, who thought
A casual world was from wild atoms wrought.
But such an order in each chance we see,
(Chain'd to its cause, as that to its decree,)
That none can think a workmanship so rare
Was built, or kept, without a workman's care.

To them MAXIMIN, *Attendants, and Guards.*

Max. Madam, you from Placidius may have heard
Some news, which will your happiness regard;
For what a greater happiness can be,
Than to be courted and be loved by me?
The Egyptian crown I to your hands remit;
And, with it, take his heart, who offers it.
[*She turns aside.*
Do you my person and my gift contemn?
S. Cath. My hopes pursue a brighter diadem.
Max. Can any brighter than the Roman be?
I find my proffer'd love has cheapen'd me.
Since you neglect to answer my desires,
Know, princess, you shall burn in other fires.
——Why should you urge me to so black a deed?
Think all my anger did from love proceed.
S. Cath. Nor threats nor promises my mind can move;
Your furious anger, nor your impious love.
Max. The love of you can never impious be;
You are so pure——
That in the act 'twould change the impiety.
Heaven would unmake it sin!——
S. Cath. I take myself from that detested sight.
To my respect thou hast no longer right.
Such power in bonds true piety can have,
That I command, and thou art but a slave.
[*Exit St.* CATH.
Max. To what a height of arrogance she swells!
Pride, or ill-nature, still with virtue dwells.
Her death shall set me free this very hour;
——But is her death within a lover's power?
Wild with my rage, more wild with my desire,
Like meeting tides—but mine are tides of fire.

What petty promise was't that caused this frown?

Plac. You heard:—No less than the Egyptian crown.

Max. Throw Egypt's by, and offer, in the stead,
Offer——the crown on Berenice's head.
I am resolved to double till I win;
About it straight, and send Porphyrius in.

[*Exit* PLAC.

We look like eagles towering in the sky;
While her high flight still raises mine more high.

To him PORPHYRIUS.

Por. I come, sir, to expect your great commands.

Max. My happiness lies only in thy hands;
And, since I have adopted thee my son,
I'll keep no secret from thy breast unknown.
Led by the interest of my rising fate,
I did espouse this empress, whom I hate;
And, therefore, with less shame I may declare,
That I the fetters of thy captive wear.

Por. Sir, you amaze me with so strange a love.

Max. Pity, my son, those flames you disapprove.
The cause of love can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind.

Por. Yet there are beauties which attract all hearts,
And all mankind lies open to their darts;
Whose sovereignty, without dispute, we grant;
Such graces, sure your empress does not want.

Max. Beauty has bounds——
And can no more to every heart be so,
Than any coin through every land can go,
Some secret grace, which is but so to me,
Though not so great, may yet more powerful be.
All guard themselves when stronger foes invade;
Yet, by the weak, surprises may be made.
But you, my son, are not to judge, but aid.

Por. What is it, sir, you can require of me?
Max. I would from Berenice's bonds be free;
This yoke of marriage from us both remove,
Where two are bound to draw, though neither love.
Por. Neither the gods nor men will give consent
To put in practice your unjust intent.
Max. Both must consent to that which I decree.
Por. The soldiers love her brother's memory;
And for her sake some mutiny will stir.
Max. Our parting, therefore, shall be sought by her.
Go, bid her sue for a divorce, or die;
I'll cut the knot, if she will not untie.
Haste to prepare her, and thyself return;
Thy Hymen's torch this day with mine shall burn.
[*Exit.*
Por. Rather my funeral-torch; for, though I know
Valeria's fair, and that she loves me too,
'Gainst her my soul is arm'd on every part.
Yet there are secret rivets to my heart,
Where Berenice's charms have found the way;
Subtle as lightnings, but more fierce than they.
How shall I this avoid, or gain that love!
So near the rock, I to the port must move.

To him VALERIA *attended.*

Val. Porphyrius, now my joy I may express,
Nor longer hide the love I must possess.
Should I have staid till marriage made us one,
You might have thought it was by duty done;
But of my heart I now a present make;
And give it you, ere it be yours to take.
Accept it as when early fruit I send;
And let the rareness the small gift commend.

Por. Great monarchs, like your father, often give
What is above a subject to receive.
But faithful officers should countermand
And stop the gift, that passes through their hand;
And to their prince that mass of wealth restore,
Which, lavish'd thus, would make whole nations poor.

Val. But to this gift a double right you have:
My father gives but what before I gave.

Por. In vain you such unequal presents make,
Which I still want capacity to take.
Such fatal bounty once the Gauls did show;
They threw their rings, but threw their targets too.
Bounty, so placed, does more like ruin look;
You pour the ocean on a narrow brook.

Val. Yet, if your love before prepares a boat,
The stream, so pour'd, drowns not, but makes it float.

Por. But when the vessel is on quicksands cast,
The flowing tide does more the sinking haste.

Val. And on what quicksands can your heart be thrown?
Can you a love besides Valeria's own?

Por. If he who at his feet your heart would lay,
Be met with first, and robb'd upon the way,
You may indeed the robber's strength accuse,
But pardon him who did the present lose.

Val. Who is this thief, that does my right possess?
Name her, and then we of her strength may guess.—
From whence does yonr unwonted silence come?

Por. She bound and gagg'd me, and has left me dumb.

Val. But of my wrongs I will aloud complain.
False man, thou would'st excuse thyself in vain;
For thee I did a maiden's blush forsake;
And own'd a love thou hast refused to take.

Por. Refused it!—like a miser midst his store,
Who grasps and grasps, till he can hold no more;
And when his strength is wanting to his mind,
Looks back, and sighs on what he left behind.
Val. No, I resume that heart thou didst possess;
My father shall my injuries redress:
With me thou losest his imperial crown,
And speedy death attends upon his frown.
Por. You may revenge your wrongs a nobler way;
Command my death, and I will soon obey.
Val. No, live! for on thy life my cure depends;
In debtors' deaths all obligation ends.
'Twill be some ease ungrateful thee to call;
And, bankrupt-like, say, trusting him, lost all.
Por. Upbraided thus, what generous man would live!
But fortune will revenge what you forgive.
When I refuse, (as in few hours I must)
This offer'd grace, your father will be just.
Val. Be just! say rather he will cruel prove,
To kill that only person I can love.
Yet so it is!——
Your interest in the army is so high,
That he must make you his, or you must die.—
It is resolved! whoe'er my rival be,
[*Aside, after a pause.*
I'll shew that I deserve him more than she;
And if, at last, he does ungrateful prove,
My constancy itself rewards my love. [*Exit.*
Por. She's gone, and, gazing round about, I see
Nothing but death, or glorious misery;
Here empire stands, if I could love displace;
There, hopeless love, with more imperial grace;
Thus, as a sinking hero, compass'd round,
Beckons his bravest foe for his last wound,

And him into his part of fame does call,
I'll turn my face to love, and there I'll fall.

To him BERENICE, *and* EROTION.

Ber. I come, Porphyrius, to congratulate
This happy change of your exalted fate:
You to the empire are, I hear, design'd;
And fair Valeria must the alliance bind.
Por. Would heaven had my succession so decreed,
That I in all might Maximin succeed!
He offers me the imperial crown, 'tis true.
I would succeed him, but it is in you.
Ber. In me! I never did accept your love:
But you, I see, would handsomely remove;
And I can give you leave without a frown:
I always thought you merited a crown.
Por. I never sought that crown but on your brow;
But you with such indifference would allow
My change, that you have kill'd me with that breath;
I feel your scorn cold as the hand of death.
Ber. You'll come to life in your Valeria's arms.
'Tis true, I cannot boast of equal charms;
Or, if I could, I never did admit
Your love to me, but only suffer'd it.
I am a wife, and can make no return;
And 'twere but vain in hopeless fires to burn.
Por. Unkind! can you, whom only I adore,
Set open to your slave the prison-door?
You use my heart just as you would afford
A fatal freedom to some harmless bird,
Whom, breeding, you ne'er taught to seek its food;
And now let fly to perish in the wood.
Ber. Then, if you will love on, and disobey,
And lose an empire for my sake, you may.

Will a kind look from me pay all this score,
For you well know you must expect no more?
Por. All I deserve it will, not all I wish:
But I will brave the tyrant's rage for this.
If I refuse, my death must needs ensue;
But you shall see that I dare die for you.
Ber. Would you, for me,
A beauty, and an empire too deny?
I love you now so well—that you shall die.
Die mine! 'tis all I can, with honour, give:
Nor should you die, if after, I would live.
But when your marriage and your death I view,
That makes you false, but this will keep you true.
Por. Unbind thy brows, and look abroad to see,
O mighty Love, thy mightiest victory!
Ber. And yet——is there no other way to try?
'Tis hard to say I love, and let you die.
Por. Yes, there remains some help which you might give,
If you, as I would die for love, would live.
Ber. If death for love be sweet, sure life is more:
Teach me the means your safety to restore.
Por. Your tyrant the Egyptian princess loves;
And to that height his swelling passion moves,
That, fearing in your death the soldiers' force,
He from your bed does study a divorce.
Ber. The Egyptian princess I disputing heard,
And as a miracle her mind regard.
But yet I wish that this divorce be true.
[*Gives her hand.*
Por. 'Tis, madam, but it must be sought by you.
By this he will all mutinies prevent;
And this as well secures your own content.
Ber. I hate this tyrant, and his bed I loath;
But, once submitting, I am tied to both;
Tied to that honour, which all women owe,
Though not their husband's person, yet their vow.

Something so sacred in that bond there is,
That none should think there could be aught amiss,
And if there be, we should in silence hide
Those faults, which blame our choice, when they are spied.

Por. But, since to all the world his crimes are known,
And by himself the civil war's begun,
Would you the advantage of the fight delay,
If, striking first, you were to win the day?

Ber. I would, like Jews upon their sabbath, fall;
And, rather than strike first, not strike at all.

Por. Against yourself you sadly prophecy.
You either this divorce must seek, or die.

Ber. Then death from all my griefs shall set me free.

Por. And would you rather chuse your death, than me?

Ber. My earthly part,
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day,
Or else before you, in the sun-beams, play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
At night, I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future love.
And when, at last, in pity, you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
And teach you your first flight in open air.

[*Exit* BERENICE *and* ERATION.

Por. She has but done what honour did require;
Nor can I blame that love, which I admire.
But then her death!
I'll stand betwixt, it first shall pierce my heart;
We will be stuck together on his dart.
But yet the danger not so high does grow;
I'll charge death first, perhaps repulse him too.
But if, o'erpower'd, I must be overcome,
Forced back, I'll fight each inch into my tomb.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Indian cave.*

Enter PLACIDIUS *and* NIGRINUS. NIGRINUS, *with two drawn swords, held upwards in his hands.*

Plac. All other means have fail'd to move her heart;
Our last resource is, therefore, to your art.
Nig. Of wars, and bloodshed, and of dire events,
Of fates, and fighting kings, their instruments,
I could with greater certainty foretell;
Love only does in doubts and darkness dwell.
For, like a wind, it in no quarter stays;
But points and veers each hour a thousand ways.
On women love depends, and they on will;
Chance turns their orb, while destiny sits still.
Plac. Leave nothing unattempted in your power.
Remember you oblige an emperor.
Nig. An earthy fiend by compact me obeys;
But him to light intents I must not raise.
Some astral forms I must invoke by prayer,
Framed all of purest atoms of the air;
Not in their natures simply good or ill;
But most subservient to bad spirits' will.

Nakar of these does lead the mighty band,
For eighty legions move at his command.
Gentle to all, but, far above the rest,
Mild Nakar loves his soft Damilcar best.
In airy chariots they together ride,
And sip the dew as through the clouds they glide:
These are the spirits, which in love have power.

Plac. Haste, and invoke them in a happy hour.

Nig. And so it proves: For, counting seven from noon,
'Tis Venus' hour, and in the waxing moon,
With chalk I first describe a circle here,
Where these ethereal spirits must appear.
Come in, come in; for here they will be strait:
Around, around, the place I fumigate:
My fumigation is to Venus just:
The souls of roses, and red coral's dust;
A lump of Sperma Ceti; and to these
The stalks and chips of Lignum Aloes;
And, last, to make my fumigation good,
'Tis mixt with sparrows' brains, and pigeons' blood.

[NIGRINUS *takes up the swords.*

They come, they come, they come! I hear them now.

Plac. A death-like damp sits cold upon my brow,
And misty vapours swim before my sight.

Nig. They come not in a shape to cause your fright.

NAKAR and DAMILCAR descend in clouds, and sing.

Nakar. *Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!*

Dam. *Let us go, let us go!*
Go to relieve the care
Of longing lovers in despair!

Nakar. *Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,*
Half tippled at a rain-bow feast.

Dam. *In the bright moon-shine, while winds whistle loud,*
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud:
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star.
Nakar. *And drop from above*
In a jelly of love!
Dam. *But now the sun's down, and the elements red,*
The spirits of fire against us make head!
Nakar. *They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air:*
Alas! I must leave thee, my fair;
And to my light horse-men repair.
Dam. *O stay, for you need not to fear them to-night;*
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:
And o'er the wide ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down;
And hiss in the water.
Both. *And hiss in the water, and drown!*
Nakar. *But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,*
And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.
Dam. *Now mortals that spy*
How we tilt in the sky,
With wonder will gaze;
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.
Nakar. *Stay you to perform what the men will have done.*
Dam. *Then call me again when the battle is won.*
Both. *So ready and quick is a spirit of air*
To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
That, silent and swift, the little soft God
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.
[The clouds part, NAKAR flies up, and DAMILCAR down.

Even the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend,
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in youth sincere they send.
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

At the end of the Song a Dance of Spirits. After which AMARIEL, *the Guardian-Angel of St* CATHARINE, *descends to soft music, with a flaming sword. The spirits crawl off the stage amazedly, and* DAMILCAR *runs to a corner of it.*

Amar. From the bright empire of eternal day,
Where waiting minds for heaven's commission stay,
Amariel flies. A darted mandate came
From that Great Will which moves this mighty frame;
Bid me to thee, my royal charge, repair,
To guard thee from the dæmons of the air;
My flaming sword above them to display,
(All keen, and ground upon the edge of day;)
The flat to sweep the visions from thy mind,
The edge to cut them through that stay behind.—
Vain spirits, you, that, shunning heaven's high noon,
Swarm here beneath the concave of the moon,

What folly, or what rage, your duty blinds,
To violate the sleep of holy minds?
Hence, to the task assign'd you here below!
Upon the ocean make loud tempests blow;
Into the wombs of hollow clouds repair,
And crush out thunder from the bladder'd air;
From pointed sun-beams take the mists they drew,
And scatter them again in pearly dew;
And of the bigger drops they drain below,
Some mould in hail, and others stamp in snow.

Dam. Mercy, bright spirit! I already feel
The piercing edge of thy immortal steel.
Thou, prince of day, from elements art free;
And I all body when compared to thee.
Thou tread'st the abyss of light,
And where it streams with open eyes canst go.
We wander in the fields of air below,
Changelings and fools of heaven; and thence shut out,
Wildly we roam in discontent about.
Gross, heavy-fed, next man in ignorance and sin,
And spotted all without, and dusky all within.
Without thy sword I perish by thy sight;
I reel and stagger, and am drunk with light.

Amar. If e'er again thou on this place art found,
Full fifty years I'll chain thee under ground;
The damps of earth shall be thy daily food,
All swoln and bloated like a dungeon toad.
And when thou shalt be freed, yet thou shalt lie
Gasping upon the ground, too faint to fly,
And lag below thy fellows in the sky.

Dam. O pardon, pardon this accursed deed,
And I no more on magic fumes will feed,
Which drew me hither by their powerful streams.

Amar. Go expiate thy guilt in holy dreams.

[*Exit* DAM.

Por. Let not your mighty anger rise too high;
'Tis not Valeria merits it, but I.
My own unworthiness so well I knew,
That from her love I consciously withdrew.
Val. Thus rather than endure the little shame
To be refused, you blast a virgin's name.
You to refuse, and I to be denied!
Learn more discretion, or be taught less pride.
Por. O heaven, in what a labyrinth am I led!
I could get out, but she detains the thread.
Now must I wander on, till I can see,
Whether her pity or revenge it be. [*Aside.*
Max. With what child's anger do you think you play?
I'll punish both, if either disobey.
Val. Since all the fault was mine, I am content,
Porphyrius should not share the punishment.
Por. Blind that I was till now, that could not see
'Twas all the effect of generosity!
She loves me, even to suffer for my sake;
And on herself would my refusal take. [*Aside.*
Max. Children to serve their parents' int'rest live;
Take heed what doom against yourself you give.
[*To* VAL.
Por. Since she must suffer, if I do not speak,
'Tis time the laws of decency to break.—
She told me, sir, that she your choice approved,
And, (though I blush to own it) said she loved;
Loved me desertless, who, with shame, confest
Another flame had seized upon my breast;
Which, when, too late, the generous princess knew,
And fear'd your justice would my crime pursue,
Upon herself she makes the tempest fall,
And my refusal her contempt would call.
Val. He raves, sir, and, to cover my disdain,
Unhandsomely would his denial feign;

And, all means failing him, at last would try
To usurp the credit of a scorn, and die.
But, let him live. His punishment shall be
The grief his pride will bring for losing me.

Max. You both obnoxious to my justice are;
And, daughter, you have not deserved my care.
'Tis my command you strictly guarded be,
Till your fantastic quarrel you agree.

Por. Sir——

Max. I'll not hear you speak, her crime is plain;
She owns her pride, which you perhaps may feign.
She shall be prisoner till she bend her mind
To that, which is for both of you design'd.

Val. You'll find it hard my free-born will to bound.

Max. I'll find that power o'er wills, which Heaven ne'er found.
Free-will's a cheat in any one but me;
In all but kings, 'tis willing slavery;
An unseen fate which forces the desire;
The will of puppets danced upon a wire.
A monarch is
The spirit of the world in every mind;
He may match wolves to lambs, and make it kind.
Mine is the business of your little fates;
And though you war, like petty wrangling states,
You're in my hand; and, when I bid you cease,
You shall be crush'd together into peace.

Val. Thus by the world my courage will be prized; [*Aside.*
Seeming to scorn, who am, alas, despised.
Dying for love's, fulfilling honour's laws;
A secret martyr, while I own no cause. [*Exit* VAL.

Max. Porphyrius, stay; there's something I would hear.
You said you loved, and you must tell me where.

Por. All heaven is to my sole destruction bent.
[*Aside.*

Max. You would, it seems, have leisure to invent.

Por. Her name in pity, sir, I must forbear,
Lest my offences you revenge on her.

Max. My promise for her life I do engage.

Por. Will that, sir, be remember'd in your rage?

Max. Speak, or your silence more my rage will move;
'Twill argue that you rival me in love.

Por. Can you believe that my ambitious flame
Should mount so high as Berenice's name?

Max. Your guilt dares not approach what it would hide;
But draws me off, and (lapwing-like) flies wide.
'Tis not my wife, but mistress, you adore.
Though that affront, yet this offends me more.
Who courts my wife,
Does to my honour more injurious prove,
But he, who courts my mistress, wrongs my love.

Por. The Egyptian princess ne'er could move my heart.

Max. You could not perish by a nobler dart.

Por. Sir, I presume not beauties to compare;
But in my eyes my princess is as fair.

Max. Your princess! then it seems, though you deny
Her name you love, you own her quality.

Por. Though not by birth or title so, yet she,
Who rules my heart, a princess is to me.

Max. No, no;
'Tis plain that word you unawares did use,
And told a truth which now you would excuse.
Besides my wife and mistress, here are none,
Who can the title of a princess own.

Por. There is one more,

Your daughter, sir: Let that your doubt remove.
Max. But she is not that princess whom you love.
Por. I named not love, though it might doubtful seem:
She's fair, and is that princess I esteem.
Max. Go, and to passion your esteem improve,
While I command her to receive your love.
[*Exit* Por.

Enter St Catharine.

S. Cath. I come not now, as captive to your power,
To beg; but, as high heaven's ambassador,
The laws of my religion to fulfil:
Heaven sends me to return you good for ill.
Your empress to your love I would restore,
And to your mind the peace it had before.
Max. While in another's name you peace declare,
Princess, you in your own proclaim a war.
Your too great power does your design oppose;
You make those breaches which you strive to close.
S. Cath. That little beauty, which too much you prize,
Seeks not to move your heart, or draw your eyes;
Your love to Berenice is due alone;
Love, like that Power which I adore, is one.
When fixed to one, it safe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the winds and tides;
But losing once that hold, to the wide ocean borne,
It drives away at will, to every wave a scorn.
Max. If to new persons I my love apply,
The stars and nature are in fault, not I:
My loves are like my old Prætorian bands,
Whose arbitrary power their prince commands;
I can no more make passion come or go,
Than you can bid your Nilus ebb or flow.
'Tis lawless, and will love, and where it list;
And that's no sin, which no man can resist:

Those who impute it to me as a crime,
Would make a god of me before my time.

S. Cath. A god indeed, after the Roman stile,
An eagle mounting from a kindled pile:
But you may make yourself a god below;
For kings, who rule their own desires, are so.
You roam about, and never are at rest,
By new desires, that is, new torments, still possest;
Qualmish and loathing all you had before,
Yet with a sickly appetite to more:
As in a feverish dream you still drink on,
And wonder why your thirst is never gone;
Love, like a ghostly vision, haunts your mind,
'Tis still before you what you left behind.

Max. How can I help those faults which nature made?
My appetite is sickly and decay'd,
And you forbid me change, the sick man's ease!
Who cannot cure, must humour his disease.

S. Cath. Your mind should first the remedy begin;
You seek without the cure that is within.
The vain experiments you make each day,
To find content, still finding it decay,
Without attempting more, should let you see,
That you have sought it where it ne'er could be.
But when you place your joys on things above,
You fix the wandering planet of your love:
Thence you may see
Poor human kind, all dazed in open day,
Err after bliss, and blindly miss their way:
The greatest happiness a prince can know,
Is to love heaven above, do good below.

To them BERENICE *and Attendants.*

Ber. That happiness may Berenice find,
Leaving these empty joys of earth behind;

And this frail being, where so short a while
The unfortunate lament, and prosperous smile.
Yet a few days, and those which now appear
In youth and beauty like the blooming year,
In life's swift scene shall change; and cares shall come,
And heavy age, and death's relentless doom.

S. Cath. Yet man, by pleasures, seeks that fate which he would shun;
And, suck'd in by the stream, does to the whirlpool run.

Max. How, madam, are you to new ways inclined?
I fear the Christian sect perverts your mind.
[*To* BER.

Ber. Yes, tyrant, know, that I their faith embrace,
And own it in the midst of my disgrace;
That faith, which, abject as it seems to thee,
Is nobler than thy purple pageantry;
A faith, which still with nature is at strife,
And looks beyond it to a future life;
A faith, which vicious souls abhor and fear,
Because it shews eternity too near:
And therefore every one,
With seeming scorn of it the rest deceives;
All joining not to own what each believes.

S. Cath. O, happy queen! whom power leads not astray,
Nor youth's more powerful blandishments betray.

Ber. Your arguments my reason first inclined,
And then your bright example fix'd my mind.

Max. With what a holy empress am I blest!
What scorn of earth dwells in her heavenly breast!
My crown's too mean; but He, whom you adore,
Has one more bright, of martyrdom, in store.—
She dies, and I am from the envy freed: [*Aside.*
She has, I thank her, her own death decreed.

No soldier now will in her rescue stir;
Her death is but in complaisance to her.
I'll haste to gratify her holy will;
Heaven grant her zeal may but continue still!—
Tribune, a guard to seize the empress strait;
[*To* VAL.
Secure her person prisoner to the state.
[*Exit* MAX.

Val. [*Going to her.*] Madam, believe 'tis with regret I come,
To execute my angry prince's doom.

Enter PORPHYRIUS.

Por. What is it I behold! Tribune, from whence
Proceeds this more than barbarous insolence?

Val. Sir, I perform the emperor's commands.

Por. Villain, hold off thy sacrilegious hands,
Or, by the gods—retire without reply;
And, if he asks who bid thee, say 'twas I.
[VAL. *retires to a distance.*

Ber. Too generously your safety you expose,
To save one moment her, whom you must lose.

Por. 'Twixt you and death ten thousand lives there stand!
Have courage, madam; the Prætorian band
Will all oppose your tyrant's cruelty.

S. Cath. And I have heaven implored she may not die:
As some to witness truth heaven's call obey,
So some on earth must, to confirm it, stay.

Por. What faith, what witness, is it that you name?

Ber. Knowing what she believes, my faith's the same.

Por. How am I cross'd, what way soe'er I go!
To the unlucky every thing is so.
Now, Fortune, thou hast shewn thy utmost spite;
The soldiers will not for a Christian fight:

And, madam, all that I can promise now,
Is but to die, before death reaches you.
Ber. Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage uncertain dangers may abate;
But who can bear the approach of certain fate?
S. Cath. The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
Ber. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round;
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back;
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap, and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again;
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.
S. Cath. You are not yet enough prepared to die;
Earth hangs too heavy for your soul to fly.
Por. One way (and heaven, I hope, inspires my mind)
I for your safety in this strait can find;
But this fair queen must further my intent.
S. Cath. Name any way your reason can invent.
Por. to *Ber.* Though your religion (which I cannot blame,
Because my secret soul avows the same)
Has made your life a forfeit to the laws,
The tyrant's new-born passion is the cause.
Were this bright princess once removed away,
Wanting the food, the flame would soon decay;

And I'll prepare a faithful guard this night
To attend her person, and secure her flight.
Ber. to *S. Cath.* By this way I shall both from death be freed,
And you unforced to any wicked deed.
S. Cath. Madam, my thoughts are with themselves at strife,
And heaven can witness how I prize your life;
But 'tis a doubtful conflict I must try,
Betwixt my pity and my piety:
Staying, your precious life I must expose;
Going, my crown of martyrdom I lose.
Por. Your equal choice when heaven does thus divide,
You should, like heaven, still lean on mercy's side.
S. Cath. The will of heaven, judged by a private breast,
Is often what's our private interest;
And therefore those, who would that will obey,
Without their interest must their duty weigh.
As for myself, I do not life despise,
But as the greatest gift of nature prize.
My sex is weak, my fears of death are strong,
And whate'er is, its being would prolong.
Were there no sting in death, for me to die,
Would not be conquest, but stupidity.
But if vain honour can confirm the soul,
And sense of shame the fear of death controul;
How much more then should faith uphold the mind,
Which, shewing death, shews future life behind?
Ber. Of death's contempt heroic proofs you give;
But, madam, let my weaker virtue live.
Your faith may bid you your own life resign;
But not when yours must be involved with mine.
Since then you do not think me fit to die,
Ah, how can you that life I beg deny!

S. Cath. Heaven does in this my greatest trial make,
When I, for it, the care of you forsake;
But I am placed, as on a theatre,
Where all my acts to all mankind appear,
To imitate my constancy or fear:
Then, madam, judge what course I should pursue,
When I must either heaven forsake, or you.

Por. Were saving Berenice's life a sin,
Heaven had shut up your flight from Maximin.

S. Cath. Thus with short plummets heaven's deep will we sound,
That vast abyss where human wit is drown'd!
In our small skiff we must not launch too far;
We here but coasters, not discoverers, are.
Faith's necessary rules are plain and few;
We many, and those needless, rules pursue:
Faith from our hearts into our heads we drive,
And make religion all contemplative.
You on heaven's will may witty glosses feign;
But that which I must practise here is plain:
If the All-great decree her life to spare,
He will the means, without my crime, prepare.

[*Exit St.* CATH.

Por. Yet there is one way left! it is decreed,
To save your life, that Maximin shall bleed;
'Midst all his guards I will his death pursue,
Or fall a sacrifice to love and you.

Ber. So great a fear of death I have not shown,
That I would shed his blood to save my own;
My fear is but from human frailty brought,
And never mingled with a wicked thought.

Por. 'Tis not a crime, since one of you must die,
Or is excused by the necessity.

Ber. I cannot to a husband's death consent,
But, by revealing, will your crime prevent.
The horror of this deed

Against the fear of death has arm'd my mind,
And now less guilt in him than you I find.
If I a tyrant did detest before,
I hate a rebel, and a traitor more.
Ungrateful man!
Remember whose successor thou art made,
And then thy benefactor's life invade.—
Guards, to your charge I give your prisoner back,
And will from none but heaven my safety take.
[*Exit with* VALERIUS *and Guards.*

Por. [*Solus.*] 'Tis true, what she has often urged before,
He's both my father, and my emperor!
O honour, how can'st thou invent a way
To save my queen, and not my trust betray!
Unhappy I, that e'er he trusted me!
As well his guardian-angel may his murderer be.
And yet——let honour, faith, and virtue fly,
But let not love in Berenice die.
She lives!——
That's put beyond dispute, as firm as fate;
Honour and faith let argument debate.

Enter MAXIMIN *and* VALERIUS *talking, and Guards.*

Max. 'Tis said, but I am loth to think it true,
[*To* POR.
That my late orders were contemn'd by you;
That Berenice from her guards you freed.

Por. I did it, and I glory in the deed.

Max. How, glory my commands to disobey!

Por. When those commands would your renown betray.

Max. Who should be judge of that renown you name,
But I?

Por. Yes, I, and all who love your fame.

Max. Porphyrius, your replies are insolent.
Por. Sir, they are just, and for your service meant.
If for religion you our lives will take,
You do not the offenders find, but make.
All faiths are to their own believers just;
For none believe, because they will, but must.
Faith is a force from which there's no defence;
Because the reason it does first convince:
And reason conscience into fetters brings;
And conscience is without the power of kings.
Max. Then conscience is a greater prince than I,
At whose each erring call a king may die!
Who conscience leaves to its own free command,
Puts the worst weapon in a rebel's hand.
Por. Its empire, therefore, sir, should bounded be,
And, but in acts of its religion, free:
Those who ask civil power and conscience too,
Their monarch to his own destruction woo.
With needful arms let him secure his peace;
Then, that wild beast he safely may release.
Max. I can forgive these liberties you take,
While but my counsellor yourself you make:
But you first act your sense, and then advise;
That is, at my expence you will be wise.
My wife I for religion do not kill;
But she shall die—because it is my will.
Por. Sir, I acknowledge I too much have done,
And therefore merit not to be your son:
I render back the honours which you gave;
My liberty's the only gift I crave.
Max. You take too much—but, ere you lay it down,
Consider what you part with in a crown:
Monarchs of cares in policy complain,
Because they would be pitied, while they reign;

For still the greater troubles they confess,
They know their pleasures will be envied less.
Por. Those joys I neither envy nor admire;
But beg I from the troubles may retire.
Max. What soul is this which empire cannot stir!
Supine and tame as a philosopher!
Know then, thou wert adopted to a throne,
Not for thy sake so much as for my own.
My thoughts were once about thy death at strife;
And thy succession's thy reprieve for life.
Por. My life and death are still within your power;
But your succession I renounce this hour.
Upon a bloody throne I will not sit,
Nor share the guilt of crimes which you commit.
Max. If you are not my Cæsar, you must die.
Por. I take it as the nobler destiny.
Max. I pity thee, and would thy faults forgive;
But, thus presuming on, thou canst not live.
Por. Sir, with your throne your pity I restore;
I am your foe, nor will I use it more.
Now all my debts of gratitude are paid,
I cannot trusted be, nor you betray'd. [*Is going.*
Max. Stay, stay! in threatening me to be my foe,
You give me warning to conclude you so.
Thou to succeed a monarch in his seat!

Enter PLACIDIUS.

No, fool, thou art too honest to be great!—
Placidius, on your life this prisoner keep:
Our enmity shall end before I sleep.
Plac. I still am ready, sir, whene'er you please,
[*To* POR.
To do you such small services as these.

Max. The sight, with which my eyes shall first be fed,
Must be my empress' and this traitor's head.
Por. Where'er thou stand'st, I'll level at that place
My gushing blood, and spout it at thy face.
Thus, not by marriage, we our blood will join;
Nay more, my arms shall throw my head at thine.
[*Exit guarded.*
Max. There, go, Adoption! I have now decreed,
That Maximin shall Maximin succeed:
Old as I am, in pleasures I will try
To waste an empire yet before I die:
Since life is fugitive, and will not stay,
I'll make it fly more pleasantly away. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter VALERIA *and* PLACIDIUS.

Val. If, as you say, you silently have been
So long my lover, let my power be seen.
One hour's discourse before Porphyrius die,
Is all I ask, and you too may be by.
Plac. I must not break
The order, which the emperor did sign.
Val. Has then his hand more power with you than mine?
Plac. This hand, if given, would far more powerful be
Than all the monarchs of the world to me:
But 'tis a bait which would my heart betray;
And, when I'm fast, will soon be snatch'd away.
Val. O say not so; for I shall ever be
Obliged to him, who once obliges me.

Plac. Madam, I'll wink, and favour the deceit;
But know, fair cozener, that I know the cheat:
Though to these eyes I nothing can refuse,
I'll not the merit of my ruin lose.
It is enough I see the hook, and bite;
But first I'll pay my death with my delight.
[*Kisses her hand, and exit.*

Val. What can I hope from this sad interview?
And yet my brave design I will pursue.
By many signs I have my rival found;
But fortune him, as deep as me, does wound.
For, if he loves the empress, his sad fate
More moves my pity, than his scorn my hate.

To her PLACIDIUS, *with* PORPHYRIUS.

Plac. I am, perhaps, the first,
Who, forced by fate, and in his own despite,
Brought a loved rival to his mistress' sight.

Val. But, in revenge, let this your comfort be,
That you have brought a man who loves not me.
However, lay your causeless envy by;
He is a rival, who must quickly die.

Por. And yet I could, with less concernment, bear
That death of which you speak, than see you here.
So much of guilt in my refusal lies,
That, debtor-like, I dare not meet your eyes.

Val. I do not blame you, if you love elsewhere;
And would to heaven I could your sufferings bear,
Or once again could some new way invent,
To take upon myself your punishment!
I sent for you, to let you know, that still,
Though now I want the power, I have the will.

Plac. Can all this ocean of your kindness be
Pour'd upon him, and not one drop on me?

Val. 'Tis pour'd; but falls from this ungrateful man,
Like drops of water from a rising swan.
Upon his breast no sign of wet remains;
He bears his love more proudly than his chains.
Por. This thankless man his death will soon remove,
And quickly end so undeserved a love.
Val. Unthankful as you are, I know not why,
But still I love too well, to see you die.—
Placidius, can you love, and see my grief,
And for my sake not offer some relief?
Plac. Not all the gods his ruin shall prevent;
Your kindness does but urge his punishment.
Besides, what can I for his safety do?
He has declared himself your father's foe.
Val. Give out he has escaped, and set him free;
And, if you please, lay all the fault on me.
Por. O, do not on those terms my freedom name!
Freed by your danger, I should die with shame.
Plac. I must not farther by your prayers be won:
All I could do, I have already done. [*To her.*
Val. To bring Porphyrius only to my sight,
Was not to shew your pity, but your spite.
Would you but half oblige her you adore?
You should not have done this, or should do more.
Plac. Alas! what hope can there be left for me,
When I must sink into the mine I see?
My heart will fall before you, if I stay;
Each word you speak saps part of it away.
——Yet all my fortune on his death is set;
And he may love her, though he loves not yet.
He must—and yet she says he must not die.—
O, if I could but wink, I could deny!

To them ALBINUS.

Alb. The emperor expects your prisoner strait;
And with impatience for his death does wait.
Plac. Nay, then it is too late my love to weigh;
Your pardon, madam, if I must obey.
[*Exit* ALBINUS.
Por. I am prepared; he shall not long attend.
Val. Then here my prayers and my submissions end.
Placidius, know, that hour in which he dies,
My death (so well I love) shall wait on his.
Plac. O, madam, do not fright me with your death!
Val. My life depends alone upon his breath.
But, if I live in him, you do not know
How far my gratitude to you may go.
I do not promise—but it so may prove,
That gratitude, in time, may turn to love.
Try me——
Plac. Now I consider it, I will:
[*Musing a little.*
'Tis in your power to save him, or to kill.
I'll run the hazard to preserve his life,
If, after that, you vow to be my wife.
Val. Nay, good Placidius, now you are too hard.
Would you do nothing but for mere reward?
Like usurers to men in want you prove,
When you would take extortion for my love.
Plac. You have concluded, then, that he must die? [*Going with* PORPHYRIUS.
Val. O stay! if no price else his life can buy,
My love a ransom for his life I give:
Let my Porphyrius for another live.
[*Holding her handkerchief before her face.*
Por. You too much value the small merchandise;
My life's o'er-rated, when your love's the price.

Enter ALBINUS.

Alb. I long have listen'd to your generous strife,
As much concern'd for brave Porphyrius' life.
For mine I to his favour owed this day;
Which with my future service I will pay.

Plac. Lest any your intended flight prevent,
I'll lead you first the back-way to my tent;
Thence, in disguise, you may the city gain,
While some excuse for your escape I feign.

Val. Farewell! I must not see you when you part; [*Turning her face away.*
For that last look would break my tender heart.
Yet——let it break——I must have one look more.
[*Looking on him.*
Nay, now I'm less contented than before;
For that last look draws on another too;
Which sure I need not, to remember you.
For ever——yet I must one glance repeat;
But quick and short as starving people eat.
So much humanity dwell in your breast,
Sometimes to think on her who loves you best!
[*Going—he takes her hand and kisses it.*

Por. My wandering steps wherever fortune bear,
Your memory I in my breast will wear;
Which, as a precious amulet, I still
Will carry, my defence and guard from ill.
Though to my former vows I must be true,
I'll ever keep one love entire for you;
That love, which brothers with chaste sisters make:
And by this holy kiss, which now I take
From your fair hand——
This common sun, which absent both shall see,
Shall ne'er behold a breach of faith in me.

Val. Go, go! my death will your short vows restore;
You've said enough, and I can hear no more.
[*Exeunt* VAL. *one way, and* POR. *and* ALB. *another.*

Plac. Love and good nature, how do you betray!
Misleading those who see and know their way!
I, whom deep arts of state could ne'er beguile,
Have sold myself to ruin for a smile.
Nay, I am driven so low, that I must take
That smile, as alms, given for my rival's sake.

Enter MAXIMIN, *talking with* VALERIUS.

Max. And why was I not told of this before?
Val. Sir, she this evening landed on the shore;
For with her daughter being prisoner made,
She in another vessel was convey'd.
Max. Bring hither the Egyptian princess strait.
[*To* PLAC.
And you, Valerius, on her mother wait.
[*Exit* VAL.
Plac. The mother of the Egyptian princess here!
Max. Porphyrius' death I will a while defer,
And this new opportunity improve,
To make my last effort upon her love.—
[*Exit* PLAC.
Those, who have youth, may long endure to court;
But he must swiftly catch, whose race is short.
I in my autumn do my siege begin;
And must make haste, ere winter comes, to win.
This hour—no longer shall my pains endure—
Her love shall ease me, or her death shall cure.

Enter at one door FELICIA *and* VALERIUS, *at the other St* CATHARINE *and* PLACIDIUS.

S. Cath. O, my dear mother!

Fel. With what joy I see
My dearest daughter from the tempest free!
S. Cath. Dearer than all the joys vain empire yields,
Or than to youthful monarchs conquer'd fields!
Before you came, my soul,
All fill'd with heaven, did earthly joys disdain:
But you pull back some part of me again.
Plac. You see, sir, she can own a joy below.
Max. It much imports me that this truth I know.
Fel. How dreadful death does on the waves appear,
Where seas we only see, and tempests hear!
Such frightful images did then pursue
My trembling soul, that scarce I thought of you.
Plac. All circumstances to your wish combine:
Her fear of death advances your design. [*To* MAX.
Fel. But to that only power we serve I pray'd,
Till He, who bid it rise, the tempest laid.
Max. You are a Christian then! [*To* FELICIA.
For death this very hour you must prepare.
I have decreed no Christian's life to spare.
Fel. For death! I hope you but my courage try:
Whatever I believe, I dare not die.
Heaven does not, sure, that seal of faith require;
Or, if it did, would firmer thoughts inspire.
A woman's witness can no credit give
To truths divine, and therefore I would live.
Max. I cannot give the life which you demand:
But that and mine are in your daughter's hand.
Ask her, if she will yet her love deny,
And bid a monarch, and her mother, die.
Fel. Now, mighty prince, you cancel all my fear:
My life is safe, when it depends on her.—

How can you let me languish thus in pain?
[*To St.* CATH.
Make haste to cure those doubts which yet remain.
Speak quickly, speak, and ease me of my fear.
S. Cath. Alas, I doubt it is not you I hear!
Some wicked fiend assumes your voice and face,
To make frail nature triumph over grace.
It cannot be,
That she, who taught my childhood piety,
Should bid my riper age my faith deny;
That she, who bid my hopes this crown pursue,
Should snatch it from me when 'tis just in view.
Fel. Peace, peace! too much my age's shame you show:
How easy 'tis to teach! how hard to do!
My labouring thoughts are with themselves at strife;
I dare not die, nor bid you save my life.
Max. You must do one, and that without delay;
Too long already for your death I stay.
I cannot with your small concerns dispense;
For deaths of more importance call me hence.
Prepare to execute your office strait.
[*To his Guards.*
Fel. O stay, and let them but one minute wait!
Such quick commands for death you would not give,
If you but knew how sweet it were to live.
Max. Then bid her love.
Fel. Is duty grown so weak,
[*To St.* CATH.
That love's a harder word than death to speak?
S. Cath. Oh!
Fel. Mistake me not; I never can approve
A thing so wicked as the tyrant's love.

I ask you would but some false promise give,
Only to gain me so much time to live.
[*Privately to St.* CATHARINE.
S. Cath. That promise is a step to greater sin:
The hold, once lost, we seldom take again.
Each bound to heaven we fainter essays make,
Still losing somewhat, till we quite go back.
Max. Away! I grant no longer a reprieve.
Fel. O, do but beg my life, and I may live.
[*To St.* CATH.
Have you not so much pity in your breast?
He stays to have you make it your request.
S. Cath. To beg your life,
Is not to ask a grace of Maximin:
It is a silent bargain for a sin.
Could we live always, life were worth our cost;
But now we keep with care what must be lost.
Here we stand shivering on the bank, and cry,
When we should plunge into eternity.
One moment ends our pain;
And yet the shock of death we dare not stand,
By thought scarce measured, and too swift for sand:
'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.
Let me the experiment before you try,
I'll shew you first how easy 'tis to die.
Max. Draw then that curtain, and let death appear,
And let both see how easy 'twill be there.

The SCENE *opens, and shews the Wheel.*

Fel. Alas, what torments I already feel!
Max. Go, bind her hand and foot beneath that wheel.

Four of you turn the dreadful engine round;
Four others hold her fasten'd to the ground;
That, by degrees, her tender breasts may feel,
First, the rough razings of the pointed steel;
Her paps then let the bearded tenters stake,
And on each hook a gory gobbet take;
Till the upper flesh, by piece-meal torn away,
Her beating heart shall to the sun display.

Fel. My dearest daughter, at your feet I fall;
[*Kneeling.*
Hear, oh yet hear your wretched mother's call!
Think, at your birth, ah think what pains I bore,
And can your eyes behold me suffer more?
You were the child, which from your infancy
I still loved best, and then you best loved me.
About my neck your little arms you spread,
Nor could you sleep without me in the bed;
But sought my bosom when you went to rest,
And all night long would lie across my breast.
Nor without cause did you that fondness show.
You may remember when our Nile did flow,
While on the bank you innocently stood,
And with a wand made circles in the flood,
That rose, and just was hurrying you to death,
When I, from far, all pale and out of breath,
Ran and rushed in——
And from the waves my floating pledge did bear,
So much my love was stronger than my fear.
But you——

Max. Woman, for these long tales your life's too short.—
Go, bind her quickly, and begin the sport.

Fel. No, in her arms my sanctuary's placed;
Thus I will cling for ever to her waist.
[*Running to her daughter.*

Max. What, must my will by women be controul'd?
Haste, draw your weapons, and cut off her hold!
S. Cath. Thus my last duty to you let me pay:
[*Kissing her mother.*
Yet, tyrant, I to thee will never pray.
Though hers to save I my own life would give,
Yet by my sin my mother shall not live.
To thy foul lust I never can consent;
Why dost thou then defer my punishment?
I scorn those gods thou vainly dost adore;
Contemn thy empire, but thy bed abhor.
If thou would'st yet a bloodier tyrant be,
I will instruct thy rage; begin with me.
Max. I thank thee that thou dost my anger move;
It is a tempest that will wreck my love.
I'll pull thee hence, close hidden as thou art,
[*Claps his hand to his breast.*
And stand with my drawn sword before my heart.
Yes, you shall be obey'd, though I am loth;——
Go, and while I can bid you, bind them both;
Go, bind them ere my fit of love return;
Fire shall quench fire, and anger love shall burn.
Thus I prevent those follies I should do;
And 'tis the nobler fever of the two.
Fel. Torn piece by piece! alas, what horrid pains!
S. Cath. Heaven is all mercy, who that death ordains;
And that, which Heaven thinks best, is surely so:
But bare, and naked, shame to undergo,
'Tis somewhat more than death!
Exposed to lawless eyes I dare not be;
My modesty is sacred, Heaven, to thee!
Let not my body be the tyrant's spoil;
Nor hands nor eyes thy purity defile.
[AMERIEL *descends swiftly with a flaming sword,*

and strikes at the Wheel, which breaks in pieces; then he ascends again.

Max. Is this the effect of all your boasted skill?
These brittle toys to execute my will?
A puppet-shew of death I only find,
Where I a strong and sinewy pain design'd.
By what weak infant was this engine wrought?

Val. From Bilbilis the temper'd steel was brought;
Metal more tough the anvil ne'er did beat,
Nor, from the forge, did hissing waters heat.

Plac. I saw a youth descend all heavenly fair,
Who in his hand a flaming sword did bear,
And, whirlwind-like, around him drove the air.
At his raised arm the rigid iron shook,
And, bending backwards, fled before the stroke.

Max. What! miracles, the tricks of heaven to me?
I'll try if she be wholly iron-free.
If not by sword, then she shall die by fire;
And one by one her miracles I'll tire.
If proof against all kind of death she be,
My love's immortal, and she's fit for me.

S. Cath. No, heaven has shewn its power, and now thinks fit
Thee to thy former fury to remit.
Had providence my longer life decreed,
Thou from thy passion hadst not yet been freed.
But Heaven, which suffer'd that, my faith to prove,
Now to itself does vindicate my love.
A power controuls thee, which thou dost not see;
And that's a miracle it works in thee.

Max. The truth of this new miracle we'll try;
To prove it, you must take the pains to die.—
Bring me their heads.

Fel. That mercy, tyrant, thou deny'st to me,
At thy last breath may Heaven refuse to thee!

My fears are going, and I death can view.
I see, I see him there thy steps pursue,
And, with a lifted arm, and silent pace,
Stalk after thee, just aiming in his chace.

S. Cath. No more, dear mother; ill in death it shows
Your peace of mind by rage to discompose:
No streak of blood (the relics of the earth)
Shall stain my soul in her immortal birth;
But she shall mount all pure, a white and virgin mind,
And full of all that peace, which there she goes to find.

[*Exeunt St* CATHARINE *and* FELICIA, *with* VALERIUS, *and Guards. The scene shuts.*

Max. She's gone, and pull'd my heart-strings as she went.
Were penitence no shame, I could repent.
Yet, 'tis of bad example she should live;
For I might get the ill habit, to forgive.
Thou soft seducer of my heart, away!
Who ling'ring would'st about its confines stay,
To watch when some rebellion would begin,
And ready at each sigh to enter in.
In vain; for thou
Dost on the outside of the body play,
And, when drawn nearest, shall be whirl'd away.
What ails me, that I cannot lose thy thought!——
Command the empress hither to be brought;
[*To* PLAC.
I in her death shall some diversion find,
And rid my thoughts at once of woman-kind.

Plac. 'Tis well he thinks not of Porphyrius yet.
[*Aside, Exit.*

Max. How hard it is this beauty to forget!
My stormy rage has only shook my will:
She crept down lower, but she sticks there still.

Fool that I am, to struggle thus with love!
Why should I that, which pleases me, remove?
True, she should die, were she concern'd alone;
But I love, not for her sake, but my own.
Our Gods are Gods, 'cause they have power and will;
Who can do all things, can do nothing ill.
Ill is rebellion 'gainst some higher power:
The world may sin, but not its emperor.
My empress then shall die, my princess live;
If this be sin, I do myself forgive.

To him, VALERIUS.

Val. Your will's obey'd; for, mighty emperor,
The princess and her mother are no more.
Max. She is not dead!
Val. Great sir, your will was so.
Max. That was my will of half an hour ago.
But now 'tis altered; I have changed her fate,
She shall not die.
Val. Your pity comes too late.
Betwixt her guards she seem'd by bride-men led,
Her cheeks with cheerful blushes were o'erspread;
When, smiling, to the axe she bow'd her head,
Just at the stroke,
Ætherial music did her breath prepare,
Like joyful sounds of spousals in the air;
A radiant light did her crown'd temples gild,
And all the place with fragrant scents was fill'd;
The balmy mist came thickening to the ground,
And sacred silence cover'd all around.
But when (its work perform'd) the cloud withdrew,
And day restored us to each other's view,
I sought her head, to bring it on my spear;
In vain I sought it, for it was not there;

No part remain'd; but, from afar, our sight
Discover'd in the air long tracts of light;
Of charming notes we heard the last rebounds,
And music dying in remoter sounds.
Max. And dost thou think
This lame account fit for a love-sick king?
Go, from the other world a better bring.
[*Kills him, then sets his foot on him, and speaks on.*
When in my breast two mighty passions strove,
Thou had'st err'd better in obeying love.
'Tis true, that way thy death had follow'd too,
But I had then been less displeased than now.
Now I must live unquiet for thy sake;
And this poor recompence is all I take.
[*Spurns the body.*

Here the Scene opens, and discovers BERENICE *on a scaffold, the Guards by her, and amongst them* PORPHYRIUS *and* ALBINUS, *like Moors, as all the Guards are.* PLACIDIUS *enters, and whispers the Emperor whilst* PORPHYRIUS *speaks.*

Por. From Berenice I cannot go away,
But, like a ghost, must near my treasure stay.
Alb. Night and this shape secure us from their eyes.
Por. Have courage then for our bold enterprize.
Duty and faith no tie on me can have,
Since I renounced those honours which he gave.
Max. The time is come we did so long attend,
[*To* BER.
Which must these discords of our marriage end.
Yet Berenice, remember you have been
An empress, and the wife of Maximin.
Ber. I will remember I have been your wife;
And therefore, dying, beg from heaven your life:

Be all the discords of our bed forgot,
Which, virtue witness, I did never spot.
What errors I have made, though while I live
You cannot pardon, to the dead forgive.

Max. How much she is to piety inclined!
Behead her, while she's in so good a mind.

Por. Stand firm, Albinus; now the time is come
To free the empress.

Alb. And deliver Rome.

Por. Within I feel my hot blood swell my heart,
And generous trembling in each outward part.
'Tis done, tyrant, this is thy latest hour.

[PORPHYRIUS *and* ALBINUS *draw, and are making at the Emperor.*

Ber. Look to yourself, my lord the emperor!
Treason, help, help, my lord!

[MAXIMIN *turns and defends himself, the Guards set on* PORPHYRIUS *and* ALBINUS.

Max. Disarm them, but their lives I charge you spare. [*After they are disarmed.*
Unmask them, and discover who they are.——
Good Gods, is it Porphyrius whom I see!

Plac. I wonder how he gain'd his liberty.

Max. Traitor!

Por. Know, tyrant, I can hear that name,
Rather than son, and bear it with less shame.
Traitor's a name, which, were my arm yet free,
The Roman senate would bestow on thee.—
Ah, madam, you have ruin'd my design, [*To* BER.
And lost your life; for I regard not mine.
Too ill a mistress, and too good a wife.

Ber. It was my duty to preserve his life.

Max. Now I perceive [*To* POR.
In what close walk your mind so long did move:
You scorn'd my throne, aspiring to her love.

Ber. In death I'll own a love to him so pure,
As will the test of heaven itself endure;

A love so chaste, as conscience could not chide;
But cherish it, and keep it by its side.
A love, which never knew a hot desire,
But flamed as harmless as a lambent fire;
A love, which pure from soul to soul might pass,
As light transmitted through a crystal glass;
Which gave Porphyrius all without a sin,
Yet kept entire the right of Maximin.

Max. The best return that I to both can make,
Shall be to suffer for each other's sake.

Por. Barbarian, do not dare her blood to shed,
Who from my vengeance saved thy cursed head;
A flight, no honour ever reach'd before,
And which succeeding ages will adore.

Ber. Porphyrius, I must die!
That common debt to nature paid must be;
But I have left a debt unpaid to thee.
To Maximin
I have perform'd the duty of a wife;
But, saving his, I cast away thy life.
Ah, what ill stars upon our loves did shine,
That I am more thy murd'rer, than he mine!

Max. Make haste.

Por. So hasty none in execution are,
But they allow the dying time for prayer.—
Farewell, sweet saint! my prayer shall be to you:
My love has been unhappy, but 'twas true.
Remember me!—Alas, what have I said?
You must die too!
But yet remember me when you are dead.

Ber. If I die first, I will
Stop short of heaven, and wait you in a cloud;
For fear we lose each other in the crowd.

Por. Love is the only coin in heaven will go:
Then take all with you, and leave none below.

Ber. 'Tis want of knowledge, not of love, I fear;
Lest we mistake when bodies are not there.

O, as a mark, that I could wear a scroll,
With this inscription,—Berenice's soul.
Por. That needs not, sure; for none will be so bright,
So pure, or with so small allays of light.
Max. From my full eyes fond tears begin to start;—
Despatch,—they practise treason on my heart.
Por. Adieu! This farewell sigh I as my last bequeath;
Catch it,—'tis love expiring in a breath.
Ber. This sigh of mine shall meet it half the way,
As pledges given that each for other stay.

Enter VALERIA *and* CYDON.

Val. What dismal scene of death is here prepared!
Max. Now strike.
Val. They shall not strike till I am heard.
Max. From whence does this new impudence proceed,
That you dare alter that which I decreed?
Val. Ah, sir, to what strange courses do you fly,
To make yourself abhorr'd for cruelty!
The empire groans under your bloody reign,
And its vast body bleeds in every vein.
Gasping and pale, and fearing more, it lies;
And now you stab it in the very eyes:
Your Cæsar and the partner of your bed!
Ah, who can wish to live when they are dead?
If ever gentle pity touch'd your breast—
I cannot speak—my tears shall speak the rest.
[*Weeping and sobbing.*
Por. She adds new grief to what I felt before,
And fate has now no room to put in more.
Max. Away, thou shame and slander of my blood!
[*To* VALERIA.
Who taught thee to be pitiful or good?

Val. What hope have I,
The name of virtue should prevail with him,
Who thinks even it, for which I plead, a crime?—
Yet nature, sure, some argument may be;
If them you cannot pity, pity me.
Max. I will, and all the world shall judge it so:
I will the excess of pity to you shew.
You ask to save
A dangerous rebel, and disloyal wife;
And I in mercy—will not take your life.
Val. You more than kill me by this cruelty,
And in their persons bid your daughter die.
I honour Berenice's virtue much;
But for Porphyrius my love is such,
I cannot, will not live, when he is gone.
Max. I'll do that cure for you, which on myself is done.
You must, like me, your lover's life remove;
Cut off your hope, and you destroy your love.
If it were hard, I would not bid you try
The medicine; but 'tis but to let him die.
Yet since you are so soft, (which you call good,)
And are not yet confirm'd enough in blood,
To see his death;
Your frailty shall be favour'd with this grace,
That they shall suffer in another place.
If, after they are dead, their memory
By any chance into your mind be brought,
Laugh, and divert it with some other thought.—
Away with them.
[*Exeunt* BERENICE, PORPHYRIUS, *and* ALBINUS, *carried off by Guards.*
Val. Since prayers nor tears can bend his cruel mind, [*Looking after* POR.
Farewell, the best and bravest of mankind!
How I have loved, heaven knows; but there's a fate,
Which hinders me from being fortunate.

My father's crimes hang heavy on my head,
And like a gloomy cloud about me spread.
I would in vain be pious; that's a grace,
Which heaven permits not to a tyrant's race.

Max. Hence to her tent the foolish girl convey.

Val. Let me be just before I go away.—
Placidius, I have vow'd to be your wife;
Take then my hand, 'tis yours while I have life.—
One moment here I must another's be;
But this, Porphyrius, gives me back to thee.

[*Stabs herself twice, and then* PLACIDIUS *wrests the dagger from her.*

Plac. Help, help the princess, help!

Max. What rage has urged this act, which thou hast done?

Val. Thou, tyrant, and thy crimes, have pull'd it on.
Thou, who canst death with such a pleasure see,
Now take thy fill, and glut thy sight in me.
But—I'll the occasion of my death forget;
Save him I love, and be my father yet:
I can no more—Porphyrius, my dear——

Cyd. Alas, she raves, and thinks Porphyrius here.

Val. Have I not yet deserved thee, now I die?
Is Berenice still more fair than I?
Porphyrius, do not swim before my sight;
Stand still, and let me, let me aim aright!
Stand still, but while thy poor Valeria dies,
And sighs her soul into her lover's eyes. [*Dies.*

Plac. She's gone from earth, and with her went away
All of the tyrant that deserved to stay:
I've lost in her all joys that life can give;
And only to revenge her death would live. [*Aside.*

Cyd. The gods have claim'd her, and we must resign.

Max. What had the Gods to do with me or mine?
Did I molest your heaven?
Why should you then make Maximin your foe,
Who paid you tribute, which he need not do?
Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown,
For which you lean'd your hungry nostrils down,
All daily gaping for my incense there,
More than your sun could draw you in a year.
And you for this these plagues on me have sent!
But by the Gods, (by Maximin, I meant,)
Henceforth I, and my world,
Hostility with you, and yours, declare.
Look to it, Gods; for you the aggressors are.
Keep you your rain and sun-shine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.
Your trade of heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

Plac. Thus, tyrant, since the Gods the aggressors are, [*Stabbing him.*
Thus by this stroke they have begun the war.

[MAXIMIN *struggles with him, and gets the dagger from him.*

Max. Thus I return the strokes which they have given; [*Stabbing* PLACIDIUS.
Thus, traitor, thus, and thus I would to heaven!

[PLACIDIUS *falls, and the Emperor staggers after him, and sits down upon him; the Guards come to help the Emperor.*

Max. Stand off, and let me, ere my strength be gone,
Take my last pleasure of revenge, alone.

Enter a Centurion.

Cent. Arm, arm, the camp is in a mutiny:
For Rome and liberty, the soldiers cry.

Porphyrius moved their pity, as he went
To rescue Berenice from punishment;
And now he heads their new attempted crime.

Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their time.
You think
To save your credit, feeble deities;
But I will give myself the strength to rise.

[*He strives to get up, and, being up, staggers.*

It wonnot be——
My body has not power my mind to bear.—
I must return again—and conquer here.

[*Sits down upon the body.*

My coward body does my will controul;
Farewell, thou base deserter of my soul!
I'll shake this carcase off, and be obey'd;
Reign an imperial ghost without its aid.—
Go, soldiers, take my ensigns with you; fight,
And vanquish rebels in your sovereign's right:
Before I die——
Bring me Porphyrius and my empress dead:—
I would brave heaven, in my each hand a head.

Plac. Do not regard a dying tyrant's breath,
He can but look revenge on you in death.

[*To the Soldiers.*

Max. Vanquish'd, and dar'st thou yet a rebel be?
Thus, I can more than look revenge on thee.

[*Stabs him again.*

Plac. Oh, I am gone! [*Dies.*

Max. And after thee I go,
Revenging still, and following even to the other world my blow; [*Stabs him again.*
And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
I'll mount, and scatter all the Gods I hit. [*Dies.*

Enter PORPHYRIUS, BERENICE, ALBINUS, *Soldiers.*
PORPHYRIUS *looks on the Bodies entering, and speaks.*

Por. 'Tis done before, (this mighty work of fate!)
And I am glad your swords are come too late.
He was my prince, and though a bloody one,
I should have conquer'd, and have mercy shown.
Sheath all your swords, and cease your enmity;
They are not foes, but Romans, whom you see.

Ber. He was my tyrant, but my husband too;
And therefore duty will some tears allow.

Por. Placidius here!
And fair Valeria, new deprived of breath!
Who can unriddle this dumb-show of death?

Cyd. When, sir, her father did your life deny,
She kill'd herself, that she with you might die.
Placidius made the emperor's death his crime;
Who, dying, did revenge his death on him.

[PORPHYRIUS *kneels and takes* VALERIA'S *hand.*

Por. For thy dear sake, I vow, each week I live,
One day to fasting and just grief I'll give;
And what hard fate did to thy life deny,
My gratitude shall pay thy memory.

Cent. Meantime to you belongs the imperial power:
We, with one voice, salute you emperor.

Sold. Long life, Porphyrius, Emperor of the Romans!

Por. Too much, my countrymen, your love you show,
That you have thought me worthy to be so;
But, to requite that love, I must take care,
Not to engage you in a civil war.
Two emperors at Rome the senate chose,
And whom they chuse, no Roman should oppose.
In peace or war, let monarchs hope or fear;
All my ambition shall be bounded here.

[*Kissing* BERENICE'S *hand.*

Ber. I have too lately been a prince's wife,
And fear the unlucky omen of the life.
Like a rich vessel, beat by storms to shore,
'Twere madness should I venture out once more.
Of glorious trouble I will take no part,
And in no empire reign, but of your heart.

Por. Let to the winds your golden eagles fly;
[*To the Soldiers.*
Your trumpets sound a bloodless victory:
Our arms no more let Aquileia fear,
But to her gates our peaceful ensigns bear;
While I mix cypress with my myrtle wreath,—
Joy for your life, and mourn Valeria's death.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY

MRS ELLEN,* WHEN SHE WAS TO BE CARRIED OFF DEAD BY THE BEARERS.

TO THE BEARER.

HOLD! are you mad? You damn'd confounded dog!
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted; I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.
For, after death, we spirits have just such natures,
We had, for all the world, when human creatures;
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't, you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights.
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
To excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But, farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure e'er long to have your company.
As for my epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:
Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
Yet died a princess, acting in St Catharine.

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* The celebrated Mrs Nell Gwyn.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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